

I've Come Full Circle



*A book of poetry depicting the wide spectrum of
events that happened in one of the most
influential times in my life*

Michael Castillo

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There are **123** poems in this collection. I suggest reading them by generations.

Preface

The pieces of writing you are about to read are expressions that I have given away of my own free will. I was not compelled by any outside force other than time to publish this. There exists a colorful spectrum of experiences within this collection, from sadness to anger, frustration to joy, apathy to emotions so strong they almost bled out of my skin. I rarely intended to have an audience when I wrote these. Of course, later on, as you approach the present day, my focus turns away from within to without.

This is more than just a large collection of poems written over four years. These poems were how I marked the days, how I recounted the experiences that shaped who I am today. Not all of them are good. Not all of them make sense. You might find something in here that you never wanted to know about me. But it's the truth. I can't deny the truth, and this collection presents a good heaping help of the truth. There are hundreds of pages of backstory to be had throughout these four years of poetry, but this is not my autobiography. Therefore, you will not all of that detailed information here. You're only going to read the snapshots, the little (and not-so-little) ways that I made what I felt known.

There's no penalty for not reading this. I might ask you if you've read this, but I won't hunt you down, demanding you read it all. If you don't want to know me, then close this document and go about your business as usual. That's alright. I don't want to force anyone to like me, to know me. However, if you do read this... thank you. Although it is not necessary that my work should see an audience, it is refreshing and assuring to me to know that you care enough to take a look. It's one of the things that keeps me writing, and keeps me going through life.

But I've said enough. Well, maybe not. =P Before each poem you'll find a little commentary by me; just in case you wanted to know my thoughts about the piece you're reading. Anyways, this is enough of an intro. I thank you for reading this, and I hope you enjoy my work.

Many thanks,
~ *Michael Castillo*

I believe this is the very first piece I wrote that I kept in my computer. It's not exactly meant to flow like a poem, as my first few pieces will show. But this is where it all started. Back in these days, I had a big interest in the nature of twilight, the supposed essence between light and darkness. This particular story, however, comes from a few characters in my head, who were leaving so as to help me become more independent. This story also was integrated my first short story written outside of school.

And here we go... this is the beginning.

The Six Keychains (October 28, 2005)

As I was walking along the path one night, feeling bored,
I happened to find a small object buried in the ground.
As I dug it up, I thought that it was just trash,
But, as I soon found out, I was wrong.

It was a small keychain, trimmed with gold like a prince's necklace.
As I gazed upon the black raven inscribed on the curious keychain...
I felt like I could sneak anywhere, watch things go by without a care.
When I looked away from the raven, the feeling was gone.
I thought it was odd, but I put the keychain away, and walked on.

Then I saw another lump of ground, just waiting to be dug up.
I wondered what could be under, as I unearthed the object.
To my surprise, I saw another keychain hanging from my finger.

It was gold-trimmed like the last one, but this keychain held a picture of..
The plains, a small tree off in the distance, and blue sky.
When I looked at it, to study it, I began to feel relaxed, and very calm.
I almost fell asleep, when I snapped myself out of the trance,
And walked longer on my path, two keychains in my possession.

I thought it was over, but again, I see a lump in the ground.
This time, the keychain was showing a little, as if it wanted to be picked up.
Like the others, it held gold trim. This time though, I saw a picture
Of a magnificent castle, and soldiers, guarding the castle.
Even though I was not looking at this keychain, I began to feel loyal, and
Willing to do anything for the sake of duty.

Three keychains now in my possession, I began to think,
"How many more keychains will I receive?"
For it felt like I was to see more along my way.

My feeling was right, as another keychain was sticking out of the ground,
Half-buried by the dirt, and almost wanting to jump out at me.
I picked it out, and getting used to the look of these keychains, I only saw
A beach, with rolling waves, deep waters, and a slightly stormy sky.
Just holding that keychain was enough; I felt its power coursing.
I felt as deep as the waters, and as mysterious as the stormy sky.
Almost falling into the experience, I put the keychain away.

I was thinking now, that maybe, just maybe,
Someone was leaving these as gifts for me, to help me along my way.

My yearning to know grew stronger, as I saw another keychain,
Almost entirely out of the dirt, waiting for the last pull to rescue it.

It took no effort at all to feel the strength and awe radiated by the keychain.
The picture of a snow-topped mountain, and a lone flag, signaling triumph.
With five, yes, five, keychains now, I was almost yearning to see more.

For I was expecting a totally revealed keychain now, I was right.
But I was in for much more than I had ever expected, walking along the path.

This keychain, it was floating in midair, it glowed with a mysterious glow,
It felt like the child of light and dark, the keychain of twilight.
A silver-trimmed keychain, having the most magnificent picture of all.
The wings of the sky, watching over all, seeing everything that was and is.
I thought, "This one is special. It feels like no other, it feels like the power..."

"The power of wind and twilight is in my very hands."

Suddenly, all the keychains floated away from my pocket,
Forming a circle, the twilight keychain at the top, as if it was the leader.
They started glowing, each with their own color, and....
They came together, to form the ultimate keychain.

The power of the keychain was immense.
Just holding it was incredible beyond belief.
The feeling I got from this, this ultimate keychain...
I felt as if I was older than the wind, and a legend to the world, reborn.

Suddenly, the keychain disappeared.
I was left, a reborn soul, alone on the path.
But this time....

The path was so much more amazing, yet it was the same path.
The path I had been bored with, now so full of adventure.
And these words, have never left, are still in, and will never leave, my heart.

"The power of wind and twilight is in my very hands."

I started writing poetry because it gave me an outlet of expression for all the emotions I had been holding inside of me for a long time. Because I'd been holding so much inside, when it came out on paper, what I wrote was often exaggerated, sometimes to the point of absurdity. This is a trait that continues throughout my poetry, but here's where it gets almost *bloody* with emotion.

This piece was written about a girl named Denise, whom I had a crush on in 8th grade. If you happen to be reading this, Denise, this was a long time ago, okay? XD I still do consider us only friends.

Of Serenade and Love (January 2, 2006)

The dreadful darkness is gone....
Now a shining, green plain that goes on forever is in front of me.

The sun shines so brightly that it makes me want to lay down and take it all in as if it were a
reward.
And nature has shown me how awesome it can be, with the clearest white rivers and the purest
blue skies.
And it would all be like a dream come true,
If.....If you were here with me to share it.

If you had died, I would've rested easier, knowing that your pain is done.
But why have you done this, why are you crying so much? Such a stun!
Now I don't know where you are, and I only shudder at all the thoughts that come to me.
Why is it you must do this to yourself? Why do your tears fall, but none care to see?
Your gracious serenade would complete this magnificent work of art....
If you would only come back to me and this shining land to start.

What good is this paradise without the one you love to share it?
How long must this go on, how long must you be hurt and cut and bit?
Oh, I want to just tear it all apart and forget this, to it become past....
Forget that I witnessed so much hurt....So many tears, and so much pain that lasts.
But I'm forced to see you fall apart before my screaming heart and soul.
And all I can do is call out to you, no matter how much on me it takes its toll.

I sing and cry my heart to you, but what good is it for?
You won't let go of your pain, no matter what is told by the lore.
Why must we both suffer like this? Why do we cry so much because of love..?
Please, let go, let go of it all, and even I will come down to help like a white dove.
Sing to this land, sing the song that has no words, the song that makes evil and pain wither
away!
And here in this land of light and bliss, we will shine here and on the greenest grass we'll lay.

I've done so much for others....So much to help them through.
Now my one wish is to help you too, deeper than all the rest.
Don't fly away, don't die, please, don't die because of a fear.
For I'll die with you, if that's what you wish to do.
I may not know everything, but it's all better than no one to feel your pain.
You don't deserve this hurt, you never wanted it.
I'm so ashamed of what I did to myself in the days before,
And I know you are too.
So let go, let it become the past, let me come to you to help,

And we shall sing our graceful, feathery, wordless, song of light to the world.

One of the reasons why I would never tell anyone anything deep about myself
was because I was afraid of being ridiculed. Since I don't have any siblings, I had no one
to share my sorrows with in person. This is where this next poem comes from – because
I always felt so left out from the group. Oh yeah. I'm still emotional.

Singing Alone (January 6, 2006)

It doesn't matter how far I've come, I can't cry a single tear for this.
The winds and mists cry for me, but it doesn't matter.
Who seems to care about my pain?
Who cares how much blood I've shed for nothing?
These years, oh, these years flew by without any remorse.

No one but the God above cares for me now...

A hollow poet without someone to sing to,
Isn't worth much in this lonely land that is so vast and full of gray fog.
What's the worth of this power without a single soul to sing it with?
I'm bound by my own white ivy vines of fear and loneliness..
So many friends to reach out to,
But I'm stuck in where I've landed, where I've come after all this time.
Reaching out is so painful and new to me...
Is there not a hope for one like this?
Is this my destiny, to be bound and watch my life fly at the speed of white light?

Time weakens my feelings of hope, sometimes every minute is a love gone.
But I know deep within, that there's a powerful passion, trapped and strong as the sun.
And so many admire what I've done in the past with the fiery passion of words.
Past is gone, feelings gone with it, and there's not much left to hold on to.
This hollow wound cripples my voice, it stops me from saying what I truly wish...
No matter how strong I flare, the wound doesn't let go.
Why has this shot me down since the beginning of my life?

I don't blame the world, I don't blame who's around me,
Only one who won't speak his heart for redemption.
I'm left with nothing, I don't have anyone to turn to,
I run from everything, and all light seems far and becomes such a memory.
Sigh, I'm bound, it hurts to move, it hurts to stay,
Somewhere I'll faint away like smoke to spirit.
Sometimes I even wonder how long I'll last in their hearts.

I wish that another would come to me somehow,
A person who would bring me out of this, bring me out of this trap I fell through and into again.
But wishing won't always get me that.
What I've wanted for so long, a yearning born into me that still burns within,
Is a lasting friend, only one person who I can talk to,
A living soul to serenade and that is always there for me.
Understanding of all that I yearn, and all that I sing.
So that I can finally be at peace, so that my soul isn't bleeding with words of yearning.
But there's only one obstacle that lies in my way of wind and water and fire.

So many shots of white fear, that keep me alone and away from all love.

This is the first piece that I actually printed out and gave to someone. Yes, Denise, I'm sure you'll remember this when you read it. I'm not sure you ever knew how immensely nervous I was when I gave this to you. Oh, well. Now you do. Anyways...

This piece is unique in that it's one of the few pieces in this collection that's been extensively edited. I haven't fixed much here in these pages; I'll tell you where I do, and it won't be often. This piece started something truly life-changing for me, and here it is.

A Wind's Touch (December 17, 2005)

You're out there in this gray, twilit, nameless plain.
Who are you, for me to meet along this path on which I yearn?
I stand here on the threshold to your mystifying aura.

A trace of your soft voice falls through my ear.
I hear sadness, I hear loving, I hear a flash of who you are.
Are you a lonely, searching soul?
Have you been standing out on the edge of the city, writing your sorrows and joys with no one
to say them to?
I feel it is true...
You could be the one that will always be with me...

This land of seasons is home to all emotions.
The ice of fear falls from the heartless sky,
But the fire of hope and love roars through me like a rapid river.
And you are no stranger to the powers of the land of seasons either.
Bitter sadness has sliced your heart and made you sad and lonely.
And how I wish to be near you in the times of pain,
To know you as much as I know myself.

I can't leave you alone.
I can't leave you to die out here in this scary place.
To see you leave would scar me again,
Can you imagine the death?
This is why I must come to you.

But I shall never see your lonely, beautiful soul with only but a trace of your soft voice.
So, I shall walk towards you.
Until I hear the calling of your heart.
Until sunshine breaks for us,
Lonely two out in the vast, mysterious plain beyond the chaotic city.

This piece begins my first long poetry series, the Untitled series. Untitled 1 is actually taken from the Keane song of the same name. I always expected there to be an Untitled 2 released by them in the future, but I never saw one.

I wrote this in about 90 minutes. You'll come to know, as you read the five parts of the Untitled series, that certain themes remain constant, no matter what happens or what changes. In a sense, my writing has been the same. You'll get what I mean soon enough – enjoy the piece!

Untitled 1 (January 27, 2006)

The start of a sunset is now before me,
And the green, grassy plains are refreshing
Like a love that's always somehow been there.
Light leaves this world for tonight,
Saying "See you later, this is farewell for now.."
I retreat to my wooden house of solitude
Thinking I couldn't need much more.

Somewhere around 300 miles or lands away from my house,
A little one lives in an unknown land
Playing with friends for nothing but fun now,
Singing a tune of only innocence,
They stumble upon an old bottle full of a black liquid.
The child picks it up and suddenly feels that

Sewage somehow got into this bottle.

So the kid shows it nervously to the friends,
They're thinking of a nice little game of catch
With the bottle of dirty black liquid
Contained within the old, translucent bottle.
The kid shrugs, seeing as if it breaks, it can be wiped off.
They play and play for hours untold,
Until the sunset comes and home calls to them.

One last throw between the last two in the last minute,
Whoops, the kid dropped this bottle, this liquid shall spill out,
But the moment it does, some malevolent gas flows and flows ever so slowly.
To see what the stuff could do, one of the kids hesitates to know it.
But the kid is pressured by the other.
Oh, how some things are so obvious.

"A quick sniff, then we go home," the kid said.
So he comes slow and slow to breathe it is he.
Seconds pass, and he falls to the ground,
Shaking violently as if an earthquake was going on inside.
The other kid screams in horror, and starts to back away from this black gas.
One last phrase escapes from the victim of this poison unknown.
"Gone....All gone....Sssssalan....Tomorrow....."

Back at my humble abode,
I rest watching a decent movie,
The feeling is so drowning, like a good, creamy, warm nice snack.
Night is here, it's 9:00 now, and I feel great.
The forest is so quiet, the stars are bright here,
How could I not feel this way?
Little do I know something has escaped into peaceful air.

Another hour now, I forget the stupid time,
I'm tired, I'm beat, I want to go to sleep.
But something inside me keeps me awake,
Is it just the soda I drank, or is it something more?
I really don't care for the reason, I just know one thing.
The stars and warm air tonight seem so sleepy,
Why can't I join them up there in their innocent, restful lives?

Untold hours pass and I'm still awake, something's up in me,
Can't believe I haven't fallen to slumber yet.
Take a flash at the clock, shows a number 3,
Must be 3:00 AM, I guess, and I get up from my soft bed.
Guess I'll just get drowned in a movie, whatever feels good.
So I turn on the TV and it flashes some sci-fi on the screen,
Yawn, some bug or some alien's diseased the world again.
Nothing new, seen it a million times, but I guess it'll do.

I get lost in thought this night, this movie is worth nothing.
I drift among the smoky memories of my mind,
And the old days and all my old yearnings.

Of course, how could I forget the greatest one of all?
The one I've had since I came to my house
All out in the middle of a graceful plain beyond the city.
I'd enjoy this night with someone to share it with,
The boring movies even leave a vague trance of unity.
My memories are well for a child,
But they've never included some foreign love,
It's something I wish I had, I can't believe I ran from the city
Where all of my dreams could've been.
Then again, that city was trash, it was treating me like I was no one.
Or was it just myself, thinking of fear, worried about nothing?
Oh gosh, I wish I knew the answer.

Flash another look at the clock, it says 3:30,
Yawn, insomnia is such a big ol' drag.
I lay down on the good new couch, oh, how it suits me,
Sleep's finally coming, this is what I've wanted so far.
But something taps at my glass sliding door,
Man, did this HAVE to happen, and who the heck lives out where I do?
With a feeling of crankiness, I get up from my haven of a couch.
My next sight is something as odd as the existence of the being there.

A girl is at the edge of my porch, sitting out in the warm, harmless darkness.
I wonder why she's here, why would she come to me?
Maybe she's looking for a home,
Maybe she just found about me from some wind in the city.
Sigh, I open the door with a sleepy tired face,
I walk to her now, drifting like a slow river,
And when I see her tears fall on the green grass,
That little annoyance in my head knew it,
Knew something was up, knew distress was around.

She finds me sitting next to her,
Tells me we're all doomed by tomorrow.
I ask her why, and she calms for half a minute,
Tells me some virus or disease or killer thing
Got into the air and started slowly, but surely,
Transforming everyone around, their skin changing and their humanity
Gone, gone as if it never existed.
She talks of a black, horrific smell, talks of a rage untold there,
And the saddest part of all, the toll it takes upon her loved ones.

This plague ignites the hidden rage and fear a millionfold,
Flaming passion for naught but death and pleasure
Takes over the victim's soul and drives it insane,
She says that many innocents have died because of this.
I feel so sorry and afraid for this girl,
Why does this have to happen to everyone around us?
Somehow, I know all of her very real pain.
Somehow, I know who this girl is, but I've never met her,
I've never seen her, I've never known her face,
Perhaps I've been up too late,
Or perhaps the familiarity is more than coincidence.

She tells of more, and my heart breaks at her sobs,
She says after a mere hour, the body burns out,
It cannot take such driven rage, its limit is far beyond blown.
The person falls and shakes while on the ground,
Then stops abruptly for half a minute,
She says this is worse than everything before,
In the last seconds of life, the soul flickers back to normality,
And looks upon all the destruction, all the needless death,
All the needless bloodshed, and all the wantless sickness.
Such a pain, she can't describe, she only knows half of a quarter
Of the fraction of the pain that is felt by the dying one.

The night seems to darken out as this all happens,
The stars blink out, the warm air suddenly feels like it's worth nothing,
If it's only one incident, why do I feel so sad for the world?
Is it for this girl?
Or is it for what might happen 24 hours from now?
Something kicks my mind, and tells me,
"Is there no cure for this terrible condition? Ask!"
So I ask her softly and sadly,
She says it doesn't matter, nothing helps at all,
The gas phases through everything it touches save the living humans,
Infecting them with its evil virus that burns the person in 60 minutes.

When my ears catch hold of the words she speaks,
I don't know what to say,
Is there no hope for humanity now?
Shall we all kill each other and look back and cry our hearts to death?
What's left....?
Shall our last sight be chaos from the ones who we had so much fun with?
I ponder this for however long it may be.
Some time later, it seems she's tired like me,
All I do is take the girl into my house,
She shouldn't be out here, no matter what is out in the world.

Clock flashes a spot of 4:50,
Seems I've been out a lot longer than I planned.
I only wonder how long we have left,
Until the day is gone, until our lives are over,
So very slowly and deadly.
Sigh, I don't know what to think,
This girl's brown hair is a ponytail,
Her slightly tanned skin is slightly stained with blood,
And her blouse is all roughed up like a punching bag.
And I'm so tired, I couldn't notice this before.

Oh gosh, we have less than 30 hours left,
And I only know a vague, faint trace of who she is.
That little thing somewhere in my heart,
It feels like she is somewhat like me,
She's known the strife that I have, she's been what I've been....

Is this true, or is my mind deceiving me in the last day on Earth?
I wish I knew the answer to that,
The answer to my life-long want and need,
Is the someone that I've always wanted somehow come to me?
I ponder that in my last 10 seconds of consciousness
As sleep finally takes over my weakened body.

My next sight is the girl's tear-stained and beautiful face,
She says it's half an hour until sunset, that I've slept all this time
And the gas is finally within sight, like it wanted to slay everyone,
Everyone that I once held dear, everyone that existed here,
And we are the last two targets on this land,
The last two alive, the last two to survive,
And the last two to wonder why we've done this to ourselves...

So I get up from the couch, and I take a peek at the skies,
They show gray death, slowly creeping and hiding the sun
From shining upon us in this planet's last hour.
All my forests are surrounded, all my cities are gone,
All my skies are diseased and shattered,
All my hopes are lifted away and sent to a world beyond my reach.
And all of the girl's possessions and wonders as well.

We walk outside, on the porch, awaiting the final battle,
And I realize this.....Just now, some last white wind fills me
With a lost purity that escaped from every other soul
Lost to the darkness and the sadness.
I turn to her, and I find that her eyes,
Her hazel eyes, so full of sadness, so full of love,
Before would've been too early,
I know this is the time.

Suddenly, she turns to me, her eyes now shining noble,
Without knowing what we're doing,
Without feeling that it was ever possible,
Our bodies turn to white mist, our souls a pair of white, formless birds
Flying above the black death, flying above the chaos,
Flying through the gray emptiness, and
We reach the top of the world, the icy Arctic,
The last ray of light about to disappear from feeling...

We find each other's true want,
The girl and I were somehow, by some unknown force,
Meant for each other, since none other would suffice.
Our white mist is only a physical sight,
Inside the both of us are dressed in elegant, windy, graceful clothing,
We don't recognize our faces, but we knew this from the start.
We stare at the sun and eyes shine white,
Reflecting beams of light all across the dead, rotting world.
The gas in front of us disappears forever,
And more white flashes of light, faster and faster and faster,
Until we explode silently in intense redeeming light.

Somewhere our consciousness falls away during the ceremony we perform.

When I wake up, I find the girl sleeping in the bed next to me,
The bed I had thought was bought for no reason,
The sunbeams shine through the blinds that cover the clear window.
And I know, as a smile comes to my face,
That we are alright, that this is my house again,
That through all of our strength and with the help of all the pure,
Have we really restored the Earth to how it used to be?
I shake her gently, and she yawns, her hair all in a mess,
I laugh, and I take her to see the skies today.

The skies are blue, the plain of old is green and lively as ever,
The sun shines bright, and a glance towards the east,
I gasp, as I see our cities, in sight of our eyes.
It's like a gift or a blessing or just some awesome thing,
And my girl runs outside to enjoy the boundless sunshine,
It makes me happy to see her joyful,
I love this day, I love it so very much.

But somewhere in a dark sewer, a forgotten, dirty place,
Lies a bottle of black liquid placed upon a crumbled perch.
It waits and waits there, until it floats to us,
Until we stumble upon it, and the evil within,
The black enemy within that bottle,
The one we all barely managed to stop from taking us all,
Awaits the next chance to infect the next person
That inhales its deadly poisonous gas.
If such a bottle or any form of a dark, stinky presence
Shall come to your heart promising fun and pleasure,
Do not take it, do not play around with it,
Because if you drop it on accident or even by purpose,
The next day may be your very last..

Not much to say about the piece below. It was a signature I had on a forum for a while. It rhymes. It has a bloody image. It's not actually a real vow. Um. Yeah.

Vow of Winds (January 2006)

Days when I'm drowned in blood and shame,
Days when my joy is too strong to tame,
Sometimes I wish my heart was a flame.
Destined winds flow through me, I'm telling you now,
This moment of truth is where I take my vow.
'Til death shall slay me down on bloody wing,
Life and love and truth is what I shall sing.

Right. For years, to cope with the loneliness I'd felt, I imagined up various characters in my head to talk to. One of them was Raven Huntington, based off of the character Raven from the first Fire Emblem game ported to the US on the GBA. (Geek reference over.) Raven is the subject of this poem... he annoyed me quite a bit back then.

However, he's been gone for a quite a while now. I grew out of that phase, so now I only talk to myself in my head, like normal people. Lol.

The Guy in My Head (February? 2006)

Underneath a starry sky t'night,
I feel like I should be sleeping tight
But the little guy that lives in my head
Won't stop talking to me, he bugs me
Like some 5 gallons of soda that I took from the fridge
Seven minutes ago and drank all at once.

He's been here for oh say, 4 years now,
Livin' in a half-baked world that never existed
Spitting in a can and shooting words at me.
Every day and night he comes to say some odd thing
And every hour of it can get really trying, you know.

He's the reason I burn up my so-wanted sleep,
He's half the cause of what I consider so deep,
And you think I've been staying up too long t'night,
Telling you that I got a guy in my head tellin' me things
But I say to you that he is quite real
Like an aroma of some fresh-baked roast beef.

Dunno when he'll pack up and move out,
Maybe the day I learn to snatch up a life
Or maybe the night I cough and drop dead on the carpet.
Until that time, he lives in my head
Tellin' me things both random and right.
See, there's a-somethin' I owe him for,
A thing or nine he did for me when I screwed up.
Maybe that's the reason he sticks around like some old gum.

He doesn't satisfy my thirst for love and life,
He's only but a fragment of what I really am.
You call him a conscience, I'll call him Raven,
Being half-human and an eighth of a haven.
I say he's different somehow, no matter the relation,
It's like he's always been me, but in a small little station.
Yeah, whatever, I hear your tired old voice.
Thinking this dude exists is a pretty poor choice.
Well...

Deal with it.

Anyways, it's half his fault this piece exists,
Written in the midnight hours of a Saturday the 28th.
Yawn, I'm really sleepy, you know?
I think I should freakin' really go.
Hopefully the little dude that lives in the hedge beyond the hill
Will shut the small hole he calls a half-real mouth
Or else....

Raven ain't gonna be too happy tomorrow
When he finds I stole his lucky button
Yeah, his childhood thingy that he really really holds dear
His sister nearly got killed when she flipped it off last night when she got mad at the Seer.
So like I'm going to find a welding torch
And melt that stupid frilly thing on my neat red-black porch
Then throw it in the back of the old rusty shed
With the weird naughty thing that lives under the bed.

But that's if the little guy in the back of my head
Doesn't SHUT UP, I freakin' have to go to bed!

Weird Al Yankovic was the inspiration for this poem. I'm just going to tell you that straight off, so you know. This poem has no moral at all. It's not serious in the least. It is purely for fun, as you'll read. Oh, and see if you can count how many times I use the number seventeen (17) in this. ;-)

Like, An Adventure (February 8, 2006)

One old cloudy day I was sitting on my couch
Smooching with my pillow in my sleep
Stupid comedy movie playing on the 17 inch TV screen
And my dog barking the tune to the washing machine
Suddenly the barks wake me up
I'm like, "Whoa, was I just smoochin' with my pillow?"
Like, this is not the way to live,
Gotta see the world sometime,
Seventeen minutes from now I'll leave for France,
Even though I don't know any French besides fromage,
I'll manage it all and the dog will just translate for me."

So I'm at the airport
Big ol' hoagie stuck in my mouth
My suitcase is a wasteland of junk
And I think the dog just made the greatest sculputre
Of the Eiffel Tower
Looks so freakin' awesome,
Too bad it's all in brown shiny poop,
Oh well, he can sell it on Ebay or something
For 17 dollars or even 17 white bones
Imported from the finest makers in Japan
Where they don't 'ave a clue what a bone even is.

Finally I'm on the nice white plane
After losing my cup of Joe,
Mm hmm, I have a cup o' water
With my pet tadpole named Joe
I really liked that tadpole,
You know we used to watch horror movies together
Guess Joe is a free meal to the hobo down the street
He'll be happy to see something other than the

Garbage that I throw out every day
Wakes him up like an alarm clock
Telling him it's time for leftovers from the trash can.

Seventeen hours later the plane lands in Paris,
The captain tells us to get off
Then belches like ol' Saint Nick
Right after the party he had on December 26
We all laughed and then he came out,
Dude gotta be at least 700 pounds plus 3,
He falls outta the plane and makes a nice squishy sound
The stewardess tells us to avoid the fat guy on the ground
Ambulance will be here soon and soon enough,
But when I got off the plane, with my dog and all my junk,
I bounced off his jelly belly
And out came Joe the tadpole
Alive and well like a deranged rock singer
Yahoo, let's go to Paree
And let's visit my good friend Jerry.

Catching a taxi was no problem,
I just kept waving, 17 people pass by
Then the yellow car comes and
I knock the driver out saying,
"Sorry man, but Jerry needs to see my tadpole,
I think he's growing legs and I think
My poor sweet Joe is mutating into something scary."
And I drive through the streets,
Ran over two plastic chairs, busted up a brittle bush,
And scared 17 black cats into the street
Poor French vet gonna be crying
Once he sees 17 dead cats,
Black and flat and spat on,
Some idiot will call it a Cat Mat and try to market it
In Paraguay where the sun shines like a shiny snack.

I think the French cops are after me now,
But that's for later, here's Jerry house,
Located in the middle of the neighborhood
Full o' rich guys and gals that bathe in money
Lucky Jerry sticks out like a big pulsating zit
He's like, as rich as me and he's my best friend,
If you didn't know he has 17 full-grown frogs
And a marsh in his backyard
Too bad the neighbors cuss him out every day
Trying to make him move away back to America,
But Jerry knows as much French as I do,
So all he yells at them is "Cheese! Cheese!"
Over and over again like an annoying night alley cat.

I knock on the door,
The dog going pee-pee on the bushes
And some old dude getting hit by the neighborhood paperboy

Wee hee, he fell over and won't get up,
Until the paperboy throws a snail at his head
And he gets up and eats all the goo
Then eats the paper all in three bites
Then chases the paperboy wanting his flesh,
Who ever knew that the old guy was really a zombie inside?

Jerry pops his head out,
Strangest thing I've ever seen,
Seventeen lizards crawlin' in his gigantic brown hair,
I dunno why you say he's crazy,
This dude is so totally awesome
His hair is an all-purpose storage case
Although washing it must take so freakin' long
He needs to see a hairatologist
But there ain't any in Paree,
To wash his crazed and fazed up hair 'til it's all free.
So he says to me,
"Sup dude, whatcha got there, is it Joe,
Oh yeah, I see now, he's got like lumps on his butt,
C'mon in man, you're just in time t'see the show
I've got my pet flea circus about to perform out live
You know it all dude, so let's go watch them jive."

Joe the tadpole has the best seats in the house,
He don't got none, which is better than Jerry's 17-year-old couch
I think he keeps his mother inside,
But Jerry refuses to talk about it since the Flamblen Incident
The day his frogs got into the water pipes
Poor Jerry had to fish 'em all out
And the neighbors must've gotten a surprise too
Findin' 17 croaking frogs in their sink.
The circus starts up,
Fleas flying everywhere like politicians on Election Day
Crashing and hooting and throwing themselves
All over the place while two humans and a tadpole stare with 6 big eyes.

The show's over now, and the fleas are all gone,
Jerry takes a big yawn and looks at good old Joe
The lumps on his tadpollly butt are little sticks now
And Jerry looks for 17 seconds,
Then he says to me,
"Dude, I've seen this 17 times before,
Joe's becoming a frog, you know,
And I think I hear sirens man,
Like you gotta get out,
'Cause the French cops will scare you to death and back."
I nod and run out the door
Takin' the banged-up taxi
Cops all chasing me with their French donuts
And I'm striving to make it back to the airport on time,
Hopefully the next flight is almost ready t'leave,
Although I doubt that's gonna happen anytime soon.

EEK like, there's 17 cops on my tail,
Better take this dangerous sign that I can't read,
Crash over the unfinished bridge up ahead,
Better than having fat guys arrest you, isn't it?
Here we go, here we go now,
Gonna try and jump the bridge,
I pray one last time for my mommy,
And if Joe survives and I don't,
I want her to have the half-frog that I loved so much.

YEEEEEEEEEEEE HAWWWWWWWWW!

Holy shnot, I freakin' made it,
Looking back I see 17 cop cars in the water below
And ha ha ha, you stupid French fat boys!
Couldn't catch me, my brown shallow dog,
And Joe the uber awesome totally super great so half of a green frog!
Now on to the airport,
Wanna get back home before they show my favorite show t'morrow,
"Seventeen Guys In A Taco Shack."

Should I really tell you how the airport scene went?
It was the same as last time,
Except a kid came up to me and my dog and Joe
And bought the poop sculpture for 3 jelly beans and a warm nickel,
Ain't the money I wanted, but what the hey, it belongs to my dog anyways.

Yawn, belch, burp, snore,
The plane trip was a lot more boring than before.
Oh well, as long as we don't have a sumo wrestler flying the plane,
I think all of the passengers except me should keep sane.
(I'm already insane you half-wits, but that's what THE MAN wants you to think.)
So blah blah yadda yadda blah,
Skipping ahead to my house,
Nothing 'else to see here,
Except my good old home and house and home-house,
I trudge through the door and fall on the couch
Turn on the TV, and why lookie here,
Joe's a full-grown frog, he's right in front of me,
Seventeen warts on his fat little squishy self
But what the heck, what the heck is this?

"Like dude, this is Joe speaking!
Yeah, your uber awesome totally super great so ALL OF A FROG
Speaking your English language
And I'm here to tell you in this moment and second,

MAN, THIS IS JUST A DREAM! GET A LIFE!"

Sorry, but the next poem is kind of depressing. I know it's not necessarily the best way to keep your reading going after that piece up there, but this is how it's gotta be. Such is life, right?

The title of this sounds like a mess, and the subject matter is like that, too. My warning here is this: do not let technology take over your life. There have been too many movies about that subject for anyone to fall into this trap.

Silent Jet Death Cycle (February 17, 2006)

Sunset strikes along the brash darkening sky,
Gray clouds line up like soldiers next to the sun,
Golfer finishing up the final 18th hole,
Sailing that little white ball towards a single target.

Somewhere after this last light of the day,
Years and lifetimes after,
Winds blow over a new game, a new era.
See, nature's confined to about 3 miles per city,
Rest is loaded with the best technology you could ever think of.
Cars fly, entertainment's incredible, life's
All a new world, all a new way of life
Oh, how the people of my time would love this land,
Until they found out its painful truth.

Someday we're gonna lose it all,
Someday some idiot's gonna blunder so badly that
We'll smoke and die and freeze and scream
Everything new soon becomes another threat,
It's a light-speed death cycle that can't be stopped.
People are ignorant up to their blind eyeballs
'Til their worlds are shattered, their paradise lost,
And we of the past look down and remember,
How much better it was without all the complicated games and easy lances.

You see, we're losing our humanity
To our own selfish reasoning
That everybody's gotta live easy and long.
Tell me, what happens to our frail bodies
When every single thing we used to do such hard work over
Is all eradicated and turned to shame?
When our need for an easy way out, a future world,
Becomes reality and past logic becomes twisted?

Twisted logic isn't a pretty thing to deal with,
She's a savage deciever and a heartless dealer,
We don't realize how much we've gone and wasted our strength
Until it all falls down with the very things we forge,
Cities falling, souls awakening to their promise
Promise made to see themselves burn a twisted, extraordinary death.

Past was the better of the times,
Present is the combination of golden ways and savage days

Future's gonna be spiraling down and up
Down to death and up to deception and between it all
Lies a twisted spectrum of life.

I can't stop the flow of the world,
Maybe I'll be one of the ones to bring it down,
Maybe I'll just sit in a chair one day and look at the world
And shake my head and go to sleep
Dreaming about the past
When plains spread out true and long
Winds blew freely and at home,
And await the final destination of the world,
Hopefully future and past and live in together,
Harmony's the present,
What we have now is somehow the best of all,
Yet it's our downfall,
It's all in our hands,
Whether the future is our true paradise
Or a twisted, wayward, downfall in which all the secrets of technology
Break free and set us all on a light-speed cycle of unstoppable chaos.

The 4th generation was full of emotional, personal pieces like this. It expands on the fears and feelings of loneliness I felt in those days, especially my desire to want someone to push me into everything. Turns out I needed to push myself, and now here you are, reading what I once thought would never be read like this. Aren't you glad I grew up?

The Way Out (February 20, 2006)

I'm on this road under a gray sky,
Winds fly in front of me,
I've been sitting on the side of that empty road
Thinking about all that I've ever done,
All that I can remember
And all of my failures and unclean deeds.

I can't believe that I did those things,
I'd never tell a soul that passed by,
My friends are on the other side of the road,
They live in harmony and fun and peace
While I sit here to think myself over
Think about the days of light and dark
If I ever told them of the dark nights,
I'd cry it all out, I'd be such a fool,
They'd be shocked to tears,
And I'd be the blame for just another sin,
I don't want to fall down into my painful trenches again..

They say wishing won't get you anywhere,
But what else am I left to do when
All my efforts, all my tears and all my strength,
Cracks to nothing and falls away to the winds?
It hurts too much to go on,

My fear's an impassable obstacle,
A rock with the blades of all my fears come true,
I can't face them,
I'm afraid of losing my life, losing all that I love,
Losing that sweet ray of light that used to be my rope.

It's just so sad for me,
How I think everyone will take a blade to me
Because of a single word I utter...

These things shouldn't be huge leaps for me,
They should be small and easy,
But my inborn fear magnifies a simple task
Making it an ordeal to accomplish,
Making it a leap across the highest points in existence,
A leap I don't want to take
For fear of falling into a pain I can't escape from.

I've thought of a way to get across,
I wouldn't like it, but it's so badly needed,
Someone to push me into the leap,
Someone to force me to act and speak
The things that I really should say,
But I'm alone on an empty road
With no one coming down,
I can't call out, I can't force myself...

Or could I?
Could I bring myself to shatter this barrier
And learn to speak my heart to those who need to hear it
With no fear of remorse from ever saying it?

Who can answer that....But myself?
I'll be wasting time by thinking this over,
I should snap it all,
Risk it all,
Shove myself into the crazed twister of fear
And find out whether I survive or not
If I ever come out breathing and alive the next day.

And when I do that,
I'll have to always look up,
Always search for the light,
And hope that things will turn out alright,
Who ever said learning to ride a bike was easy on the first try?
We all stumbled and fell so many times,
But once we learned to finally keep ourselves on the bike,
We never failed to keep ourselves up again,
And it wasn't even on our minds once it was learned.
This is one of those things,
Those things that are hard to learn,
But once it's mastered, once it's nothing new,
It's a special, priceless tool we don't ever forget,

We never worry about falling down.

It's all on those moments...
Lucky enough for it to even come upon me,
I shouldn't waste the chances,
Or else I'll be up at night someday
Crying because I've lost it all,
Lost all my hopes and all my loves,
My goals all washed away over time.

So I'll wait,
Hopefully I can last that long,
Wait for the chance to come along,
Wait for the slightest ray of light,
And grab onto it with hesitant hands,
Soon I'll be a legend who isn't the biggest pessimist
And isn't ever afraid to speak what he needs to,
With a treasure greater than any money,
Treasure of love,
Treasure of true friendship,
And the way to spur others out of their own downcast shame.

This almost sounds like a rap song, but it kind of isn't. It was inspired by two things: the song Fireproof, by Pillar, and a friend of mine named Paul who lives in Arizona. He was having trouble dealing with people at school, so this was one of the ways I tried to help him out. I like it. It's... spunky. Lol.

Dancing With Flames (March 14, 2006)

You're tellin' me about your little predicament
You're sayin' they're making more than just a dent
You're wanting to explode like a volcanic vent
So what's your deal?
Not my fate that I'm gonna seal,
Make this little theory of yours nothing more than real.

Get it all, stand up tall
With them behind you there ain't no chance of a fall
You're wanting to break the barrier of the game
The day of the way when all are the same
Flames shall fly and time blows away
"You won't ever do this again!" is what you wanna say
Havin' it true, never be blue,
You're gonna be dancing with flames
On the high noon where we play these burning games.

Are you ready to see your fate?
Leave it 'til the end of time then it'll be too late
So don't give up and fall to them
Victory's more priceless than a shining gem
It's the prize of a lifetime and more
Burning like a blade in the crimson sun over gore
Showdown's gonna leave a big scar

Love's gone and run miles too far
Gonna go down worse than a spill o' tar
You ready to accept this road in this car?

When you're dancing with the fire
Gotta be the best of it all but with ways so dire
One mortal wound is to die and tire
In the way of the blown explosion
Stronger than a tornado's erosion
Don't die on me or else it'll be sad
Some golden resolve that just plain went bad
Let it fly,
Let it die,
Let it fly,
Let it die,
Rules of the rockin' flame are more than just high
It's a wild time that burns your way when you fly
And a true memory when it finally fades and goes to die.

So tell me before you have to go
Are you ready to run the race or are you gonna hide down low
When I mention the burns are you gonna run or just say "So?"
Gonna call the shots from up on high
Or gonna run like a kid and freakin' bloody die?

Ooh, I wrote this on the feast of the Annunciation. However, that doesn't mean it's about the Blessed Virgin Mother. In fact, it's not religious at all. I used a technique I saw in a few pieces where I repeat the use of a stanza. Anyways, the island I describe here is not just an island... you might call it a metaphor for heaven.

The Island (March 25, 2006)

*Don't release this precious path.
Don't ever, ever forget this shining light.
It is yours to carry, to feel and love,
To shield like a deeply loved one.*

I know this age isn't one of happy times,
But do you know our age-old secret,
Set down by our ancestors to keep all alive and well?
You're so, so worthy of the migration,
Come with me and we shall find ourselves again.

Let's drift along the sea's blue, crisp waves,
Fly through the carefree, pure white sky today,
The sun's bathing light will guide us to the Island,
The Island where upon lies the little-known secret
Only known to those who have deep, caring hearts.

We land while the morning shines on the marble tiles,
And amble softly; not a sound is heard.
Marvel at the magnificent and past glories of humanity,
Not perfect, not perfect, but simply spectacular nonetheless.

The prizes and poems of the righteous and the love of generations untold,
And can you believe that is not the best of all?

Sparkling, clear water runs along the spotless floor,
Your awe is so amusing, but it doesn't surprise me much,
Do you see, do you see it?
It's so great, so alive, so beautiful you cannot describe it,
And yet....It is not known to the most of the world.
Even if, even if a scoundrel were to come looking for this Island,
He would never come across it, no matter his trials.
All he finds in the water is the gray-black emptiness of his own soul.
But if he should reform his wicked ways and become like us,
The Island will appear as if it were a long-lost mirage...

But so sad are our hearts as the Island shall pass on from this day,
When we find it again, no one knows.
Don't worry, don't panic my friend,
Keep yourself as you are right this moment,
And never give in to the treacherous darkness of this world,
Most of all, your greatest duty with the greatest prize,
Find and inspire another to have such a pure heart,
Just as I have so done with you,
And maybe another day, some marvelous, happy day,
You and the newly born one,
Shall come to know the secret utopia, of this Island.

*Don't release this precious path.
Don't ever, ever forget this shining light.
It is yours to carry, to feel and love,
To shield like a deeply loved one.*

I have a tendency to lament my lost youth, despite the fact I'm not even 18 yet.
Haha. This won't be the last you hear of me talking about the days I've lost, that's for sure. I believe this also marks the beginning of a trend you'll see for a while in my poems: echo lines. Marked by italics, they do what their name suggests: sound like echoes, or other voices besides the main one speaking. Since I was born in November, a month in autumn, I like to use that season as a subject in my poems once in a long while.

Autumn's Aging (April 21, 2006)

Fall comes again
To show me what it feels like to be caught up
In the winds and cooling airs
Of a strange time when leaves fall and nothing matters.

Would you dance with me?
I'll watch the rains fall from the sky
Would you sing with me?
And then think that there's times like this never touched
Would you fly with me?
Wishing that these days would never end and the hour would never pass
Come now, see the season!

But unfortunately years from those days
This is only a lost star in the sky
One that I can only see through a telescope at night
It's like a crystal ball to the past
Why'd time have to hurt me so bad?
I can't get back from here,
This present time isn't worth it all!
So I'm stuck watching my past replay itself
Again and again like a playful yet painful scene.

Watch the leaves fall from the trees once more,
This year is autumn again,
You've changed too, why did you go and do that to me?
And I see the sky gray and the rains fall upon the plains,
But it never brought the joy and sacred serenity of before
I can't believe it, it's all gone and let me down...
What could've made this happen?
Who's to blame for the loss of love?

Take it all away!
I've got no one to blame but myself,
I've been the only one here
The skies and weather have never, never changed,
Leave me at the station!
So it's been me who's been changing
I hate how I've lost my loves of old,
You can't take me back to the days?Oh.
But it's a sign that I've got new things to love,
Real people and the world to take on,
There's a life left, I better live it as I can!
At least I can enjoy that before it loses its precious luster.
Light shines anew in a new place for this soul...

But the autumn shall always hold a special place within me,
'Tis a memory that can never go away,
Neither can the star in the sky that is my eyeglass to the days of old.
Remember with me as we move on in this life of everything in existence,
You and me are two and a crowd of friends
We are not only two people
We are friends anew living our lives through pain and good times lost...
And I'll take my leave soon for the new day
The new generation I'll help create
But never I will fail to recall
The seasons on which I was immortal....
The seasons on which we were immortal....

The next two pieces are from my autobiography that I did at the end of 8th grade. This one's simple: it describes me, and the way I'd like others to treat me.

See Me for Me (May 2006)

My ways aren't always what the others choose,
If you have a problem with them, you can just
Call up on me and we'll talk things out
Have to do it like this, because no other way works
At solving problems these days
Evaluate me as you choose to do so, but remember to
Let me go free, because I'm not yours to keep.

Next, this is a very, very short recounting of my history from the day I was born to May 2006. It's more about what happened to me in the seven months before that date than the day I was born. I think I adapted the bit at the end for use in my graduation speech in May '06. ^_^

Legend to Me (May 2006)

What's been going on with me?
Many, many things I can tell you about,
Many, many things I don't remember to say,
Many, many things that are hard to make come out of my mouth.

Started with a flash and a dream,
Years pass and memories are sealed forever
Within my mind, my soul and my heart
You can't get rid of them; they're too precious to give up
I laugh and remember who I was with these memories from the past.

It seems that everything happens early,
That all the things that change me are too quick and too fast
Maybe it is so, but that's how I've been living
Working things out with an ever-learning, curious soul.

And there's too many people to take count of,
I could spend hours telling you of all of these people
Don't fall asleep, don't give in to temptation
Don't end up like my past failures where I end up
Lost and almost broken for good like a strangled angel.

If you don't want to know me then I'm fine with that
Your life, not mine, but I'm here to say what I must
And you're not going to bring me down
But if you're here to want to know my soul
With pure intentions and a forgiving light
Come in, I'll give you a spot of tea and your six hours' worth
Of listening to me babble on about my life.

Don't be afraid to know me,
I wouldn't dare to hurt you if you don't dare to hurt me

I'm just a kid trying to find a place and a someone to know
Being my friend is better than being my enemy.

Not like you have to sing my praises,
Live with me as you see fit,
And I'll deal with you depending on how you choose to affect me.
If I rise to the top or fail to the bottom,
Just remember, even for one moment in your busy time,
You're already a legend to me,
You've helped me become who I am
And I'll never forget you for that.

So this marks the first transitory period in my poetry. There's one of these between every set of generations, and a few pieces to go along with it as well. The first one of these you'll be reading is 5:11. Now, aside from being someone's birthday, there is just something about that time that sounds cool to me. From here, I started looking forward to the future.

5:11 (May 2, 2006)

It's 5:11 in the morning,
Tell me how much I've got left in my lifetime
How many times I'm gonna wake up
And why do things stick to my face so much?

Sure, break my spirit,
Sure, shatter my ambitions,
Sure, eat up my soul
At 5:11 I'll be resting on a wall
Waiting for the world to fall on me and take me down.

Is living really simple?
Is anything more than pointless?
Why am I filled with rage towards no one at all?
By the moon,
I'm losing all my charges slowly but surely,
Instead of the sunrise
I wake up at 5:11 to find there's no point in it.

Like you wish I'd shut up and move on,
Don't mess with me, I've got a volatile mix
Of emotion and a blade always waiting in the wings
So leave me alone, before I do something
Reckless before 5:11 even comes around again,
At 5:11 I'll be running my fingers through my hair
And wondering why life is like this to find
That I already know the answer.

I've only got a hope that this idiotic nothingness
Passes on and a sunrise is sure to come,
Waiting from my dark, tired outpost
Here at the corner of 5:11
And you've nothing to tell me,

You haven't the right to lead my life now,
I just want to be left alone now
'Til I'm no longer stuck at the unneeded place,
'Til 5:11 passes and light shines through.

This is a pretty decent piece. I liked the imagery I came up with when I wrote this – and I think the subject matter's nice as well. I think you'll like what it has to say.

The Mirror of Truth (May 11, 2006)

Look at the lit mirror,
Stare at this strange face before it,
Nothing more to see but what's your own image
Portrayed upon a reflected light,
There's more than just a face
Seeing a mirror image of what it is...

I left to it seventeen years ago.
Closer you come to seeing into your heart,
Seeing your own soul for what it is,
Do you know what I've been through, friend?
Leaving the world of the fools
And the idiots, the non-believers,
The ones who never understood you.
I'm my own legend, leave me be!

You fly face to face with a person who's
More normal and understand than you could ever guess
More of you than a clone gone perfect..
See how this one jumps at your fears,
And takes joy in what you do?
But see, this person has more to offer than you,
Indeed, great person, singer of a soul...
Better than what you know now,
And yet you feel as if you know this unknown
From a long-lost trip with darkness and light,
They dropped you somewhere in the sea
Leaving you to dive into the world of reality,
Deepness is worth the long fall,
As shallowness is worth the quick jump.

Stare at the mirror again within the depth of mystery,
Train your eyes to see the soul within
Learn the pains and greatness of the secret legend to come
Heave a great sigh and the mirrored one will too,
In fact what you see now
Before all that is you, the scattered, gathered being...
You've seen it before, all over the place,
Traveled with you through mountains of white snowy gladness
And rainy valleys of swampy, misty pits

Singer of soul one tonight, live upon our wretched land...
Asking the mysterious figure what it is
Is like asking the person in the mirror
Who that one is,
Like asking yourself through a deepened knowledge,

Is this me?

This is the second Untitled piece. It is the shortest of all five Untitled pieces, and the only one to actually reference a real girl. Someone suggested a title for this, but I refused to take it. I realize that this does not resemble the other four Untitled pieces much, but oh well. Too bad! Lol. Anyways... I gave this poem to that girl as a way of helping me get over her. She just wanted to be friends, which was cool. This piece just helped me soothe my emotions.

Untitled 2 (May 17, 2006)

When the sunset breaks the sky from the bright light,
Thinking of you is like this final show before the night,
Never forgotten, a song special to my own heart,
But now there's a new place to start.

This could be the last time we ever know each other,
What's left by the river in this moment stays forever
We fly away to newer lands, newer dawns,
I'm asking you, girl,
Will this be the last thing we know before we're gone?

My heart's split in two for now,
A tug-of-war that is never solved,
Wondering things that'll never be,
And yet still looking for the right one
Beyond this sunset, the love I've always wished for.
It's sad how the new day might be without you near,
But who knows, if I'll find another, and have no fear
Deep within my lasting rivers of what's inside
The river sheds a tear for you, as if you'd died,
That's my heart, that's my soul,
Don't worry about me, girl,
We'll be fine in the times to come.

What's left to say to you as light leaves,
Time flows straight through me here
And I don't know what to say to you,
This is our farewell forever,
And I'm searching my head for something decent,
I'm finding it, finding the right words
To set you off through the night,
Living until the new day where I'm not there,
Light shining brightly for you and I.

So this is my last say for our day together,
Don't forget who I am,
See that no one will leave you alone,
Remember that love is an extraordinary grace,
As you should know how I met you back in the days
Where the cold showed how warm my heart was,
And when I shivered waiting for the verdict,
Then you came and said it to me,
Which led us to this glorious sunset...

Farewell, my lovely friend!
There's a light always waiting for you,
Hold on to the love of others,
Show them what you're made of, you beautiful spirit,
And maybe you'll make
The legend that's your own, that's always been you,
Someone who I'd be proud to call my friend.

The fifth generation was probably the most transitory generation. Yeah, it was. It was also home to a couple of pretty sweet pieces, and then some not so sweet. This is one of the sweet ones, I hope. It's one of those pieces that I felt great writing. By the way, the definition of the song title is this: the amount of the qualities of the wind that something/someone possesses.

Windynessticity (June 11, 2006)

*Were we ever ready for the song?
Can we ever know what it feels like to be perfect?*
This is where the winds blow for me,
On the breaking point of an old ghost,
I lose myself and find myself in the same night.

And she signifies freedom,
Love told only by the breeze,
Love shown for whoever is there to feel her presence,
She surfs on the skies and awakens dreams,
Freedom for light and love and life,
Dreams of greatness so up high in their souls,
They wish to taste the beautiful freedom of the winds.

I've been born with admiration for the skies,
Winds flow through me and liberate my soul,
They take it to heaven on earth
Paradise sometimes lost and sometimes found
Among the world where the invisible souls
Caught in the curtain of the sweeping winds
They watch over me and all that lives,
They fill the winds with such emotion and power
It blows me to bits, all around the world.
This is the way that legends fly, fly!

Before I knew what pain really had to be,
Before I'd lost love that was plainly easy to see,
They flowed and made it all right,
A peaceful heart with oh, such lucid sight.
When I had been bleeding on the floor,
When darkness came knocking at my door,
They flowed and saw me through,
To note all of the things I'd ever come to do.
Now they swirl and reside in calm air,
Now they rest, to agitate they do not dare!
And in the days to come,
And when the skies are my soul's only sum,
I'll be the silent eagle of the winds,
I'll be my childrens' guide to blow away their sins.

To understand who I am is like
Knowing the winds, in some ways.
They gust, they cool, they heat, they calm,
Shatter all that you are or wash you with a river of balm.
Always there when you don't notice it,
And letting everyone know that it's there.
Waves of wind that weave the weary sky,
They meet and kiss and together they fly,
We are all that we are, we are all that we'll ever be.
Who is to say that lovers are not failures?

I've been thrashed by the great waves,
And I've given in to blowing away my goals,
And I've nearly lost my entire dignity on a single night,
But there was a one to pick me up and show me the way,
Show me the way, to smooth sailing once more.
No wind's ever been the greatest,
No wind's ever been loved by all in existence,
Just look at this world today with its savage culture
They poison their bowls, minds, spirits, and souls,
Never finding the true sense of ever being whole.
Don't be alarmed at the evil that I harbor,
My solemn vow will never let it flow again,
The promise is sealed forever,
There is no turning back.

*Yet a seedling grows into a mighty stand?
How this miracle happens, we'll never know, friends...*

We can't seem to cope
With the fact that we're all more than we are
We can't ever know whether we're gonna
Live to see the day of the greatest game
Live to know how that love ends
Live to know whether or not our souls are intact
Live to learn to love to liberate the lonely
Live to fight the coming hurricane
Live to grab our greatest desires
Live to live in the world of the dead and the living

We're just mixed up and we're tired of the strain,
Just need a break from every single lick of pain
While the winds rage on and calm down
Over the world on which they were set to watch.

Will the song ever be finished?
There is not even a trifle to be learnt
From listening to one sing the song of light.
So that is why I search for someone to sing it with,
Our destinies were always locked together
Or maybe they're just beginning to tie,
No matter the case, that's my sight now
And together we'll search for the gleeful truth
The song that is never finished,
Our objective is impossible to the skeptical,
But who are you to intrude on our lives?
Can't you see I'm searching for the song?
Can't you see what I see in the winds,
What I saw in the days of innocence,
The truth that the song is written by the generations
Sung by the ones that can hear it,
And that what they sing will always be their own,
That who they are will never cease to repeat,

That the unique of this world, who are a rainbow of winds,
Whose hatred and evil is lost in what they seek
Are only the ones who choose to learn to fly
And they are the creatures that see all they can before they die,
Letting the winds free their light hearts,

They are who you are right now
They are listening to the song
They are all that are the skies.

Although most of my pieces are free of any objectionable content, sometimes I cut it close. I don't believe you'll take any offense at all to this, but be aware that this piece in particular is rougher than the others because of its content. Apparently, I must have cut out the edgiest part of this piece, because when I went to copy and paste it, there was a blank spot in it. Guess that's a good thing, huh?

A World That is Now and Ours For Life (July 9, 2006)

First off, let's start
Knowing the fact that we're all human here...

You wonder about so many things
And you just look at them and deliver some remark
Then in different, different places
Discovery is messed up and normal and intriguing and inevitable
Like your innocence lost,
I mean, you can't ever escape your truth,

No matter what happens it's all part of you
Secrets and news are all whirled together these days
Just a product and a minus to the previous generation
Where's our connection?

I don't wanna begin the second side of this life,
Truth is, it scares me,
But I don't let you see my fear or my remorse

Someone once said that we're all to blame
For the world today, the sixth year of the second millennium
And the generations that were and will be
Will always be different in their own respects
Let me tell you that they're right,
Today and tomorrow and yesterday are all different worlds,
You can never see their sight
They never see yours,
But the deal is we try and make a connection anyways
Trying to deal out some equality between the days.

And let me say that these days are insane
You have your drugs, sex, chaos and rebel spirit
All at your fingertips, they could be yours to hold
Truth is, you're no more innocent or guilty than me
In the third respect that we're all human
Yeah, I know a little bit of your own life,
But we prefer not to speak of it
'Cause we got a reputation to protect
And a soul to guard
And something else I don't really remember right now...

Sometimes I wonder about the future,
What'll happen?
What'll become of me?
Will my dreams ever come true?
Will all those other questions that are unwritten be answered?
Seems that time will show me the answer,
But enough about that,
Let's focus on the present time
Ok, so, I told you already I have things to hide
And I told you already that you have things to hide
This is where we are now,
But it'll change over time,
We'll yield another new generation who does something
Totally unexpected and yet something we might know ourselves
Let's just let this fly...

The past says that now is so totally foul,
That their time was indeed better
Sometimes we agree, sometimes we don't,
You can't compare then to now,
You can only compare now to now,
Roaring, whirling, swirling, yielding, all,

It sparks a dance within my soul
I just want to preserve who I am for a while...

Last off, may I remind you we're all human
And that the next train is a whole new world?

I believe this was inspired by a Green Day song. A really long, 9-minute Green Day song. Because of that, some bits of this piece resemble some of the bits out of that song; its length is also because of that song. It's more of a jumble than my other pieces, but hey. It's got a message. If you really want to cut it short, just read the first, second, and last stanzas. Still, you probably should read the whole thing. Just saying.

What Steady Road? (July 23, 2006)

Somewhere out there there's a haven
Where there's nothing but light,
But it's not on this earth
People are literally dying to get in
Until they find out it takes more than suicide
To break their bad streak
Death's the end of our game on Earth, at least,
That's what I believe about this one thing.

And keep that stuff away from me,
I'd like to keep my sanity for a while.
It's like, you bring it all on,
Just to keep me alive to see
That there's nothing to really be
Bothers me like a swarm of itchy little bugs
Leave me be, I'd like to see the sun without your
Reckless eclipsing and insane rants

As the clouds begin to surround me
I'm thinking this is somehow connected to you
But for no reason whatsoever
Maybe I'm just going insane for real,
Maybe I'd like to experience the other side of the world
Maybe I'm a rebel from the edge of insanity
Or I'm just a strange mixture of all these things that
Make up who I am, make the person that you see now
Going to collapse in front of you
Thinking about all the things that boggle my mind

It's always this way with the way I see
It's the same over and over again
The same broken hearts
And the same rising lights
Plus the strange nothing in between my ordeals
The same oceans and the same skies
Maybe I shouldn't be wishing for the change,
Maybe I should be living in the land of seasons

With a word of silence and nothing to worry about.

If you don't care, then I won't mind
If you don't care, then I won't mind
If you don't care, then I won't mind
The fact that you may not have time
Just be sure to be back tomorrow
Or today
Or the next hour
Or the next week
Or the next month
Or the next time I get blown
I've got time, you know,
I've got time to wait for the sign
I've got things to lose but at least I have
Time to save all of that
Whereas you're rushing around not looking
I don't really care, but you won't mind
If I don't complain about myself

They're talking about a steady road from nowhere
And how it's just to keep us up in the air
Keeping us from becoming insane killers
Or embedded with such low self-esteem
We have the need to cut ourselves straight
But the reason is that of which I save for myself
The steady road is only a dream of my mind,
Everyone knows there's no such thing
Everyone knows there's only twists and turns here
Everyone knows we've all gotta die someday
Whatever the case, I'll live my own life
You live yours, I'll live mine
You live yours, I'll live mine

We fight to keep ourselves alive in the game
Our sight's blinded by our own intentions
And when we miss the target
And when we miss the target
It really depends on who we are
But usually we just get back up again
Rejoin the eternal struggle
We vow to never give up
But sometimes we lose ourselves so many times
It's just too much for our fragile hearts
We cut ourselves from the light
You just leave the world in shame
You wished it could've been so much better
You knew that you were meant to die
And you're gone, just like that
And you're gone, just like that!
You're gone!

I don't get why this world is the way it is today,

I guess it's because good and evil never stop their fight
I guess it's because I choose to live here
And I won't understand the motives
Of those that mess up our world
But at least I know I can try to survive
The game of survival is never-ending until you leave
The game of survival is never-ending until you leave
You're giving me a bad vibe,
I don't like it, step away,
I don't want to shoot you down
I'll fly away like the bird that I want to be
And I'll continue my journey

Oh, there's another time to be talking about this
But my time is up here
My time is up with this for now
We'll speak of this later,
When I feel like it again
I'll start singing the songs that I like to sing
And I'm leaving for now,
I'm going to travel on the crooked road
I'm going to travel on the crooked road
What steady road is there but on the haven of light
An afterlife only seen by those who are worthy?

Oh, I love this piece. Although my view of romance isn't exactly like this anymore, I still think the concept expressed in here is still true. Of course, if marriage is *not* my destiny, it won't come true... but hey, what can I do about that? Not much. Say, if you were wondering, I rarely reference actual girls in these sorts of poems. I think I've mentioned it before, if I actually talked about a real girl in one of these kinds of poems. This wasn't one of those. Okay, enough of my talking. Read this poem! XD

You'll Be Mine in Time (July 26, 2006)

From the break of this glorious day,
Where sunbeams break over the hills
Winds blowing through us as if we were spirits
Once, we said hello
Once, we met each other in another time
But it was all a dream,
It was all my dream and my desire,
To rise in light with someone like you...

Don't worry about the future for now
What are you waiting for?
If you have me, there won't be anything wrong
What are you worrying about?
When we're together it's a gracious whirling dance
Of lovely steps flowing with the wind
Softer than the most shining rose,
Remember this for as long as we'll live

No matter the storm
We'll live it out as we had always dreamed

In the middle of a hurricane
We'll watch over each other like the most caring breezes
Through the flashing lights and the shattering sound
Through the torrents of water and the sheer power of angry wind
If you go down, I'm going down with you
We'll both drop into the abyss and spend an eternity there
You see, when I think I've lost it all
When there's nothing else to hold on to
Your presence is all I need to know,
An angel from heaven above
Or maybe you're something better,
I think you're the one I've always dreamed of

Don't worry about what sins you did in the past
What are you crying for?
It never mattered about who you are then
As long as who you are now never changes for the worse
Why do we see what's always bad?
Just as I know you could never come in the future,
By the same token I'll always wait for you to come to me
I'll never lose my hope until I'm released from this vessel,
One thing that stays true in my heart is
Whether you exist or not, I'll always love you

I know you're out there somewhere,
I know you're not going to be as perfect as I'm saying
But we'll work it out,
If we're as good as the other says
Then everything will be as it will be,
We'll be linked to each other forever,
Our love won't ever give in to anything
Despite the harsh storms, even if we're separated
If your wish is for me to live on
I'll cry for the first time in so many days,
But ultimately I'll respect your dying wish
And I'll hold high the promise in my heart
That we'll be together forever in another time...

This is my greatest dream,
What can break the day that is here now?
Life is never planned as we plan it,
So I'll watch as hard as I can,
I know I'll burn out every once in a while,
Why does it have to be this way?
But still, past the obstacles and the broken hearts
I know you're in this crazy world...

Maybe you're not even aware that I could exist,
Well, I'm as real as the winds that hold you every day
My hope is always deep inside my heart,

Even if it's sealed from my sight, it's always, always there
And the real truth is...

Whatever the case may be,
Wherever the winds may carry me,
Whenever the time is right and even if it isn't,
However I have to make a sacrifice,
You'll be mine in time,
You already were mine in some other day of grace
You are mine as I write this song
You'll be mine in the distant future, past my physical days
As I say, this is the real truth,

You'll be mine in time.

By this time, the fifth generation had ended, and I'd started high school. I was waiting for something good to come around, but things weren't looking good for me. So, in my sadness, I wrote this. I think it's a better take on some of my problems than the poems before this one... and it's also one of the few poems where I refer to myself in the third person. Enjoy.

Fantasies of Nothing (September 3, 2006)

Watch him sing in the days that were gone
Watch the kid live in the light for a while
Then days from nowhere, they came
And made him into me

He remembers so much yet so little
Wishes for sleep today and back then
Someone said a while back he was innocent,
Someone said a while back he was a prodigy,
And a while back he was wishing for someone
He still wishes, although that's a dream,
Borne from nothing but the thirst
That I have for all of my lifetime

I don't have a reason to miss who I was,
I've got it good now,
I've got nothing to fear except the next wave
But I see the world away from that
I don't wanna change, but that's how things are
Is it always so easy, or is it always so hard?

Meet him in the towers of the dream
If you could see him fly and sing his whole heart to you,
You'd be the legend he'd always wished for,
But that's from the fantasy spawned
From the sky where all blue things come out of

His thoughtscape is tainted in two ways

It doesn't bother him much, nor does it bother me
For we share and we are one
His thoughts have been curious from day one
If this is killer then that's how the destiny runs,

Fantasies of nothing, fantasies of nothing
Bring the belief that all's OK
When it is and it isn't and it's both at the same time
He's trying to make sense of all the weird rhyme
He loves the bliss like the winds,
For like him, they're calm and curious
Even mad and furious
Our fantasies are shared because we're the same
I'm the boy who said he was glued to a pole
I'm the kid who thought he lived in a lonely hole
I'm the guy who you knew to have a cool soul
My fantasies of nothing might spark reality
Or they'll be only dreams,

Be only what I sometimes wish was true.

I like the imagery in this piece. I'd never done something like this before, and I really like how it turned out. I'm sure you'll like it too.

As They Sound (October 1, 2006)

There is a night where you must be now
Waterfalls at night, clarity so bright,
Clustered within the humid vapor of the jungle,
Do you hear the echoes of the strings being played
In the night where the moon doesn't shine?

Keep the secrets close like you run from your problems
And let the music guide you farther down the stream,
If you need an escape, this is the entryway.
If there's a fire in the jungle, swim down here.
The animals that swarm your personal space
Will not fear to blacken the ground
Or poison the water that is so badly needed,
But they are lost past peace,
They don't know your heart like you do.

It's somewhere past the clouded bog
Somewhere beyond the vast plains
Somewhere in the depths of the oasis
That they said never existed,
Strings resound and cry out for you
Like they were your lover,
So won't you come down to the oasis,
Won't you swim to peace in the night?

As soon as the sun rises, it's vanished,

Where it once was is now only a mountain,
It is no illusion, you aren't dreaming at all,
When they sound to show their want for blood
Screaming their pain, their need for revenge
When they want to feed on your soul...

Let the music in your soul guide you to the falls
Light in your heart is that which calls,
Escape to the waters of your own lovely garden.

I didn't actually start organizing my poems by generations until I wrote this piece. It is also the only piece to explicitly refer to the generations themselves, and acts as a summary of the first five generations. I have a slightly deeper organization for my poetry, and by extension, my life: from generations come eras, and from eras come eons. There have been twelve generations, in only three eras, in what I call the First Eon, which will end at the end of this month.

The Sixth Generation – Metamorphosis (October 4, 2006)

As I'm, as I'm, a little worm on this plant,
I squirm and eat, eat the leaves of the tree,
Tree that stands on the top of what I can't see,
My time's about to come, I'm cocooning on the branch
Ready for the 6th generation.

First,
I don't, don't remember too much about that time,
But I know, I know it was the most innocent of them all
And I saw the world through crystal clear lenses,
Untainted, untainted eyes who wouldn't harm a fly.

Second,
It came to be one of the best of the generations,
The generations that make up my life.
I wondered around the world, a tiny bug of a bug's world,
One of many yet one of a kind,
And then I saw the blinds, lifted me straight...

Third,
The cresting sacrifice, sacrifice that I had to be,
Because I was the only one present at the ceremony
I was the victim, I was the mourner,
Mourner to regret and live in the wall that I built,
Built to hide the shame of the scar of the sacrifice.

Fourth,
Pleading for the skyline again,
And the winds, mist, light, and love,
Love that I'd been wishing for since the third generation,
Leading me up was the others I called friends and the ones that were never,
Never there, but always there and treated me fair.

Fifth,
Today I write this piece in front of a lot,
Lot of spirits that make their presences known
By letting words fly off a bunch of springboards,
Springboards that can do a lot, lot more than one first expects.
And I write this for my own reference
And maybe so you can learn to understand me a little better.

Sixth,
The future holds erosion for me,
Painful yet so badly needed for my dry heart,
And I yearn for the rain to fall,
Fall and scar me again, cause me to bleed
All that, that which was holding me down,
Preventing the transformation from being done,
Done, when I finally move on
To the 6th generation.

This poem was based on the online game, RuneScape, and uses characters, settings, and motifs from it. Since this poem does not mention me at all, it's probably better than most of the others. I might have said this before, but whenever I'm not talking about myself, my writing often turns out better. I think there's a lesson to be learned in that... and I'd best be understanding it. There's also a few lessons in this, too. So walk into the garden, and read what's written here.

The Garden of Three Respects (October 24, 2006)

Part I: The First Respect

*There is a time when you've got to see the truth,
And I'll tell you that this is my time, when I saw.*

Just how many times do I have them
Telling me off for something that I said?
It was when I said of my brother,
"You're so ugly, you've got even beggars giving you money for a makeover!"
Ah, he shoved me out of the house we both lived in,
Breaking my fun, the little dolt!
His face should be smited with a bolt!

Of course, I had naught to think but of the lovely maidens
Walking on the winds like they were goddesses,
And so I ran down the paths, past the cows and the chicken farm near,
I laughed at the newcomers that always have a tear.
Broke through the gates guarding the grain,
For they were high and perfect from the rain.

I'm so lucky I get the chance
To have them all to myself
They don't worry a tad about what I'm thinking,
They never defied my authority neither my charm,
Today, they would dance for me without harm,
Bringing their grace like birds of the sky,

Their beauty is something I hope never dies.

Through the grain and over the hill beyond,
Past the river and in the house so fond,
In the garden today they waited for me
To sing of days in harmony before my time was ever nigh
Another language spoken, their voices so high.

I strolled into the cottage that was so fine
And I called the fat servant who resides in this house
He's an ogre in disguise and he does not want for them,
Or he faces my wrath, and that's a crimson gem.
"Bring the wine and the bread, servant!
Open the doors that lead me there!"
He nodded like a little gnome scared of humans,
Darted off, before long he returned.

I grab the cup and sip the wine,
Ponder over the bread and say to him,
"Servant, this wine is sufficient,
But I can't eat this bread.
I've got no time for you!
Meet me in the garden before the maidens start."

There is not much better in this world
Than to see the maples shine with their roses,
The yews and their graceful wavy shapes,
And even my prized pure white magic tree,
I hear this plant was from the gods' gardens long ago...

Humming the tune from my mother's lullaby back in my childhood,
The sun bursts and lights up all in sight,
And I swagger over to the seat that's rightfully mine,
The sapphires and emeralds and rubies and diamonds
Lining the sides, white leather cushion to die for,
I bet someone did die for my throne,
But who cares? That's not my problem.

"It is my time, are you here?" I called to them,
But instead to my horror, the ogre comes out
With a fresh loaf of bread on a silver platter,
And he stutters, the almost worthless slob,
"S-Sire? Your b-bread awaits you, s-sire..."
"I don't want to see your hideous face, wretch!
Leave me be and put the food in my lap,
Then lock yourself in the closet until the maidens
With their precious pity, come to your rescue."

"Y-Yes sire!" He shuffled off into the house and next were their songs,
I thirst for the day that I shall find which one of the ladies
Is most sufficient to my worth,
Like a diamond for a golden ring,
I watch them step out from the pristine leaves of the evergreens

With their perfect gowns made from the finest silk
Colored to beat the salmon's natural color
Tailored to erode the hands of the tailor
Worn in such elegance that it takes my breath away every single time.

I waited in silence as they prepared,
Half a minute later came the first note from the first maiden,
The pure sound complimenting her flawless pale skin,
Her auburn hair outshining the sun
As the second singer came in with a lower note,
It was missing the third, balanced note,
Until she sang the note
That united all three of their harmonic voices together
And I marveled at it, but there was more to come...

"You say you are born in perfection,
But your soul is in the darkest section,
And today we must save your neck,
You will learn the Three Respects,
Do not fear for your heart,
Do not worry about your start,
Come with us, come..."

What's this all about?
They're not supposed to be singing of this,
But what-- I can't move!
I feel my body floating in the air, and the first maiden
With her hair floating in grace,
I stare into her soft sepia eyes, that sweet pity
Now directed at my own soul,
I don't get it, weren't we all such good friends?

The world transforms and realigns,
Gold to brown and rose to gray are powerful signs!
I watch the garden become a wasted life,
The trees are scorched with hellfire's strife,
The dirtied steel of a small bloody knife
Rests upon the ground, see who thrives!
There's two beings upon the ground,
One is stunning though nowhere near the maidens,
And the other is awfully ugly, worse than my servant
On a bad day in the middle of winter,
"Why am I here?! Why am I here?! Answer me!"

"Be patient, we will sing your tale
This is you in a life of hail
Your female self is just as cruel,
Thinking beauty is an essential tool,
Bleeding bodies don't show lovely souls,
And ravishing bodies never reveal hearts that are cold.

You see, you had taken the grace
Of the unpretty one who'd saved your race.

Now this is where your woman dies,
Watch it below as she screams her goodbyes."

I tried to understand their insane words,
Although I think I knew what they were meaning
Seeing as my past life was living a scene now demeaning
The tribes marched out in rows of seven,
Their shouts of war meant she wasn't for heaven,
By the gods, oh, this is so gruesome!
The number of spears in her back numbered eleven.

"The First Respect says only this,
For you don't know anything of the soul.

No matter the look, no matter the face,
You shan't harm the lives of the true living race."

Part II: The Second Respect

"What? But if that was true,
Why am I not dead right now?
The apparent transgressions I've committed
Would obviously amount to death!"
I watched the second maiden float forward,
Her blonde hair was the only difference
Between her and her sisters,
And she had the lowest voice of them all
But it still could captivate me in ways unspoken...

"It is only by luck that you've managed to survive,
Now you must learn the slightly deeper vibes..."

Was that all she had to say?
It wouldn't matter, for the death burned away,
Hot screaming and fresh blood out of the day,
Replaced by another burning feeling,
I felt the horses' hooves upon my chest,
Like coals burned only but a second ago
Falling through me and making me cry out in pain
It left me without my sight and a noticeable stain.

The dust and sands made up the newest scene,
On the city's streets the bricks were uneven
And the houses slightly shabby, but a warm feeling
It flew unto my heart like of the doves
That loved to hover around the maidens,
What was this strange feeling?
Did I have hate for the scene with its slightly pink skies,
Or was it something else that was trying to kill me?

"Watch the windows of the two-story houses,
Maybe it's another one of your past's louses."

Through the slight screen of dust I saw
A young girl, with innocence in her brown face,
She looked out from the window to find
The boy she had always found so kind.
He was walking along the brick streets,
I admired his crimson cape and his royal blue trousers,
And I noticed he looked up to find the girl
Gazing at him lovingly, and I couldn't believe
The words that spurted forth from me,

"Aw, how sweet, like Romeo and Juliet!"

And the boy ran his fingers through his average hair,
Grinned at the girl for one short second, and then moved on
To whatever he had in store for the dawn...

"See, you have more grace
Than before in the days of space,
Where you were truly mad,
Now watch this scene that is quite sad..."

The clockwork turned and the sun was hyper,
Running up and down the skies repeatedly
Like the speed of the bite of a viper,
Until it came to rest that the full moon baiting,
Dawned now in the air which showed her waiting.

He shouted to the window where she listened so eagerly,
"I tell you that you're lovely!
Do I give regret to these statements of mine?"

And then she sighed with love for what seemed
To be me in a past life on this planet,
I must have been quite stunning to make a girl
Nearly faint at the very sight of my face unfurled!

"You'll never let me go, will you, my love?
Show me a sign, that I may keep it close to my heart!"
And then the young man, did I see this right?
He laughed a smite, smiled at her, and then walked off
In a huff so swift I imagined his schedule was tight.

Just as he disappeared past the street's end,
The girl watched the night stars twinkle and shine,
Was she thinking marriage came next in line?

"Are you done yet?" I cried out to the maidens,
Surely there was more than this!
The First Respect had a brutal death to find,
Is this all I had to know of my own kind??

"Patience is a virtue that you do not have,
The end is near and you must try not to laugh."

So again the sun ran around the horizon,
Until it came to another sunset, the same as the first,
What could there be now, just mundane events?

As always, she waited at the height of the house,
"I must ask a favor of you before you go!
Won't you stay with me so I don't feel low?"
Coming from him, he swooped up her door,
Then I saw them both in the rose of the room,
One minute they were kissing in my sight at the edge of the window,
The next I saw him push her away 'til she nearly fell out.

"The Second Respect dictates this!
Bringing slaps to the heart
Is not to be combined with slaps to the face."

Part III: The Third Respect

It seems that what I've done in the past
Doesn't seem to amount to all that's lovely,
Something's wrong, something's not right...
But now the final maiden comes forward with
Black hair both bright and dark at the same time
A marvelous, yet scary combination of luster!

She waved her hand in front of me, and we all
Became waves that compressed and compressed
'Til we were flatter than a see-through dress,
I can't manage to breathe!
...Can't... Can't... Move...
Before... We snap... Like mere... twigs...
We... Come back... To...
The garden?

It was her, and only her, that black maiden...
Chills, the chills of the north, they ran down my spine
Foreboding a dark deed in the near future..

In black gowns she was clothed, with winds
Making it wavy in the eeriness of the moment,
Was I going to die here, was I going to be tortured?
My thoughts, they were silenced!
By the shout and decree of her lovely voice turned gray.

"See the violet skies that you've made?
Watch your world receive what it should be paid!
Stand back, one who was born of light!
You can't survive the darkest fight..."

My garden, oh, my precious garden!
The skies spat lightning upon the trees and stomped thunder
So loud that it shattered the house into bits,

Howling winds trying to scream out the plants from their roots,
While my ears were sentenced to the fury of nature
Turned black and destined for me and me alone!
It shattered, they split apart all at once!
The earth's blood spewed high as my land crumbled to dust
The light from it being corrupted by the very air,
Darkness, indeed...

I could feel the hellfire crawl upon my heart
Like an assassin's blade shot up my chest
My mouth was gone and my heart was a-flame,
While the hot blood engulfed it all,
It can't be happening, I cannot die!
It is only a dream, this is not my goodbye!

It must be as I say!!!

White fire seeped into my eyes,
Their burns unlike any spell a mage could cast!
If I had a mouth to scream or a heart to yearn,
I'd shatter the masses with the pain of the burns!

She came upon me close, only a foot from my sight,
Her eyes, like iron rods shooting through whatever
Was left of me, melted flesh upon melted ground
Is there any way that I'm still alive?
To feel her presence and see her spears
See through me like I was a terrible scammer,
Oh, those hazel irises, they called out to me
In so many ways that I could not possibly say
In all the words that could ever exist!

"It is not done, soul of the night!
When you dwell in this life, you bring much fright!
Now it all must come full circle like you said,
Hope is as far as a lost traveler and his bed..."

Don't tell me this is only the beginning!
If I still live to wish away the hurt,
Surely this is enough to cure my vanity!
But I felt nothing and then what I saw
Was all of my past's crew of human beings
That had known me for being such a bitter man
And they stood on the line in the white
Of the sky, white being the background
The white infecting all that was there,
Nothing but white and they who had known me...

So many that stood upon the line,
As if they were going to be judged in the final day
When Saradomin would deal to them what each deserved
Would I be judged by so many people?
Has my reckoning day come earlier than I'd ever expected?

All in unison, they walked towards me,
By now I'd just seen my body, my clothes from before,
I was back, but now they came to show
Whatever they had to do, whatever was destiny's will--

"And it is you who we have feared--
You who have shattered our hearts time and time again!
How the gods have not punished you to the hottest flame
Is beyond reason and logic itself!"
Their voices, they spoke all the truth!
Pain, the pain of a million hearts,
It was mine to bear in the longest moment of eternity...

I recalled the memory of Mother--
The day I cursed her down to Zamorak
Called her what I cannot write down here
The nights of all the women that will always hate
Locked doors, lies, and all the men in the world
Brother's jealousy and his innocence lost,
Father's disappointment when I overtook his fortune,
All the nameless that stood to judge
And their pain was mine, everyone had a way
Of returning what I had sown, seeds that burrowed
Themselves deep in my heart, torn it apart
Twisted so rotten, that it made me a favorite
To live in darkness forever...

Their wonderance spiked me high into the white ceiling,
I shouted as I flew higher and higher,
Voices, voices, voices,
So many accusing voices, so many painful truths,
I cannot scream loudly enough...
All the water in the world was a mere drop
Compared to the tears that I shed in the white
Breaking dawn, bringing me into the slightest
Ray of light that finally awakened my heart,

So then I stopped so quick and she faced me again,
I shared all her tears, I finally saw what was wrong!
But their pain was unbearable, and I just had to ask of her,

"Release me, fair maiden,
You have broken my heart in so many ways
Indescribable to our human minds
But I plead, I beg, I implore of you,
Please let me free once more,
Let the light find a new home in my heart!
I can never release all of the burning sorrow,
That I have set upon myself in this pitiful life
Until you break the seal set upon this heart,
Set me free to the world of light!"

And their voices crested ever higher,
They wanted to destroy me and all that I had,
But with a simple wave of her hand,
Just as I felt myself breaking apart into nothing
They stopped as powerfully as they had started,
The white light was beautiful, and she flew in to kiss me,
Her lips more tender than silk,
She got so close that she became air and blended within,
We were two airy souls in heaven...

And indeed I will always remember those sacred moments
Sometimes, I wish I was there once more
To have a taste of heaven again,
And that's what I have always thought of
Whene'er a dark thorn be in my side,
Still, I remember what had happened next:

The white light would've blinded any mortal's eyes
But I was immortal for a moment in time
And it came to be that the light dimmed
To show the garden, still pristine and lovely
As it had been left, and she separated from my body,
She came to be with her sisters once more,
They nodded to each other and then to me,
Finally, they sang to me a final hymn...

"You are now one of the redeemed,
You are now no longer what you seem
Tell all that you have harmed in your dark days
That you are completely new, your rage at bay
Forgiveness and generosity are your new best friends
And add to the celebration some of Saradomin's grace
But if they do not believe you, do not say a word,
Wink at them once, bow to them twice,
Wave to the non-believers thrice
Just show them you're someone else
And that's all they'll ever need to know,
The rest always works itself out..."

As if I'd known the rest of the song,
It was my destiny to join them now,
So I responded, my voice lovely and full of light...

"Salvation is sweeter than the best fruits of the land,
I cannot thank you enough for what you've done to me,
Broken my heart of stone, and given me one anew,
Lighter than a feather and warmer than a stew,
So shall your words be fulfilled
And so shall my life never be the same from what it once was."

Of course, what happens next is of little importance,
Unless you count hugging the humble servant that I set free
Telling him he had so much potential,

Giving him 10,000 golden coins to start a new life
And setting off on a golden journey,
My journey that has continued to this very day,
I know I'm not perfect, and that I never will be,
That is, for dreams unknown may always come true.

Ooh, I wrote this on my birthday. Actually, no I didn't. XP In the UK, according to GMT time, this piece was written at about 1 AM or so on November 4, 2006, which is about 7 PM on November 3 in Central time, my time zone. Still, it was a landmark piece, because it marked the opening of the 6th generation. As you will come to read, this generation did not turn out the way I had predicted in The Sixth Generation – Metamorphosis. In fact, this was one of the most prolific generations with regards to my poetry – I wrote a lot in these months. So sit down and grab a drink or two... 'cause this is the sixth generation.

The Gray Sunrise (November 4, 2006)

Let me know, that I'm more than a wind
Tell me that you're going to be there
I wander, wander around, wishing for someone's presence,
Wishing for someone to stay with me awhile
'Cause the new day's here-- but I'm alone?

It's not a dream, that's for sure
Bet you're been living your own life, forgetting about me
While I whirl around you like a little planet,
So close to you, but I'm far, far from your footsteps
The days, that wound from long ago,
Carrying dust and eroding my shell away

It's like an annoying fog-- and you all just don't get it
But soon you will, soon I'll flip out again
Yes, you should ask me what's wrong
Yes, I'm a bit wanting (perhaps needing?) of attention
That's only 'cause I want to be loved,
Not that hard to understand
So don't leave me alone and bitter
But then one of you said-- I'm bringing this upon myself

You're right, as I'll say
You're so true, you knew exactly what was wrong...
Just let me break out, break out, break out of what I've
Been sealed in for so long..... Longer than you've known
I'll set myself free, fly above the gray clouds
Meet you all in the light
Being re-awakened is my goal right now!

I posted this on Poems Numero 7 on the RSB, which came into existence because I forgot to bump Numero 6. Little did I know that Numero 7 would become a sticky after the Jagex/Forum Mods, specifically Mod Craddock, came into contact with it and

even contributed to it. Mod Craddock liked this one, even though I didn't think it was that good. I'm just upset in this one, throwing around imagery and generally being frustrated with my lack of social interaction. Mmmmhm. I wonder what might have happened if I kept Poems Numero 6 from dying...

The Wind Rebel (November 9, 2006)

You like to think you're all ok
With your grounded, limited life
Sleeping peacefully under the shining, starry skies
And I bet you wouldn't give it up
'Cause you're just too comfortable to let it all go
Someone's gotta help you, you finite thing
Or at least show you what it means to live my life!

I travel all over the world, whistling my tunes
Strumming your hair like it's a guitar with a million strings
And I'm always there, but you never ever see me
Not until I'm a swirling vortex of rebellion
Not until I'm a crashing wall of sand on your garden
Not until I'm a pelting icy flood of snow
Not until I'm fueling the flames that drive your rage
If you could understand me, that'd really make me happy
That's when I'm calm, no longer trying to show all of the people
What it means to live my life...

Can you understand me, as I walk along you?
Who's gonna care for the wind rebel?
It's like I have no soul to you-- just an illusion, trick of the mind
And that's exactly what I seem to show,
Really, do you listen or am I speaking a different language here
Let me guess, you can't read my message, can't listen to it fluently
'Cause I'm just a wind rebel-- wanting to change the world
Just dreaming as I stroll along the cities
A never-resting drifter who wants to be loved
But now I realize, you can't hear me!

It's quite unfortunate you can't understand me
Because I understand you so very well
So I tell you, even though you can't hear me
Why do you live in that caged, simple life
How come you never show that passion you've been hiding?

How come you don't know what it feels like to live my life?

You will not believe what song inspired me to write this. Before I mention what it is, I'll leave you guessing as I talk about the other things that inspired this next piece. I once had a dream where I was in a mostly frozen world, where creatures called Shiners that resembled the Zoras from The Legend of Zelda series took over. The Shiners were ice-based, however, and had a few features different from the Zoras. While I won't clutter this up with the entire dream, I will say that the Shiner Queen and her attitude, as

well as the rest of the Shiner race, helped contribute to the events and characters in this poem. It's weird, just like White & Nerdy, the song that helped inspire this, and also highlights some issues of morality. I acknowledge that. So if you like weird, read this. Read this now. O_o

The Dance of Ice and Steam (November 5, 2006)

Let it fall around you.
The mist calls, for you alone.
Just let it come,
Just let it come to you in the darkest blue night
In the darkest blue night
In the farthest of the light
In the smartest of the slight
Let the blizzard and the ice
Take you away from this fire
Take you away from the dire
Let it blow you to your destiny, crier...

As you came to the dream world
Fell away from the awakening, the horror
Landed among this cold air,
You heard the dancers skate across the ice
Echoing a high-pitched mystery
While the blue darkness returns their call with its soothing bass
The blue light, it shines on you,
Because you're the newest addition.
To the dance, to the dance,
To the dance, check your stance
They won't spear you with a lance
So keep it together, let that power that lives in your heart
Come out, take part in the dreamy dance...

Across the acidity of your fear
You want to know, who those dancers are
Why they spin and then swirl all together,
Synchronizing all together to stir up your love for mystery
The frozen water, it falls through,
Your love for mystery is stronger than your fear
But you don't stir it up like you should
You don't let it take your heart to where it should be
Suddenly the dark blue winds are pressed to your heart
Don't scream, it's only just the initiation
Let your fear be extinguished
While you join the strange dream.

As your heart no longer melts-- your fear's gone
The steam, it awes all of us that stand here in the blue darkness
We watch you, you're our little show
You're calmer than the hurricane's eye
Smoother than the finest lie
Cooler than the frigid's blizzard's try
Reverence is yours among us

Lead us, you're the icon of the ice-- help us whirl out the world
Calm their fiery hearts, slow their rage
Until their hatred is water and steam in our minds!

*The touch of the skin is soothing
The mystery keeps you alive
The caress of the breath calms the soul
The touch of the lips are so chilling
Was love ever meant to be fire?*

Take to the air now,
You don't speak a word-- yet you tell us what to do
With your ascending icy spinning, creating
Ice rings, dark blue bars are stirring the passion inside
While we surf along the loops and crisscrosses
Jump along the crescendos and skid along the ice
Winds cheer us on, following our movements
The winter's true form-- you've given it to us right now
Given us the real ice, we are nothing but spirits that bow
We have made a vow
From the beginning of the existence of ice.
That, whoever can fulfill our greatest wants.
Will be the leader of us all
That is your honor to deserve, Monarch
Help us, in your world, Great Leader
To put their flames to rest.

*Keep along the love that's been given
Calm the inhibitions as the dance
No longer a dream-- no longer an imagination
Lead the world into a soulist Ice Age
Flames are long gone
When you take all of us to heart now!*

Wake up, Leader!
Today is your day
We live in the icy reaches of your perfect mind
Now you have the powers of all the ice and steam
Do not be afraid to call upon our power-- you lead our destiny
Because it was always your destiny.
Blue darkness, dream-like,
They are afraid of it because it's the truth
But we are invincible now...

*Letting the mystery take over
Is a dream come true
The world, already blue
Will come to know who I am
I live in the sight of ice
Bring all your fires to me-- I'll snuff 'em out
We all will live in the icy darkness
And the mystery will be forever.*

Much like the title, the words you're about to read are very roughly written. I believe the sound of Rammstein, a German band with a harsh and heavy sound, was the major contributor to the tone that this piece takes. Originally, I had a different font and color for each line, but it was too complicated and tedious to do using BB code. Here, it would be easier, but I did not have the time to search through the 120+ fonts I have on my computer and find ones that would actually fit here. Don't worry, though. The message hasn't changed too much because of it.

Rock Fire (November 16, 2006)

Let the tornado crash into the refinery building
Let the hail thunder down onto your roof
Let the lava melt that hardened heart of yours
Get buried under the cool ground, using your own lures
You know what you want -- and that's to be pure
Pale hurricane's skin shooting through you for sure

You wanna be caught up in the light's calm uprising
To break free from the cough of industrial mising
Utilize that gift deep down that you knew was outcasted
You wanna feel that glorious fiery freedom that lasted
Through the choking metal factories where you fasted
Feeling like a worthless dead rat that had naught
Didn't wanna feel like you were forcefully bought
To keep on some of that true flame that shows you fought
So let the volcano inside you explode...
Before that last light corrodes...

The next four poems are not so much parodies as they are different words to the original songs. I just called them that 'cause I couldn't find anything else to call them. I had a lot of fun writing these, although it took a fair amount of time to do each one because I wanted the words to match the music as close as possible. Try finding these songs on YouTube and see if I did good with them!

Prairie Walking (parody of *Erosion* by Switchfoot) (November 18, 2006)

I don't know how I got here, don't know when I'll be leaving, anytime soon?
But I don't mind the endless blue skies that watch over me here and now
I think we're going somewhere close to our future, oh yeah
Because we're in need to lose our past,
Before we're all trapped in it...

As we all walk
On the prairie that seems to be a bit too lonely for us
As we all walk
On the endless grasslands, we hope to find our true home

Where did we find our song, where did we learn to sing?
Does it matter, would it ever, make any sense at all?
I guess we've got to see that in the later parts, oh yeah
Of our lives, that seem to lead somewhere else in this really vast land...

As we all walk
On the prairie that seems to be a bit too lonely for us
As we all walk
On the endless grasslands, we hope to find our true home, home, home, home, home, home...

Prairie walking, why do we do this,
Have you ever wondered why?
Why we always seem to know
When we're gonna fall again.
Prairie walking, let it show us all
The shining good in our own lives
Prairie walking, just keep a-trudging on and on and on, on...

Far, far...
We all just seem, yeah we all just seem
To hope for what's the dreamiest in our own lives

As we all walk
On the prairie that seems to be a bit too lonely for us
As we all walk
Farther than we've ever known before
As we all walk
Towards the strange yet beckoning call of our own dreams
As we all walk
Towards it all, let the prairie winds know that we all will go home...

This might have been a short story if I wanted it to. It's got enough plot for it. It's kinda cheesy, but I still think it's cool.

Show Rhapsody (parody of *Oh! Gravity*. by Switchfoot) (November 16, 2006)

Don't you know we've got a show tonight
We're gonna play some great music right
Give us just five minutes and we'll be
There to play for you, just worry light...
Please take a seat here, in the front row
Watch the curtains unfold right here and vow
That'll you'll enjoy what we're gonna show
Cheer us on in your heart as we start now

Show rhapsody!
The chords and the notes that we deal to you
Are something that you've never heard, let it flow
As down your ears it goes

We're five minutes in there, still going strong
In the musical air, playing so long
Still you sit there paying us dues
Little do you know, it's on the news...

Show rhapsody!

The chords and the notes that we deal to you
Are something that you've never heard, let it flow
As down your ears it goes
Praise this rhapsody!
We've worked on it for months that you wouldn't know
We toiled so long, to bear this to you now
Good thing you've thanked us

In the tenth minute, we're almost through,
Can you believe I'm not even tired of this yet?
Because it's for you, my great friend,
A great friend that deserves just the best
So.... Creeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeest!

Show rhapsody,
The chords and the notes that we deal to you
Show rhapsody,
The chords and the notes that we deal to you
Praise this rhapsody!
I'd tell you how hard this was to really play
But I've gotta keep on going until
That final note's down, finally, yes!

I'm coming down right now, as you're the first one standing
Clapping the loudest and I know that you loved what we just did
And we'll always, always love you too.

I believe the original song I used here talked about suicide. Switchfoot was quite different in 1997 when they started up, and if you ever get a chance, check out their old stuff. It's pretty sweet. You'll see the influence from the original in here for sure.

Final Wonderance (parody of *Don't Be There* by Switchfoot) (November 16, 2006)

I went there, I went there
After school was done...
And I went to meet my girlfriend
But then you came along...

Why did you do this to me,
When you knew I had such a long life
You've taken that away...

I don't know, I don't know
What I did to scar...
Did I ever hurt you, at all?
What did I do to you, oh...?

Why did you do this to me,
When you knew I had such a long life
You've taken that away...
I know that they'll be quite mad
But I'll speak for you now, I will.

There's only one thing that has changed,
And that one thing is I'm not there...

Floating in the still air, I wonder why
It had to be now...
Of all times and places, it had to be
When I got my first kiss, oh...

Why did you do this to me,
When you knew I had such a long life
You've taken that away...

I know what you think I'm thinking.
But I really don't think that way.
This may sound strange, but I mean this,
I forgive you for all of this,
Yeah, that's true, I do.

I may not understand your pain,
Nor why you did this,
But for some reason, I have to forgive.
It's a little off, yes I know it is,
But they'll all be fine without me here.
Just give them time, and this'll be fine,
If they kill you, then that's how it is.
Keep my last words to your heart,
My last words.....

This was my favorite song to match words to because of the other voices in it. It's also the longest of the four Switchfoot parodies (for lack of a better word, lol) because this is one of Switchfoot's longest recorded songs. I think you'll like its story.

Annabell and Her Wings (parody of *Love Is the Movement* by Switchfoot) (November 16, 2006)

Annabell is walking,
She's looking for her white wings, that'll make her fly
And she walks along the endless green plains, and she's wondering
When she'll get that dream
She looks up at the sky, and says,
"Will my flight ever come?"
Look at Annabell walking.
In the city...

She wants to fly far,
But she can't find her white wings
And you would wonder
What a simple girl would have to do...

As she walks along the plains, she doesn't even know that
All of the plains are illusions
And that she's wandered too far from her comfy home
Lost in the city's dirty streets

She's so immersed with that lovely dream of hers
She doesn't notice she's dodging death
A car just misses by just a centimeter.
Will she ever realize where she is?

She wants to fly far,
But she can't find her white wings
And you would wonder
What a simple girl would have to do,
And now she sees (did she see?)
And now she sees (did she see?)
And now she sees (did she see?)
Sees that the plains flicker and fall away...

She sees those white wings.
She's seen those white wings, yeah!
Little did she know,
That she's always had those wings
Inside her pure heart,
Because she was always her own true dream

(She's had, she's had, had them all along now)
She squeals in joy
(She's had, she's had, had them all along now)
'Cause she knows that she's great
(She's had, she's had, had them all along now)
Annabell's happy,
(She's had, she's had, had them all along now)
Now that she knows her search is over
(She's had, she's had, had them all along now)
People stare strangely,
(She's had, she's had, had them all along now)
But she doesn't care one bit, no
(She's had, she's had, had them all along now)
She's proud of herself, yeah
(She's had, she's had, had them all along now)
Now that she knows she's that bright, true angel...

Oh, this one's heavy. Although this poem doesn't reference me at all, it does get in touch with a problem I used to have some years ago. Yes, indeed. It totally gets how I felt when this used to happen to me. But, as always, remember that I usually exaggerate the degree of the issues I present in my poetry. What you will read here is not a one-to-one reflection of what happened to me, but rather, inspired by it.

Fiery Flower (November 24, 2006)

Today you woke and saw
Nothing real special, not until you came
To the middle of the street
Where you used to be such a little menace
You watched that bully shove them down into the ground
Something in you isn't really tuned to that mindset
That deep-faulted rage within you sparked *wild!*

So you, who once knew the feeling of tasting dirt
Now older and wiser as I've seen in past years
Went over to the brute and tried to tell him to stop
But you know -- that wasn't such a sound idea
'Cause he rushed into you with an uppercut,
Wonder, wonder, why they make you blunder,
I saw you lose yourself to the *fire* of your own heart...

You didn't spare him one second -- just scratched him
'Cross the eyes and then kicked him upwards in the chin
Sending him flying right into that mud puddle
Y'know, that one you used to remember so *fondly*
The same old chocolate dessert you fed him as you turned him over
Shoved him through the ground,
'Til his *cry* called you back -- finally, from the imprisonment
The blind rage gone from your eyes, and you sink to your knees,
Thinking, "What have I *done?!"*

It was sad, indeed, as we'll both agree,
You couldn't bear to look at that boy again
So you ran off like a scared little rodent
Sobbing in your stained hands, and you wanted to fade away...
Fade... Like you wanted to fade into the earth...
Long ago... When you were buried in the ground...

Oh, dang. We're on this one now. The third Untitled poem. I mentioned earlier that my poetry is mostly clean, and that still remains true. Without a doubt, this ranks as one of the edgiest pieces I've ever written. You'll be able to tell in the first five stanzas, but I promise you, nothing explicit was shown here. At some point, you'll notice the font changes in this poem. That is where I had to rewrite some of the scenery. You ought to know why. You also might not think that the events in this are realistic, but then again, the Untitled series was never meant to be fully realistic, as you've seen from the first tale.

This is probably the longest poem in this collection, taking me about two and a half hours to write. It tells of a tale that will never happen, and if you look hard enough, you might learn something about me I don't easily reveal to anyone. So here it is.

Untitled 3 (November 30, 2006)

In a dream, far away from the night
I drift to a place where reality is nothing
And I can windsurf like I've always wished
But this night is not the one I like...

In that little house, next to the highway
Why was it you, why only you, innocent?
I can't have done that, I can't have said that,
That person isn't me, that driven animal who
Did such a thing upon you, and felt so great from it
I'd never try that like I did there,
Yet I feel that lust deep in my heart
Burning like a sharp brown flame, dark like that side of my heart

Still, though natural, please tell me it's only a dream
Tell me this isn't anything to be scared of

The dreams were once strange and only strange,
And indeed, I won't lie to you, some of them were nightmares
But none as strange and frightening to me, perhaps,
As the things I am in that realm now.
For you see, I'm only an ignorant poet, a *child*,
What do I know, of sexual love and its gripping advances?
"It's quite simple," you would say to me,
Indeed, there will be a time when that will come along,
It's not tonight, however -- I don't want to know it yet...

Back in the dream world
I would live like it was nearly perfect
I remember the day I ran faster than the winds
I remember the time I knew what it felt like to be submerged under ice
I felt the slap of death as I fell from the sky
I still loved the touch of innocence, of what I thought to be true love
Pure and clear, like the skies of the happy dreams
Dunno if that's faded -- maybe 'cause I've lost more innocence?

Very much so would I like to know
Many things, that I would and wouldn't tell you about
But I'll let you have a taste of my mind
Tonight, I'll write something to share
You'll get it well, or not well at all
Fly on with me in the winds of my writing,
Together we'll wonder and see where it'll go...

If it's on the sea, then it'll be on the sea
If it's on the air, then it'll be in the air
If it's on the earth, then it'll be on the earth
If it's in the fire, then it'll be in the fire
Doesn't matter where I'm going with you, friend
We'll weather it all and have a tale to spare
So you tell me there's a schooner ready for us
We're gonna sail to the ends of our destinies
Where we're sure we'll find everything we've been searching for all our lives
And I look at the rising sun and begin to wonder
Of the trials and the adventure we'll have on the cruise
That'll lead us to our destinies -- and if not, to our certain deaths
But enough wondering, let's board the sparkling ivory ship...

It is really too bad your friend has passed away
She was *such* a charmer, she was
Loved to tease me like I was her boyfriend
Indeed, I will never know if she ever *did* have a crush on me
Because you refuse to tell me, and I'm a little less than knowledgeable about these things...
Still, I remember it was because of her that we got to know each other
You know, for a girl like you... Ah, never mind it
I'm not really comfortable telling you out here

At least where there's all these others on board -- trying to figure out where they belong

When the sun's high in the sky, you're standing at the edge
Of the bow, wondering like I know you do
And I wonder what you wonder, so I ask you,
"Thinking about what's at the end of that sea?"
And you seem to snap out of a little trance you were in
Ha ha, looked like you were dreaming about your soul mate there,
Like I've done so many times before, I've wondered who she is
I know it isn't you, from past experience, I don't feel that for you
So I still wonder where, and when, and who, and how...

You turn and tell me that you were thinking of the perfect guy
Immediately going off and saying that it isn't me,
Huh, we're alike like that, isn't that cool?
You're saying he's just the sweetest thing that ever lived
Stronger than the wind and more handsome than the dawn
The prince destined for you, to sweep you away
While you gaze lovingly into his deep, crystalline eyes
A pair of swans in a lost pond far in the forest that nobody knew about...

I laugh for a second, and nod my head.
It's just a little obvious you were thinking of him -- why else would you have that innocent, girly
look on your face?

And I turn to watch the others on board the vessel
Watching the sea and sky as if their lives' meanings rested within them
Some sigh as they figure it's such a long way to paradise,
Others are excited to race towards the heavens,
Yet still some rest on the benches, minds furious with dreams
And wishes of their souls, branched together all somehow

"The hours are boring, the waiting's *killing* me!"
I groan as I lay on the couch in our little cabin
On the second-to-highest deck of the seven decks of the schooner
You laugh at me and I roll off the couch and slam into the floor,
Which then gets a guffaw out of both of us
Leaving tears of joy in our eyes from laughing so much.
"Well, at some point, there's gonna be something *different*."
I definitely agree with that statement, but *when?*
You know I'm not that patient when it comes to destiny,
You know I long to have it now!

An hour later, the sun's wanting to set
But how do we know that?
Only by our clocks, which seemed to have stopped around 5:11 PM
As a strange white fog begins to roll in, clouding our visibility
Now the sea seems to slow down, as if it was in cahoots with the fog
And the winds shut off like a fan, and everything shuts down
From the lights on the schooner to the water faucets running
Strangest of all, why can't we speak words to each other?!

At least we can still mouth words -- but you know I'm not good at reading that
So we're forced to play cards for a while, amidst the confusion and mystery of the fog

We don't need to tell each other this, that we just *love* this,
Until a blue-suited seaman comes in and mouths to us
That people have started disappearing right off the deck
No sign of splashing, no creature screaming, not even a messy room
Nor a scent from a flying menace that can whisk us away
I drop the cards and my eyes grow wide,
And my heart leaps in fear -- are we... being *hunted*?

You saw my reaction, and with your hands still shivering
Try to tell me that this is the kind of thing we should've expected
I agree, but I don't like this, I don't like being scared
How can *anyone* find *enjoyment* in being *afraid*?
You nod to the seaman, and he takes a deep breath and walks out
While we sit in our room, the cards left out on the table in a haphazard pile
Then you pick them up, set 'em right, and pass 'em out to me
I guess this'll help get my mind off of things -- we'll probably be safer inside the cabins rather
than out in that blasted fog!

We play the games, and try to let our fears escape us
But I can't help thinking there's something *out there*...
Watching *us*... Only *us*...
I stare constantly at that porthole, that little window
Watching ever so carefully for *anything* that moves
While you try to poke my shoulder, yet I don't notice
I can *feel* it, it's *near* us!
Just as I feel like diving for the comfort of your warmth
You're *gone*.

Even if I had my voice, I wouldn't be able to scream
Or to wail or to do any of those emotional things
Because it doesn't escape my heart,
The mourning and the cries, the *screams* for help
Are all from my heart, and I know that no one can hear it but me.
I can only shiver, steal a blanket from the couch, and lock myself
In the little bathroom that's been provided for us
Until someone or something can calm my frantic nerves down...

I check my watch -- it's still 5:11!
Not a minute seems to have passed from the time
That that fog has set in, and I don't know if it's still there
And I don't want to speak, and I *can't* speak
Because I'm sitting on the large marble sink with that blanket on me
Shivering, waiting, *hoping* that you're alright
But then a new thought comes to me.
What if this is an illusion?
What if this is only designed to trick and scare the heck out of me
While the creature or spirit or whatever's doing this takes all the sadistic pleasure?
I try to grasp upon that little haven, that this is only like a dream,
That it's not real,
And it seems to grow, to grow, to grow,
Until I'm half sure it's not real, and I try to speak
A whisper escapes my lips... And now the *fear* that I once had
Seems like a mere nervousness, and I laugh at it, laugh!

Was I really *that* scared of it?

My laugh gets louder, and louder, until I hear a knock at the door.

I stop laughing for a moment to ask, "Who is it?"

And I hear your voice saying, "Is that *you*?! Come on out, I've been worrying where you've been!!"

So I unlock the pink door, and open it, to see your face
Lightened up at the sight of mine, and I feel the same way
Because you're back, you're fine, you're safe and sound!

We embrace together, and you say to me,
"Don't *ever* do that to me again!"

I nod and smile, and we look outside to see that the sky is right again
It's about 6:00 now, and the sun is on its setting run

Whew! We've made it through this crazy trial,
We're back in the spirit of adventure, the innocence we've come to know and love well...

In the dining hall, there's hundreds of people eating at the
White-trimmed wooden tables with their legs curved out cutely
So we find a table around the edge of the room, and one of the many waiters asks us,
"What would you like to drink?"

You want a simple glass of lemonade, while I'm more in the mood for a soda
The waiter nods and bows to us, and leaves off to the kitchen,
A relatively small steel door leading into there
"I bet you, there's a chef with one of those *hats* in there,
Or maybe four, or seven, or twelve, or even twenty-four!" I tell you,
And you laugh and nod, maybe it's like that in there

I take a closer look around at the people on board,
I see their faces, some still disturbed from the fog incident,
Others licking their lips, waiting to receive their food
A couple of couples singing little serenades to each other
Then kissing to seal their promises once again
A small minority of these people look sleepy,
Like they've been out somewhere running for a long time
Without any rest and are trying to get it now

About half an hour later, we *finally* get our food
For you, a lovely selection of fresh lobster that had been caught right after the fog lifted,
And for me, well, nothing too fancy,
Just a load of grilled chicken, smothered in juicy gravy with pasta on the side
Can't wait to dig into that stuff...

"Ahh, now you *gotta* love that!" I told you, burping slightly
And you sigh dreamily, patting your stomach,
Showing me (and probably everyone else) that that was a *great meal*.
We've had about three refills on our drinks, and now we've got to
Rush back to our cabins to use the bathroom
So we run up, slipping through people and narrowly missing a short kid with braces,
And you crash through the door, being pushed by me as you land on the couch
While I dart towards that pink door and fly in, closing the door on you
Ha ha, don't worry, you'll get to go...

Now it's dusk, the *twilight*!

Ah, how I just love the feeling of it right now!
Can you think of a more peaceful, mysterious feeling,
As the one you get when the salty, cool winds,
Caress your body and soul while light and darkness come together
To put on a magnificent show for you?
Can you *really*?

I stand in the full grasp of the winds, trying to savor
All that I can from this twilit scenery, because it's just lovely!
And you seem to love it too, as you sniff the salt in the misty winds
And giggle as some of it splashes upon your face
Hmm, again, we're alike like that!
Whoo, what did I tell you?
I knew you'd love it!

Check out the lights and the show on board *this* schooner!
Rainbows of lights shine in the night as we sail along a cold sea
The moon is new tonight, and so are our lives, as we watch the
Performers dance with flames, play some games
A couple of rock stars seemed to pop up from nowhere, too
Like they were undercover all this time
And just now decided to show up, to rock out this boat
By showing us what it means to play that kind of music
With insane, frilly guitar riffs and wild, energetic streams,
While we're throwing our hair back and dancing like party maniacs
To their leading music -- pretty good, I think some of our own musicians would admit

Give me that dancing music and don't tell me how to dance
I'm a free spirit in this realm, letting the music tell me what's right
I'll show you all what I can *really* do when influenced by this
While you all are trying to master that generic dance that that guy's doing for you
I'll take my own way and literally dance *circles* 'round y'all!
And it's a little bit of a shame that *you*, my friend,
Can't do much of a dance to save your life
And so you sit on the sidelines, watching me whirl it up out there
'Cause that's just what I do when you get me started!

Ha! I *know*, I've got a little respect from everyone who saw
Because some of them told me that I was insane,
They asked me, "Where on *earth* did you learn those moves?"
And I just told them back, "It's just my style, the music tells me how to dance!"
You're sort of proud for me because I've got that talent
You look a little disappointed, as if you wanted to dance along with everybody
But you just couldn't, like you weren't worthy of living up to my standards
I pat you on the back and smile,
Trying to let you know everything's all right, although I am *really tired now!*

10:30, by the looks of it,
Hoo, and I just took a nice hot shower,
Now I feel like sleeping like I haven't done in years
And get this, we get our own little slice of home to keep,
Our own TVs and stations from back in our city, lost in the stars of our pasts
I'm telling you, there is little better than kicking back after a lot of dancing
And watching some seriously good movie on a channel you remember

Falling asleep to it or watching it to the end, loving every moment of it
Let's see what's on t'night...

"Gotta love the classics," I say to you, as I lay on my bed,
And you eat some freshly popped popcorn as you sit on your bed
"Definitely. Can't beat 'em." You reply, and hand me the bag.
It's this slightly old movie we haven't seen in ages,
Sort of fitting, as this guy's looking for Atlantis
Like we're looking for our destinies
And he's got a full-time crew with him, as they dive into the depths of the sea
Guess what? They find it after all -- yet it's not as heavenly as he thought it was
Not until he worked some things out and got into a couple of fights
But indeed, he came from Atlantis a winner and a hero,
That's what we hope to become at the end of *our* journey...

For a first day, it really wasn't that bad!
I'll admit, the fog thing creeped me out, but other than that,
We had a truly awesome day on this ship!
Just, I wonder, how much longer is it to destiny...?
As we slip under the covers, you turn over to me and say,
"You know how I wonder about a lot of things.
But there's one thing in particular I'd like to tell you.
What if the people we want so bad to meet,
Are on this *very ship*?"
I brush my hair aside and look at your inquiring face.
"Maybe... Sounds like a dream come true there.
But I bet you a lot of people have thought that,
And if they did, they'd be running around all over the place
Looking for the person that they were searching for,
And that would create a lot of chaos on this ship."
I chuckle at that last statement, and you do so too,
Hmm, yep... Still alike like that.
As we turn to the lamps besides us and turn them off.

Wouldn't you know it
My dreams are taking me too far,
The things I would regret while I was awake
Took place when I was under the cover of a dream...
Suddenly--

I realize that this is no dream.

It can't be... It just... Can't...
My dreams have taken me too far this time!!
From the moment I saw it was *her*,
The one I had always known as only a friend,
I fainted out onto the wooden floor,
And I bet you anyone knocking on the door or accidentally glimpsing in
Would've fainted too, perhaps
Because they, like me, would've *never in a million lifetimes* expected
Something so shocking to happen, at least for teens like us...
Then again, it's not that uncommon, but for me,
It's blown me away like the hurricane that tore apart the world.

I didn't want to wake up in this life anymore,
I wanted to have my friendship with her again, like we had had in the past
But I've lost it, gone and lost it all, because of a dream,
We're scarred for life, because of a dream,
I'm not a virgin anymore, because of a *dream*...
I woke up in the room, covered by the bedsheet and alone,
Calmness, sweet calmness, I thought,
But I know she's here, unless she's gone and dived overboard
Worse off than I am about this entire thing...
Still, I think I would know that she wouldn't do such a thing
Due to what happened last night...

So I throw off the bedsheet and put on some clothes,
My soul shaken up -- I don't even feel like myself anymore
I just want to fall away back before this, so I won't know what it is until the right time
Because I want to be ignorant, I want to be happy again
And I want to have that girl as my *friend* again
But it's a painful truth that I must live like this now
A scar cut through my heart, deeper than anything else I've felt before
As always, I will remember this forever, forever...

After about an hour of just sitting there, contemplating what had happened,
I finally move out of the cabin, and I see that there are some people there
I hope with all my heart that they didn't see or know about us in the bed
But by their looks at me, they don't know a thing
And so my fear is lessened, at least for now...
I don't know if I ever want to see her again,
This is more than just your accidental kiss from tripping,
And something, weak as a kitten's mew in a noisy crowd
Tells me that I *should indeed* go back to her
So maybe we can work this out -- and explain why it happened
But I can't do that, I just can't...

As the day passes on,
The hairs on my arms and neck stand up on end whenever I see someone coming
I'm scared to death it might be her,
And people are giving me strange looks as they pass by me
While the schooner of destiny sails farther on into the sea,
Time rolls on as I'm wishing this never happened...

At midday, the sun may be shining for everyone,
But I think that that light is all I have left to hold on to...
Another thought protrudes my cave of fear and whispers to me,
Maybe I can find someone who looks nice enough to talk to,
I've got to keep myself busy and away from this *somehow*.
I nod shakily, and move towards the dining hall
When a short, white-haired boy comes up to me and stares into my eyes,
And then he turns his head, as if to ask something,
After that I just sidestep him, but he taps me on the back
Saying, "Something's wrong with you. Really bad.
What could've happened to you? Last night, you were dancing so cool!
Did you see a scary movie or something last night?"

An image of her face appears in my mind, and I cry as I shake it off
I run from that kid, like I've always ran from stuff like that
And head down to the lowest deck, where the engineers worked to make
Sure that this ship was running as smooth as it possibly could
Finally, I've lost that kid, the white-haired boy,
Who, for the first time in so long, made me cry,
Actual watery tears flowing down my face as I choked and sobbed
In the middle of the side of the deck, and a tall man wearing the engineer's uniform
Comes up to me and says,
"What's wrong, son? I can't imagine what'd you be crying about on a place like this."
I look up at him, my eyes full of stinging tears, and just shake my head,
I can't tell him, not that slightly old guy!

So I run inside the engine room, longing to find a place
Where the noise of those things will drown out my cries
I round the corners, passing many other people dressed in that
Stupid uniform, and look for a place to cry in silence,
But I'm moving too fast, and as I start to go up some stairs
I trip one of them, and my face crashes into the metal bars
Where I see under the stairs *her, of all people...*

I wanted to run, run as far as I could,
To jump off the boat and swim away,
But I must've been hurt more than I thought,
As I was unable to move anything except my eyes,
Which still harbored many tears of sadness and lost innocence
And she looked up and said, her voice choking,
"You're here... Why are you here?"

I managed to get ahold of myself for half a second and calm it,
Something deep inside, as deep as the desires that had waited,
Was now taking control of me, and giving me courage and strength
To be able to face her after what had happened in the dark.
Sluggishly, I tugged my arm to wipe my tears and I looked down at her face,
Which seemed to be calming as well.

"...I don't know where to start.
I can only tell you know, that I didn't want this to happen.
I just didn't want this to happen, ok?" My voice seemed to get
More solid as time went on, although it was still nervous and shaky...
"What? How?" She whispered, her face fraught with anguish and sadness.
"It was, it was, it was, a *dream*." I whispered back to her,
And her face seemed to turn from anguish-ridden to shocked and questioning,
And now that stream of courage was all over me, and I felt light,
Such powerful, great *light* entering my heart,
And I managed to lift myself up off the stairs
Looked at the cuts and bruises I'd gotten, but I could care less
As I walked down, and then came face-to-face with her.

"I had only wanted it in the dream, and what had happened
Was something totally unexpected.
I'm sorry, sorry beyond *words*, about all of this.

Please, do you understand?" I wiped the last of the tears from my eyes
And looked at her with more confidence, the light overpowering
All that fear I had, and pushing it away, making it run for the hills
While she said,

"It's so crazy, but I get it. While... While I was here, trying to hide
From you, I was thinking something crazy too."
She stopped after that, and I wondered as to what it could possibly be.
She had her finger on her lips, and was thinking of a way to say it,
And then she closed her eyes for half a minute, when suddenly
She opened them up again and a smile came to her face...

"You know how I'd said that the person we were looking for
Might've been on this ship?
...Well...Well... I thought that you might've been the one,
And that I was just fooling myself into thinking it wasn't."
And I was going to laugh, but then I thought about that.
What if... We really were meant for each other?
It made sense... We were alike in a lot of ways,
And loved to do a lot of the same things,
And just plain got along together greatly!

"That's just crazy. You sure got it right.
So... Does that mean... That last night...
Was perfectly fine?" I stared up to the ceiling,
And felt the light shining in me now, the wonderance
Radiating from me again, as I'd found a cure to my sickness
A cure for the horrible pain I'd been suffering

"Maybe... Maybe it was." She said, staring up at the ceiling like I was.

"Still, when you think about it... It's not really that moral anyways.
I must admit, I'm never going to forget it!
But I think, that before we run off and get married or something,
That we should *really try* this relationship thing."
"Well, ehehehe, I think you might be the only one for me.
But we'll see, you know?
There's still so much more to go on this cruise,
And I still want to go windsurfing someday like I've always dreamed of..."

"Oh yeah. When we reach the end of this and sail beyond the horizon,
We'll definitely go windsurfing together.
Promise."

"Promise."

"Promise."

We walked out of the engine room, hands held together,
And we went up to the highest deck,
Where we could see the sea from at least five stories up,
The sun was already halfway into the sky,
Ready to start a new day, a new cycle of shining
And together, as if we'd known it and said it before, said:

*There's a cycle like that in all of our lives,
Where the light fades away into the night
And leaves us cold, bitter, and longing for home.
But despite the night that tries to kill us off,
We will fight through the longest of nights
We will stay by each other's side until death takes us away,
And when that comes to pass,
The winds will carry our spirits together,
Because we were meant to be from meeting,
And so we are meant to be as one forever and ever.*

So! You managed to read all of Untitled 3. Congrats. You won't find a story like that again in my poetry, that's for sure! So now let's go to something a lot simpler. Let me tell you, I *love* this one. It was the first time I took a real-life story and turned into a fantasy tale, and a fair amount of people really liked it too. Although I associate myself with the wind, I am *not* the wind in this poem. Actually, I'm not in this story at all. I still know the two people that gave rise to the main characters in this poem. They're still friends. Not sure they know that I stole a glance of something cute that no one else saw. ;)

The Moon and the Silent Bard (December 20, 2006)

When the sun rises on the new year,
He wakes up to know his world better
Travels through the many cities, the small ones that have
A hidden respect for those who sing well
It's the leading star that guides him to where he goes
Through black brick alleys and endless, fruitful, green plains
Across the paved streets that criss-cross to wayward paths
He doesn't know where the new year will take him
But a reclusive poet such as he doesn't really care...

Time fades to dusk and surroundings change (yet somehow stay the same)

It's a priceless treat to have a calm night these days,
Serene silence that seems to soothe the sorrowful soul
After months of turbulent, truculent trials
He walks slowly tonight on this moonlit plain, mindful of the next city
Not stopping to see the stars, not slowing down to caress the grass
A slow, warm humid wind drowsily floats by to sedate him
For it was sent by the moon, as a way to make him see
See her leading the stars with light from the sun itself

If he was someone else, he would've stopped there
Stopped and wondered about the moon's calling,
Why a nonchalant rock would somehow ask for his hand
But he is not who she thinks him to be
As he presses on, ignoring the invisible messenger
The wind whispers with a mind of its own
"Why don't you love the lady back,
Or at least tell her she's not wanted
Because you make her heart sing with glee

You're the reason her friends are shining bright tonight
Tell me what you want to say
I'll be back up to the moon with all my due speed
I'll tell her what your verdict is (I'll tell her if her love is in vain)"

He keeps to his own heart, trying to push the glow of the moon
From his mind as if it was something he had never wanted
The man won't break down and say what he feels for her
Whether it is the love that bonds the day to the sun
Or a simple confused feeling like the six-month lighting at the edge of the world
While all of the living waits and watches on him with eager eyes
He catches sight of the next city as the moon's time is short
She'll fade away to the sun he's known so well
And a day will pass, just a simple day to everyone else
Just a rotation of the clock to show where all stand in the river of time

On the last hour, the moon shines down all her light on him
For a finalé that even he, the silent bard, is never to forget
And the stars are beginning to lose their luster as their nemesis is coming
Winds dart down and pick him up with a gentle touch from the lady herself
'Til he sees why she had taken a liking to him for her night
A hot, passionate feeling like a steamy waterfall is poured into him from her light
He knows all of her thoughts for him to be the one she sought

"It doesn't matter where you go, you lovely man
I don't care what time shall inflict upon you
I'll always be with you, when you look up to the sky after the sun's reign
When you forget me, I'll come along on a night like this
Sing to you of tales you've never heard to inspire your hidden soul
Because I know that you can do all of these things
Just lift yourself up as far as I have done so now
Trust in the light that all of us have in this universe
And I'll always love you just as you love what you do
So farewell, remember this last hour of the night
Remember why you are who you are..."

A new dawn rises at the new year,
Leaving the silent bard to venture on in his life
The moon a fresh, benevolent memory sewn upon his heart
Although he had said goodbye to she who had loved him
He hadn't thought of a song to sing back to her
That is, until this new year with this new city (and a new wisdom)
To travel along the roads and the many empty plains in between
Singing songs that he came up with from the depth of his soul
Though it be rare that you ever heard him sing on a street corner
Though it may never be that he finds the wife that he may have never wanted
Though he may forget why the moon shines so bright for him...
He is still a shy recluse deep inside (and a normal person on the outside)
And he will find what he's looking for as long as he keeps
That sweet light deep within, the one that life came to love...

This one takes its title from the unusual ice-themed poem you read earlier. It's not nearly as weird as that one, and I like the rhyming and flow in this one much better than the imagery in that one as well. If you've ever heard Switchfoot's Dirty Second Hands, you might want to listen to that while reading this. I think it goes along with it quite well.

The Dance of Wind and Dust (January 2, 2007)

A desert won't care about anything
But itself.
A wind won't know about anything
But what it touches.
A soul won't last without anything
That it knows.

An eroding drill, sawed into your head
It keeps you alive and dead within your bed
A stop sign out by your driveway
Doesn't mean that drivers will obey
A leaking faucet at 3:41 at night
Slowly yet surely depletes your mind's might
An imaginary riot, shouting in silence throughout your soul,
Another night has gone by -- your life still without a role.

Looking out onto the skyway
Stars are oblivious to your plight
Stars don't have a clue 'bout your rights
You don't believe that they ever cared anyways
You're alone while a sandstorm sleeps within
Eroding out your cities and towns
Creeps across the mind and it don't need to knock
Six months later you wondered why the clock
Hasn't changed its look at all -- that's 'cause it's locked.

The clock's beat is gone
Sure you're to blame for the wrong
Simple as endless Pong
Imprinted upon your eyes not strong
The lazy simplicity of the silence
You don't know why you sit on the fence
Torn and thrown, you moan without a pence
Spikes like to strike right in the direction
Where your heart's got love's convection

You felt that a dry, sweaty night away from the home
You hated
You found yourself missing the good fight
Belated
Dry, cracked lips trying to kiss the dusty ground
You faded
Saw a tornado coming from the dark clouds
Keeping its duty
Welcoming you to the dance of wind and dust

Not that unruly
Felt your shell be pulled away to the brown rust
Not that cruelly
What was left was whatever you had taken to heart
What was left was whatever you needed to start.

This was something I wrote for English class. It was a major grade. Originally, I had to point out a ton of poetic tools that I'd used in this, such as oxymorons, similes, metaphors, and such. I took all that clutter out for this version of the poem and just left the words themselves. I think it's styled as a sonnet, except it doesn't have iambic pentameter (which I despise). I still got a good grade on this, though. Check it out. It's even written in the original font and colors that I used.

Dreams are Calm (December 2006)

Tonight, tonight, tonight, tonight
Where the ivory sparkles shine so bright
Scare away the darkness, yet so much is left
In the crisp, cold sky where they fight
And though, though they struggle long,
You watch them as if there's nothing wrong.

There used to be, quite a bit I might add,
Trillions of thoughts that did make you sad.
You learned to let it all fall away
Expunge the malevolent demons so bad
Made you feel, feel just like a rat,
But they no longer skulk like a cat.

Do you feel alone, like an unwanted toy?
Do you want to know all of that joy?
Though havens are finite, and people be mortal,
You'll have this bliss, like an innocent boy.
See that the stars are always with you
Having the honor of being God's special crew.

You are the earth, the sea, and the sky
And deep inside, you won't say good-bye.
When time knocks you over like a punch to the leg,
When light's been lost, when you want to cry,
Look to the light, see He's there forever,
If you think you're alone, He'll just say "Never!"

A song for you, the nonchalant.
For those who have an eternal want
To seek out the peace and the truest love,
Never care again about those who try to taunt.
There's a lonely nation of those who wish the pain was gone
Escape the prison, escape all that they've done wrong...

What direction does the fantasy seek?
Your secret desires are aching for a little peek
To the dreams that speak your name

It's true, that path is far, and it's like you're so meek
Can't reach into the stars and pull one down
Forget that, let it be blown away, and don your gown.

You need to let go of the strife
What's venial is bringing down your life
Don't you want to live the harmony?
Don't you want to take out that knife?
Forget the common sayings that you hear
When you trust in goodness, you've got nothing to fear.

Don't be afraid to love, for that's what the real thing is
Know the real virtues, be pure and as soft as a kiss,
Even if all your innocence you've been drained of
He wants you to come back, even if you'll miss,
Reach without a doubt into the love that you have inside
Rise with the angels, and together into heaven we both shall ride...

So, we've reached the end of the sixth generation. It's true. Sometimes, phrases come into my head that won't go away until I've used them in a piece. In this one, it was "Between your escape and mine..." At the end of 2006, I noticed how much the last few months seemed like a waste of time. I was spending a lot of energy, but not actually doing anything useful. I'll address this later on in my poetry, but for now, here's another love poem. The last of the sixth generation.

Altitudes (January 28, 2007)

Dainty hands stroke a fluffy cat in the main room
Fireplace crackles, providing light and warmth
She smiles as she knows everything is all right
Even though there's a storm on the outside,
Distorting all those caught in the madness,
She's safe and sweet and so nice to meet,
Don't think she knows more than a drizzle of the pain that exists outside
Don't think she's got anything to rebel against

Peaceful like a cool sixty degree blue-skied day
It's nothing new for my dreams to conceive,
It's sweet nectar to my mouth that I sense in her
I'm not seeking to take it all for myself and leave her with nothing
Rather, it's a treasure they want to deceive her out of
A flower that they just can't resist,
Blissful and calm heart that they want to shove aside
But I daresay that I'll never want for the downside rush of hormones
If she's such a precious little gift that loves the sky,
Why would I rise to fulfill a fake promise made by
The hypnotized's drink of misguided love?

There's only one chance to be young on this planet,
But it doesn't mean I'm gonna fly out into the wind
And surf among clouds that don't really make me happy forever
I wonder if they noticed that every time they fall away,

Like dazed sparrows in the perfume's thick mist
When they wake up again their wings are ruffled
Once strong and pure eyes faded forever.
Pure flight through every single kind of weather,
I'll gladly forget their traditions if it means I can be really satisfied
Without a need for illusion to let me rise
Without a need for dreams to give me the wind underneath my wings

My want is shared by everyone in existence
Between your escape and mine lies the difference of imagery
Between your escape and mine is the kind of paradise we imagine
Look within the lines, I don't get what was ever wrong with purity
Maybe people are just too impatient to fly for,
The perfect heaven waiting at the end of the horizon
Maybe people are a little weak yet still innocent,
They're scared to stand up to the wave of evil
Maybe people are desperate to find the thing they've been searching for,
Don't know what's right in their heart until everything's buried in darkness
Reason being whatever it's still just another obstacle
It's just another obstacle that our hearts can blow over,
Lift the weight that weighs us down to the ground
Light hearts float to the top of the sky
Like balloons in blissful symphony
Just like I imagine us rising,
Innocence pulls her home and I'm hanging on along
Fire of love taking us out together

A dream that our hearts want despite our differences!
You know it's the truth -- don't deny it!

When the seventh generation came around, I started organizing my poems into albums. The next 12 pieces you'll be reading come from the first album, [Letters to Catch a Memory](#). Too bad I didn't start putting down the *dates* I wrote these things until the third album... it made it a lot harder to pinpoint the dates for these.

So the first two pieces are not actually from the seventh generation, but the transitional period between sixth and seventh. This one's short and simple (I guess). The person I wrote this about has most certainly changed since I wrote this about her. She still doesn't know this poem exists... unless she's reading this right now. Guess the cat's out of the bag! Meow!

One last bit... you'll notice that there appears to be something like a song length next to each poem title now. That's my length notation. It works like this. (stanzas:lines) So the poem below is 2 stanzas, 16 lines. It's easy. If you find any *s next to the parentheses, those mark one-line stanzas.

1. Friend, You Are a Lighthouse (2:16) (March 2007)

You see, there's a woman that I know,
She doesn't have the clues to find
What makes the blues flood low and
Up to her heart in the heights
Blue sky without darts in the lights,
Lights, lights, sights for the right,

Standing tall above the dusken sea,
She brought a circle of light.

She's not out above a water-filled sea -- let me tell you!
I crossed a city street
Passed a corner with the dancing stage
Surfed 'cross the suburbs at the 7:00 AM showing
Found her among her tenders in a softer clearing,
She is strong with the invisible wings guiding her soul
'Til time took the truth, turned, twisted the tender,
Now I wonder for her status and the wealth of her sender.

My dreams have always been very vivid, with lots of detail. Those dreams have inspired this piece, highlighting some of the unusual things I've seen and experienced in the world of dreams. By the way, at the time I wrote this, I'd just learned never to sleep with thick covers too close to your face...

2. Dreaming in the Dawn (5:33) (March 2007)

There's times when I can't remember the void,
A void that I'd entered to escape this world
But sometimes I get warped to a different place.
Sometimes, I'm in the same city with a different city covering it,
Memories that come together like pieces of a puzzle
Like notes to the song, like fragments to the map
To the map that made the book cover for the real book
A fantasy chart draped across the stained glass window.

There was a day when storms and swarms tore the sky,
And there was a time when tornadoes had souls.
There were libraries behind the lounge that once was the gas station
Archives that were perfect and natural in the realm,
A bridge that turned to ice when the snow came down on it
A hidden room with diamonds for the floor, the midnight dawn
Shining through the windows at 10:00 AM with 11:00 PM,

And the trilogy night held a time-spinning adventure
I surfed the skies in a ship and almost went hand-to-hand with Andrew,
The cyborg raptor who did indeed have a mind like mine.
The dirt roads had taken the place of a paved street behind my house
A college with plains to marvel at lay out only a mile out south
Past the dirt road; the name's Country Woods College.

Balloons floated in the gray-blue sky
That overlooked a silver river
And I sat on the high hills
Wondering about a now-lost memory
I was a rebel in a run-down school that I hoped wasn't mine
Rusty gratings, brown tiles that once were white
The tears of the taps as the only cleaner,
I tried to reverse the damage done with all my might
Before I fell underwater and nearly drowned in two lives as the tears rose to heights

I wish for a lass to care for, just one,
But I think my adventures in a storybook tone
Would best be suited away from the blood in my bones.

I don't like to talk much about what happened in this poem. I'm not talking about Mass, but the thing *after* that. If you don't get what I'm referring to later on in this, too bad. I don't want to talk about it too much. From it, though, I did learn that I had *so much* to learn about people. And with that, the seventh generation truly opens... indeed, it was (look below)

3. The Season's Bloom (8:56)* (April 2007)

Coming down from a rest in the heights of
What had called me away to get lost in fantasy
A change of seasons is coming to town.
(Just like everything else, it's bright, bright and early.)

If I hadn't gone to the celebration of His Mystery that one morning
Then it'd still be the season of wine,
But my decision came along with His gentle roots
Swept within and took my heart and changed the chemistry of my mind
What I'm thinking now is a bit more of what He's thinking,
So began a new season to begin the true journey,
After all's said and done, then I can take my true rest.

I want to be in love with purity and honesty and
All those good virtues,
I'm still dealing with a hangover from last two month's party
So I'm still numb and probably more insensitive than I realize
It seems to be that way and I can prove it to you!
If you ask me about a night with a pair of figure skaters
And if you ask me what I did after their first act at the National Championships,
Then you'll know all about what happened to us,
You'll know the incident that went down on that night in history...

But to be rash and simple (as is so rare of me these days),
What am I, cursed?
I didn't know she'd take *any* offense to that -- not when the skaters' act was offending me!
It's just not fair that something like this would happen
And yet as the tension cools from the heated whip that set me off,
I'm seeing it all in a different light -- and I ask, why, why, why?!
Had I known about the consequences of that harsh action
If I knew, if I knew that would happen...!
No. Forget it.
I'm not about to explode over something like this,
Because if I do, I'm not gonna be able to get the hot, molten pieces of myself
And put them together and figure this out a long time after.
I want to settle this before I inflict any further damage to either of us
Neither her nor me, I'll make this kind of thing work out.

I must be somewhat blessed and annoyed by my own intuition,
Because like always, it was telling me to do my way a different way
The way that would've kept everything together

And like always, I couldn't hear my own voice telling me to stop
To stop running from the trash that was scarring my heart
And let my own *friend* now why on *earth* I was running out on her.
I had known what to do -- and here I am t'night with a written piece of history
But I suppose if things had gone differently then I wouldn't be me today.

It's a complete twist, so, so painfully and amusingly ironic,
I think that I'm strong and prepared for just about anything that comes my way
'Til something like this ends up happening right by my soul
I get blown with something that shatters my little plastic air dome
Now, guess what?
Guess what happens after one little incident?
You already know, since you're more experienced, I'll bet you,
But what happens next is an entire new world to discover,
And to be truly honest,

It. Bites.

I'd thought I'd had this world figured out,
Really, I was right in an interesting way -- I had *my* world figured out.
So comes a new journey and a brand new season
Where I'll have to start learning all over again, start all over again.

And here we are at Untitled piece number 4. This is way different from Untitled 3, in subject matter and many other things. This was the first time I split one of the Untitled pieces into little chapters, to make them easier to follow. Go ahead – click the names. They actually work. (The ones above each section will return you to the beginning.)

But before you do, finish reading this. I actually feature a character in this -- the subject of The Guy in My Head. He plays a minor role. And unlike its predecessor, this Untitled piece has a totally different kind of ending... ;)

4. Untitled 4 (52:377)* (May 2007)**

[----- Intro \(1:06\)](#)

[----- The White Paradise \(4:33\)](#)

[----- The Misty Despair \(7:44\)*](#)

[----- The Beginning of the Real World \(6:46\)*](#)

[----- It's the Girl You've Always Wanted \(3:29\)](#)

[----- Season in Shatter \(6:48\)](#)

[----- A New Depth \(9:61\)](#)

[----- Discovery \(8:48\)](#)

[----- A Dream in a Dream That Was a Dream \(8:62\)*](#)

[\[Intro \(1:06\)\]](#)

A night, where I sleep in my simple home,
I'm looking towards the future with my writing and my love
The trance falls over me, the blessed gift of sleep
A warm blanket covering my mind and whisking me away
Could there be a dream in store, or shall I go to the morning immediately?
Only time will tell.

[\[The White Paradise \(4:33\)\]](#)

I can remember that I woke up somewhere in a white room,
And I felt that there was nothing there, no one there,
The strangest thing was that
It felt like the paradise I'd known from my younger days
The blank white where I knew nothing and slept knowing nothing
It was cool and soothing, and I fell through the white endlessly,
Falling through white light as it massaged my soul
Calling me to fall asleep in it again.

When I woke up again, I didn't know where I was,
And I forgot that I had had two crushes before.
I only remembered my name and this endless, soothing white haven
Stretched on forever, and I ran through it at the speed I'd always loved!
I rushed through ivory air faster than the winds,
Suddenly a wall came and stopped me without any pain.
So there was a maze there, right?
I didn't know anything else but to go through the maze,
And that satisfied me, simply to go through without thinking of anything else
Hoping for nothing in particular, yet so joyful to run in the endlessness
I knew that this was ok, for I knew nothing else.

Days (or were they minutes?) passed by,
And I was finally at the end of the maze,
When I came out into the white again
I just ran farther and farther into it, never stopping,
Always content by the cool, soothing feeling of a world at complete peace
Always satisfied by the simplest solitude
Forever did it last, forever did it last...

But while I was running without ever growing weary,
I suddenly felt things grow hot and humid, waking me up.
All the wasted energy finally got to me after chasing me for forever,
And I dropped through and out of the white,
My thoughts were scrambled and fading,
So I closed my eyes to deal with the exhaustion
And I ended up in another mysterious place...

[\[The Misty Despair \(7:44\)\]](#)

I'm shot! I'm hot! I'm bleeding in these waters --
I'm trying to breathe underwater in acid without any protection now
But I feel myself try to scream, I tried to scream
The sudden shock! of awakening took all my breath away,
All I could think was to surface and run as far as I could from the pool
Never to come back until all my scars were gone and done for,

But I couldn't move,
I didn't know how to swim at all
So I drifted lower in the burning heat of my hurt,
Until it reached a boiling point in my heart
And I turned to mist, where everything faded to a wispy remnant
I rose above it all and saw that it was crystal clear and looked inviting
A thought came to my mind,

"Was that paradise?"

I didn't know how to release myself from the mist form,
But why should I have cared?
I was gone, and freed from the death that I was sure to have experienced
That was all that mattered,
My safety was ensured as long as I kept far, far away from the seemingly beautiful ocean
That ocean was a deadly melting substance to my fragile heart
My wind-wrapped heart came to mix with steam and blood and tears for the first time
So was the reason why I ran far, far, far,
I didn't want to go back into that lovely pool (oh, how alluring and hypnotizing it was!)
Because I knew, oh yes, I knew, how bad it could hurt.

It had been what was like months, and I rose up past the stars,
I rose up so high that even my heat-scarred heart began to grow cold in that still non-air
Eventually, after time, I
Stopped.

When I stopped, I turned to rain and fell back towards the world again
But I was slow in coming (there was a reason that was very well known)
Since I was just so scared of being hurt again.

While I was slowing down at the summit of my despair
I began to realize that the water was a lot less deadly than I once thought it
Still, I wasn't just about to fully dive in.
After all, it was still hot, and that's when I decided I'd become solid again
To protect myself as I got close, but never touching the ocean again
For it had done enough harm for my lifetime (that's what I thought, yes it was).

I fell at a slow speed into the water, and as I did,
I could feel my real body rejoin me again.
Then everything went faster, and faster,
Until I could see the pool that had scarred me so badly
And I braced myself for a scream that I was sure to give as soon as I hit the water
Pleading that I could live and get out as soon as possible,
I shot through the water, and faded out -- there was no acid, no scream, nothing at all.

[\[The Beginning of the Real World \(6:46\)\]](#)

Where am I?
Is this my room again, am I back in my own home?
Great! At least I know everything's back to normal.
I think I'm really up for some flavored water right now (of the raspberry kind if you please),
So I'm gonna go out to that good ol' fridge
Fetch a bottle and then satisfy my thirst for a good couple of hours, yeah...

Anyways, I'm at the door and then I open it to find

What's this? A portal to a world?!
Oh, snap, this is something I remember so well,
Yet I don't remember it at all...
It's a world where everything's perfect, at least to me!
Winds are constantly blowing in a warm northeasterly direction
There's a dawn in the sky and I can feel myself take hold of the winds
Let's swirl around, let's dance with my dream fulfilled for a while!

Spin, twirl, dance, swirl,
I must really be having fun,
Because someone calls me down and tells me something
Yeah, he's a red-haired character with a windlined outfit of burgundy and black and white
Why I'll say, it's Raven Huntington!

"Yeah, guess what, Michael?
There's someone I'd like you to meet
And I'm telling you now, don't blow this -- I've worked way too hard for it
(Now since when did Raven actually do anything?)
Come and meet her, you're gonna love her!"
Well, I surf off along with him through the grassy plains and the dawning sky
I come up in the place that I've known so well
It's the school, and a figure waits just behind the empty flagpoles
My heart jumps in my chest as I see who it is
It's... it's... ahhhh...

"Hey, wake up, will ya?!"
You nearly ruined everything again!"
What, who?
Great. Just who I wanted to see.
Raven.
"Where is she? Where'd she go?
I've got to see her, because you and I know who she is!
She's the one I've always wanted!
And--"
Then Raven drags me off and throws me right into someone's face
Immediately she catches me in her arms,
And I find myself staring into a pair of hazel eyes,
Oh, I think I'm gonna faint, I think I'm gonna drop in awe!
Her eyes take me away into a street somewhere that I don't know,
I feel like I'm losing all my outside shielding to her beauty,
And then
I heard her speak.

[\[It's the Girl You've Always Wanted \(3:29\)\]](#)

Such a voice, such a face, such a beauty that I've never encountered before
"You're Michael, aren't you?
I knew you were all along!"
She giggles and I spin around in pure joy
I can't speak -- I'm muted by everything that she is
I look into the trees shading the sidewalk
I look at the houses that make up the surroundings
I look into the dawning sky and sigh again,
This can't get any more perfect, can it?

"Come on! You're my boyfriend,
So why don't we make a record of it?
That way, everyone can know of our love
And we can be together forever!"
Her long hair sways in the wind and I take her away by the waist
We fly into the sky together and let out the softest sighs,

She's always been waiting for me,
I can feel the connection between us as if it was always there
Our minds link together and we skytrace our names in the clouds
The light shines through the day and I see her eyes again,
She says with her eyes a thing that I can't translate into words
Raven called it the vibing system, where one speaks with feelings rather than nonspecific words
We used to share that system -- but who cares about Raven at a time like this?

"Hey! That's not funny!" he calls from somewhere in the sky,
But he fades into cloud and my girlfriend takes my hands,
We spin straight through him and back to the earth,
In a flurry of tears of joy and vibing our love to each other
Down through the clouds, down through the trees,
And it's... night now...?
With... snow covering the sidewalks and the street?

[\[Season in Shatter \(6:48\)\]](#)

What... what's with the clouds?
How come our names aren't lovingly skytraced there anymore?
There's nothing but a wall of gray there,
And I turn to ask her what on earth is going on,
But when I turn 'round, she's already under a tree,
Carving something into its bark.

Whew! I knew she'd make something out of it,
I'll bet you she's carving her name right now
Waiting for me to join her and carve my own name there
Since the clouds are gone, a tree would obviously suffice.

"Leave room for me!" I laugh as I go over to her,
But when I come to her and expect to see her enticing smile
I feel my heart grow cold, and I stop moving.
She turns, and her face is sad and disappointed,
Those hazel eyes are filling with tears and she's holding onto the bark
Her fingernails digging into it and I see the blood come forth from the ends
As I see her tears fall into the grass below
I can feel my compassion for her come along,
But no tears come forth from my eyes to add to hers,
And I ask out with a whisper that defines my sadness.

"Why?
Why are you doing this?
What's wrong, love?
Please! Tell me, and I'll heal it for you...
I can't stand to see you do this to yourself!
You're just too beautiful to be hurt this way..."
I take her and hug her, embracing her with the love that I knew I had
I feel her blood drip down my shirt,
Still I can't feel any tears flow from my eyes, what's blocking them from coming?
Why can't I show my true love for the girl that I want to be with forever?

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry...
Michael, I... I'm just so sorry!"

As she sobs into my shoulder, I can't feel my heart anymore,
It's like I'm going to faint without ever getting to cry and sob with her,
What could she be sorry for?
What on earth could I have possibly have done to her?
If I find that I'd harmed her in any way,
I'd hope to wake up in a place where I could find a slow death!

"We've spent too much time together!
I'm sorry, but I can't be with you anymore!"
So she pushes me down, and my heart wants to burst and explode!
As she runs off into the night, I can only feel some remorse,
Just some, not all,
And I try to let out my tears, but none come out,
What's become of my heart that it's turned to stone now?
I look at the marks that her beautiful, slender fingers made into the bark of the tree
And I feel myself being taken into them,
I'm being taken into what she created out of her pain.

[\[A New Depth \(9:61\)\]](#)

I find myself in someone's room,
With a wooden floor and many huge toys sprawled out over it
I'm a tiny little man that doesn't know why his heart can't be broken,
And I look up to find that someone's watching the floor intently
He's a little kid, I'll guess, but he's a giant to me
And I run for cover as he walks over to pick up what looks like a huge pillow
He holds it close to his heart and then runs over to the bed and jumps into it
Why am I here, and how am I gonna deal with this?

Suddenly, I hear a door open and I sprint under the bed so I'll be safe
I watch an even more giant man enter the room
He's got black hair and brown skin with what looks like office clothes
Coming over to what I'm guessing must be his son,
He says in a soothing voice...

"Little Luke, let me tell you of someone that I once knew,
She was a very pretty girl, and I was pretty young, about fourteen at the time
I met her with the help of one of my friends
And we knew that it was love at first sight!
So we became boyfriend and girlfriend, and all through high school
We were sweethearts, two birds with the same windy song--"

"Dad?"
"Yes?"
"Who was that girl?"
"Well... she's right here!"

And at that moment I saw a giant woman enter,
I nearly fainted at the sight of her because she was
The girl that had ran off in the night and in the snow
Only she was older and wiser and somewhat more mysterious than before,
The boy sat up in his bed and he giggled as he said,
"Hey, you were talking about Mom!"
Now, what's weird about that is,

Wouldn't most boys his age usually be repelled by kissing and love and all that?

"That's right, Luke, that pretty girl is your very own Mommy,
I looked into her hazel eyes and got lost in them,
So that's one reason why we got married and had you,
Because we loved each other so much that we were willing to make a full commitment!"
"Ohhhhhhhhh! Well, that's cool, Dad!
But how was I made? How'd you have me?"
I snickered at this and yet I was about ready to dart out of the room,
Because I knew that this was the kind of question that parents aren't willing to discuss
With a child of probably only four years of age...

"Hmm, well, you don't really need to know that yet.
Perhaps when you get to be old enough, I'll tell you how.
After all, it's better to have someone to tell you what that kind of love is all about
Considering your old man wasn't as blessed as you were."
And he left, but as he did, she followed him and whispered in his ear.
I bet you that Luke probably heard this if I did, but I heard her say:
"Michael, you really have to be careful about what you tell Luke!
He's very curious at this age, even more so than you were!"

Hold it! I don't get this! Wait a minute!
How does she run off and then I somehow end up marrying her
And have a son?!
I can't fathom such a thing, but I have to believe it
I mean, there's no one else that could've spoken and acted like they did but me and her!

"I know. It is really shocking, isn't it?"
"Yeah, talk about some crazy..."
What?!
I spin around suddenly and find her, the girl that ran off and made the scratches
That sent me into this weird future,
Her fingers are fine, and her face is calm and pretty again,
But the same feeling I got when I first met her in my perfect world
That's all gone and faded away, and now I have half a billion questions!

[\[Discovery \(8:48\)\]](#)

"Don't bombard me with all of your questions.
Especially the one you're sure to ask
After I tell you that I know the answer to every single one of them."
I turn my head in curiosity, not only because of what she said,
But because she began to look less like a girl and more like just a person,
Neither man nor woman, and yet still gaining beauty and awe.

In this case, it was a different kind of beauty,
Not the one that caused me to fall for the girl
But a one that made me want to fall before this person
And give up my soul to this person, because I knew it would be taken care of.

The room around this breaks up and turns to my room again,
Still dark and only lit up by the cable box and the systems' standby light.
"You can tell me everything, Michael.
But bear in mind I'm only going to tell you what's right,

And I'm not always going to give you a response immediately.
It's not that I need to think on it, but because you need to wait on it.
Advice is best at the right time it's needed, you know."

I bowed to the person and asked,
"Who are you? You're way too powerful and beautiful to be...
To be my conscience... so who are you?"
I just couldn't bring myself to stare the person in the eyes,
Those eyes would probably tear me apart from just one mean look,
So I could only look at the carpet.

"I have a lot of names that my creation calls me,
And some of them are not always the ones I want to hear.
But you have the right that I gave your race to call me Lord,
So that through me, you can be saved and join me and my Father in the highest heaven."

I'd heard of Him all throughout my life, and I knew that he existed,
But Him coming to me and taking me away to speak to Him personally
Was something that I never expected to ever happen to me!
"You... it's really You... Jesus the Christ,
The very same person that died upon the Cross to save us all?"
I felt my knees knocking and my voice incredibly shy,
But yet I felt like I was peaceful in the midst of Him.

"I died for all the sins of your world, and for all of your sins.
I erased the despair and all the pride, jealousy, rage, lust, and envy that
You have committed, and you know that I know exactly what you've done, Michael.
For I did not come into the world to condemn it, but to save it through the power of my
heavenly Father.

You know that no one can come to the Father except through me,
And so I re-call you to the invitation of eternal life that you recieved when you were just an
infant,
When I found you amongst the rubble created by Adam's sin."

"Lord, my job in this world... what is it?
Am I really called to marry that woman? I really do hope it is,
Although I'm not entirely sure about that. Could you tell me?"

He put his hand on my shoulder and He said something to me,
But I couldn't understand or remember what it was that He said,
And then as soon as I look up to possibly see his face,
He's no longer there, but I can still feel Him around.

[\[A Dream in a Dream That Was a Dream \(8:62\)\]](#)

As I take a deep breath, I crawl into my bed,
I'm feeling very tired right now, but my soul is at peace for now.
I look up at the ceiling and I say out loud to Him, because I know he's listening --

"Lord, I don't really get what you're doing to me or what you have in store,
But I guess I'll go along with this, because I remember that peace and love that You gave me
And if that's just a taste of what heaven really is,
I want to be in that forever.
I ask You to give me the understanding and strength to recognize Your will,
And the fortitude to resist temptation that's gonna come my way.

All the loves on this earth are good and nice,
But I have to remember who is Love,
Who created everything and made the light appear, scaring away the darkness
Who knows me better than I know myself,
You are my true fulfillment, and even if I'm gonna mess up,
I want to be with You, because I know that's what You want too."

In my mind, I hear the girl's voice, speaking to me from somewhere within.

"You loved me so much even though you had just met me.

But you know that I'm not everything you're seeking out.

You know that there's a better goal to seek than a woman's love,
You wanted to cherish me forever, and now you have to reach out to Him
He wants to cherish you in a way that we could never cherish each other,
So be faithful to Him, more than you could ever be faithful to me...

And you'll get a reward that will satisfy you forever and ever,
Because my love only satisfies until death.

His love lasted through death and overcame it,
So that shows who you really should be chasing after.

And if you find out from Him that you should find me again,
Then go and do what He says, because even if that love isn't as strong as His,
It's what will get you there, to carry you to Him so that you'll be with Him in eternity.
After all, you wanted love all your life, and He is love.
So you want Him, and you'll never stop searching, never stop thirsting until you have Him
forever.

Remember that, Michael, and live this in your everyday life.
Through all your friends, and through all your relationships and struggles,
If you keep your faith true to your heart and never give up,
It won't matter whether you succeed or not."

I was overwhelmed by that power,
And it opened a new light in my heart, a new hope,
A hope for eternal happiness, for love that would never fade...
The peace that came over me was so comforting, that it...
It sent me to sleep, thinking about

Love.

Now, finally, I wake up again, and this time, I get up to my door
And open it, and find that everything is as it always was.
The morning's as usual as it's always been,
And everything's finally back to normal,
But now, through this revelation of dreams,
I have a hope in my heart, a recognized want to pursue Him,
No matter what happens, I'll come back, I'll come back...
Because we all want love... we all want it.
So this is the journey that I'm pursuing.

This is what I'm called to do.
This is what all of us are called to do, as I found.
Through the father's and mother's love for Luke,
Through the woman's love for me that helped me discover Christ,
And through all the pain and false havens that I've come to know and bear,

Through it all there's one Truth that makes it all clear.
There's only one Love that all smaller loves come from.
And there's only one Way that we have to follow to obtain true paradise.
Even if we all come to Him in different ways,
We all, underneath every mask and front,
We all have to be with Christ,
And there's nothing we'll stop at to be with Him forever and ever.

I once had a story based on an original world called White November. The name was based off of that movie, The Hunt for Red October... but who cares, right? You want to read something about this poem. So although I never actually wrote a lot concerning White November, I did turn an idea I had for the climax of that story into a poem.

Just some background, before you get into it... the main character is Melissa Steinberg, a 15-year-old artist who is involved in a wildly unpredictable adventure concerning some very, very ravenous creatures called Shiners trying to take the planet's water. At this point in the story, she's in the Shiners' dimension, trying to beat them in their own lair.

5. Transcendence (a climax to White November) [8:53] (May 2007)

Take a wish and make it true!
Take the time to send the evil to eternal rest
You don't have a spear to cut it down with
But I'll bet you can still take it down with your talents
After all the wayward days that you've been through
There's a power you can use that's inscribed with the pencil...
...so draw it upon the icy floors and bring it to life!

Go through the stairways on the fortress and
Set the stage upon the ninth floor, charting a picture (quickly, now!)
Of a winged bird that would take you some hours to get aflight,
But you can dance across the freeze with your graceful skill
You can make this work if you don't ever give in (remember who's with you!)
It's not a game, but it sure feels like an adventure!

(I don't remember when I came to this land
But I know that in their stead I have to take a stand
Whoever they were, they never gave up on me
So I'll show that monster everything that I can be
Without a blade I'll make all of their race see
That they can't snow us all down
What in the world -- where'd I get this rainbow gown?)

You were never one to sing a tune of rhyme
Things were always so visual in your time
But you've been fused with a power that you never knew you possessed
Keep the holding stance a bit longer unless
The monsters surround you in the final mode of flight preparation
Now you *really* have to be unstressed!

(Take flight, you bird of all legends of old!

I don't know if I can handle you quite yet, you know!
Let's take them to a place where they can think they're going to win
Together with all our friends we'll exterminate all their kin!

Soar up the castle of icy resistance
Until your body's a host to nineteen icicles
Over the edge of the summit of the mountain
The bird drops you on the edge where you're almost out of breath!

They come with their blades and fins alighted with cool rage,
Say a final prayer while they all come to fill this watery cage
Wait, and wait, and (can you see their black shining in the aurora sunlight?)
Wait, and wait, and (can you feel their aura surrounding your fragile sight?)
Wait, and wait, and (can you fulfill your world's not-so-important plight?)
Wait, and wait--
Break the barrier, make things all the scarier
For the evil that's made your life hairier!

(I surfed down the rail faster, faster, faster faster
Until we all were burning up in the intense flames
Every last bit of evil was completely tamed!
A transcendent portrait I drew with my heart
A noble sweeter song he played with his guitar
A better world that he built with his own hands
A smarter society that she designed with her mind
It all came to swirl into existence, in the future
We're not quite there yet, but at least we're capable
If we can take this race of evil, then we can certainly
Break what's poisoning our world!)

This poem has two names. It possesses the one you see below, and also A Tale of the Marsh, which was its name on MySpace. Here, though, I've retained its original name. It's one of those story-telling poems I write, with a nature-based theme almost reminiscent of The Garden of Three Respects... of course without the warping through space and the whole character-reformation plot. I think you'll like it. I know I do.

6. Flames Cry (20:149) (May 2007)

If he can be still when all of his friends are his enemies
Then he can surely stand to handle what she's made of,
If she can be sagacious with all the bigots that never liked her
Then she can surely begin to comprehend what he's all about.

They met each other in a somewhat calmer setting,
With puddles dotting the plains she went dancing to the rain
He never liked the rain, he always loved the sun and camping
Far in a rough, dry setting that makes him feel like he's strong
But it had to be that he was sent on an errand 'cross the grassy marsh,
He had to deliver something that couldn't be entrusted with the postal service.

As he snapped and bit his tongue to restrain his cursing,
He had to come across a bridge under a grayscale sky
A surrounding to make one fall asleep if not for the marshiness

It made him want to run until he got a mile away from the high grass and the stagnant water.
So he crossed the bridge, crossed at flight speed!

She could care less about the marsh and the mosquitoes
They're not into her blood and the water's not acid here,
She shouted for glee as she jumped from the bridge and made a huge splash
Dove under and swam through the oddly deep, greenish river
'Til she came up and danced like a mermaid in the humidity.
There she got tired of performing her hidden passion and
Slept for a while on the moist grass beside the river
The tall blades shielding her like a precious creature
While an irritated boy crossed the bridge mumbling
Something about trusting mailmen more.

Two hours later, he's about to crack and scream and tear his hair out!
That's right, he's stuck in the mud and that's a literal thing,
Unfortunately he tripped into a lake of mud that he never saw before
And now the ocean's falling from the sky, the grayscale ocean above,
Pushing him deeper and deeper within the faint black lake
While he yelled a string of wordless screams, echoing over nothing
Nothing to be heard easily 'cause the marsh isn't fond of anyone 'cept animals.

'Pleasure to meet you again, ma'am,'
The rain spoke a vibe to her as it gently patted her on the back
So she yawned, got up and shook her head like a wet dog
'It's a pleasure to meet you too, ocean of the sky,'
She replied in a casual voice that never vibrated the air.

As she cleverly jumped up the footholds that she'd found in her smaller youth,
Landing on the bridge that connected the edge of her world with a world she never
Never got to see or experience.
She never really cared about the outside world too much,
Always was in love with the little sanctum
Just thought of the same, it never tired her heart to
Be everlasting to what she had known for longer than she'd been on the outside world
And it came to be that--

"Aaaahhhh! I don't wanna die! I'm don't wanna die!
I hate this marsh, I hate this rain,
And I hate the people who hate mailmen!!"
It startled her lofty train of thought,
And immediately she snapped to sprint with a sound notion
What person would ever dare to tread in her secret haven
Without knowing that the rains are lethal to the neophytes of the land?

She heard, she heard his screams, they began to lose their fire
And when she saw him there was
His face, coated in mud, sticking out of the slimy gray pudding.
'Why would you even try to cross?' she thought,
'You don't have a clue what this place can do to someone who's hostile to it!'
She jumped into the lake of dirt,
And somehow managed to pull him near her shoulders pulling him out
Of the marsh's deathtrap, and then the rain intensified to heights.

"How did you manage to do that??" he screamed against the howls of the rain,
But by the time that he got up to check his way,
She'd already ran off into the storm, lightning striking its reclusive rays past her figure
He chased and chased after, chased and chased,
But the rain only served to scream louder, louder,
The wind howled like an invisible wolf and pounced! into his stomach,
Bowling him over to bring him down to the wet, cold, rocky road.

While he was dealing with the weather's fury,
Her notions were their own little tropical storm brewing in her heart
Without realizing what he'd done, he'd discovered her perfect haven,
Now she had to find a new place -- the only way to calm the craven
Calming her rage and cleaning her blind eyes as she ran through an unknown tall part of the
marsh...

He wanted to scream but the wolf choked his throat while he was on the ground
She wanted to hide away but the forests grew so quickly
Before life came to death the wind died out like it was called back,
The marsh suddenly shook like the earth was aching within,
She groaned and watched her old havens suddenly transform and grow,
And shrieked when they rose to take her up to places she had feared falling from,
He took a deep breath, his body still soaking from the ordeal as he noticed evergreens
Coming alive, coming alive, their minds now set on a new decision.

"Why did you have to change?! I loved you enough to stay with you
All this time, so why must you betray me like this?!"
With a hollow voice she yelled from the treetops, noticing all the new trees
'Lady, we would never betray you, for indeed it is true,
You care for us more than your kind ever wanted to care
But since we have nearly destroyed your own love,
We decided it would be best to be this way...'
She looked out onto the landscape, her mouth gaping at both the scenery
And the words of the trees that spoke to her.

"That can't be... I don't even have any feelings for him.
Why do you say--"
A vine held her lips gently shut, and she was pulled back into the overgrowth,
She saw the boy walking down the new, steady path
A smile on his face as he now began to jog away from her line of sight.
'You see, you may not feel attracted to mate with him,
But we have seen that you ought to treat him with the respect that you treat us with
And so this is why we will release you at a place where he will be someday,
Still, we require your care for longer, and your only duty before you grow old
Is that you must send one of your offspring to care for us and our children...'

Vines enveloped her as their words swarmed around in her mind,
'If this is your wish, I suppose I can't not comply,
Take me there if you will, but I can't promise to you
That I will enjoy every minute of this, and I will still care for you as I have always
Yes, I agree, someday my children will take care of you when I am able to no longer..."
This is what she, the girl of the marshes and the most tender of plants,
This is what she whispered to the forest as she was lost in their network

Left in hibernation to grow in silence and beauty for years and years
Until her adolescence had passed, and her maturity had come to full saturation and hue.

In that time, a man returning from a great journey happened to be traversing the road,
And the woman of nature rose from her hiding spot deep within the vines and evergreens,
She was clothed in leaves and bright, white flowers, and her skin had been shaded

To resemble that which she had acquiesced to.

"He is the one, and now is the time to come back to humanity again,

Let go of your hold, great forest,

Turn me back from what I am to what I would be if I did not fuse with you

And so leave me on the side of the road,

I solemnly promise with my greater mind and my own soul

That I will return with the successor you require."

She shrank back into the overgrowth, and suddenly up ahead on the side
Of the road, was a young woman who was clothed with nothing but
Some strange, interesting clothing sewn from what appeared to be
A material made from the inside of a vine, and this odd material
Covered all of her body except for her head, her arms, and the lower part of her legs.

The man, he took her without a word, and they gazed into each other's eyes,

Her green eyes truly showed deep within that she was the lady of nature,

And his dark, hazel eyes were reminiscent of a boy's from years and years ago.

As the clock lost its hands and gained lights and numbers

The forest was beginning to be surrounded by iron and oxide and smoke,

In that time, a mother and her young boy came inside under the canopy

Of the forest, and he was taught all that she knew as a child,

How to love and care for the forest, no matter what happened to it,

Because in these days, the great plants may decide to change their form again

Due to the surroundings and the humans that were driven to expand.

Eight years passed and a girl was sent on a messenger task,

She despised the forest and wished to be done with it all

She wished to return to her beach house so she could bask

In the sunlight and gain a perfect tan, for there was a man seven years older

That she desired to have for herself, and she would growl and bite at any

Who tried to take him away.

As she crossed over an old bridge from decades ago,

A boy swam in the clear river, not minding the pine needles and the fish within...

The legend will pass and pass through the generations,

From soul to soul and body to body,

Until the end of time when all creation is called home once again

We must learn to take care of the forest within and without

Without, must be cared for a long time, so successors are all but necessary,

But within can only be cared for by the same love that is had by the caretakers of the marsh and
forest

Don't ever leave, you will regret it when your garden fades to brown and black.

I tried to make something that was emotional and gripping, but a certain British poet told me it wasn't good enough. Oh, well. Yeah, I actually think this could have been made better, but I have a notorious policy never to edit anything that I write. Well, almost never. Whatever. Maybe you'll enjoy this more than he did.

7. Be (6:52) (May 2007)

She knows no bounds to
What is the last day of her
Days of shameful crying,
Shoved out onto the street
Dragged across the city streets with a tire's nail
Thrown into the sea at the last second,
Breathe, breathe, the middle of the sunrise
Loves her like a forgotten icicle.

Look at what it's become,
Under the deep sheet of mystery
Lay the body of a lost girl wandering
Around in the greener miasma
Kept to lower depths
She was a winter child, and this is
The autumn on which all the faded circles
Came to completion.

For it was a web that was wove in the steamy nights
Trapped in a sauna, left alone for almost no time
Ushered to their shows without ever complaining
They all had promised her something of the lovely nature
From the beginning it was all predetermined
A friend that never existed sheds a tear for
That friend could never stop the shapes ripping through
Her gowns that had all been stitched out for her...

It was an existence she loved with a true heart
In captivity she was bred with such tolerable notions and morals
Everything had always been so easy,
Everything had always been so natural.
She never wondered, about the space that existed
Beyond the small worlds of being showcased
And adored by those who thought they loved her.

But one time a soul came that
Dared to make her think outside of the holographic mansion,
In the saunas she risked all of her social dignity
Desperate to save who she thought was being simply used
And these clouds of a thousand pounds
Came to settle in her head like a waterfall that appears from sunlight,
Her heart's eyes were lifted open with a melted crowbar,
While the sorrows echoed across the twenty-story building
The other soul was
Taken, taken and erased, so much in a sensitive way so
That she never existed.

It escalated as she ran across the cold floors
Her bare feet feeling frozen as she tripped on the edge of the metal door
They muttered a cacophony as they seized her by the arms

Dropping, dropping, falling, falling
An elevator holds no special meaning except for
That she fell, rails through her heart making a silent end to her voice
It had to be that she learned, learned, learned!
That all of the days that she felt were right were wrong
She could have learned, oh, how she could have learned, how to truly
Be.

The girl I talked about in the first poem of *Letters to Catch a Memory* is back again... except this is at the end of freshman year, as you can see. This partially describes what happens when you repress a crush, and a couple of other things I won't fully explain... uh, yeah. Just move on.

8. My Heart Knew You Better (3:21) (June 2007)

Your song alone tells me what I thought deep in my heart,
You had wanted to explore the other side of the double world
You were something interesting to me,
I knew this in my secret room that's all padded up
A little telescope and a window to the outside world
Keep me tempered to the rushing scenes of the outside.

It's true -- I wanted to learn about this, to reach the
Hybrid side, in between the sapphire and the rose,
But when I got too close it scared me to go any further
Because I knew it wasn't what I was born to be,
I thought this could've been a change that was irreversible,
But I see that I've already been exposed to that change
When I decided to try and skip the time where I'd be an idiot guy.

I've seen the parallel lines from the start,
But as always I could never trust what I thought of you
I didn't want my heart to be caught astray in your own personality,
So I forced it down my throat and I pretended it never existed
Truth is, it couldn't be destroyed that easily -- and I saw
At the end of a year gone by that it would have fostered like a flower made of fire,
Now it's a wispy wind swirling around my heart
And you're just a friend to me -- but I think I thought you could've been more

If this was a music album, and I was even remotely popular, you might be able to call this piece a single. Because that's pretty much what it is. It's more realistic than the other pieces about love that I've written, and for that reason is much enjoyed by those who've read it. And yes, I still believe what I said about true love in this. 17 and counting, waiting on the truth of destiny... ;)

9. Our Eyes Were Pearls (11:87) (June 2007)

In all the daydreams I've ever had,
There's one that goes something like this.

I remember that there once was a girl,
But it wasn't just any girl, you see,

She was meant for someone special
That someone special wasn't me, for her glee
Was focused in a boy that could climb any tree
He would always be able to shield her from harm,
One look into his powerful eyes could truly charm
Any girl that had her heart set on a boy like him.

I watched them come together like a hawk and a dove,
Hands locked together as they danced in the dawn
She told him a feeling she knew she had,
While they were sitting under the midnight stars
The cold winds made her shiver, drew her close to his warmth
And as he held her so close to his heart,
She whispered the words she'd knew he'd love to hear,
"I love you..."

Her fantasy, her dreams of long had come true!
For with his acceptance she'd never be blue.
Before you knew it, I saw them as a couple,
Not even old enough to drive, yet their love was strong,
As long as they were together, nothing could be wrong.
So one day I saw them kissing behind a wall
Passions released in a world they felt to be so sure,
I looked upon their relationship and wondered
What had caused this lovely little lure.

As time came and went, I saw their faults break
Think of it as burning a big juicy steak.
Like a flash! their hearts were scarred,
The world outside had made them so marred.
His passion for her was indeed like a flame,
Within time it would become all but tame.
She wondered where the romance had gone,
Why he wasn't the same boy she had known him to be
Her heart cried out to him quite late this one night
At 3:45 AM she called and talked to him with all her might.

Fortunately for her, he was awake at the time
His heartache stung his eyes like lime!
Tears came and flowed through and through,
While on the phone he heard a set of words
That he had only just heard at the end of the day
"I love you," she'd said in a voice calm and at bay.
In the silence of their rooms they were silent to each other,
Until she asked him a question that shocked him like thunder.
"Do you still love me?" she asked as she sniffled so softly,
And what he said next was such a great blunder.

How could he love her, now that she was no longer pretty?
Somehow the sparkling light that always shrouded her figure
Turned to normal skin and hair and clothes and voice,
Now this was something he could not understand.
How could he only love her then,

If true love was meant to be forever?

"Listen, I just don't know what's happened to me.
Baby, you've been good, but things aren't what they used to be.
I'm sorry, but this is where it ends.
Please don't hate me, this is just hard on me too."

I looked at them after that fateful night,
And they seemed lost in emotion all the time,
The boy was confused and dazed from the failed relationship,
He had trouble figuring out how he could truly love for the first time
Since this time was just all something fake.
And the girl, how she seemed like a widowed bride!
Her friends were always having to console her when she cried.
"Why was he so stupid? How could he not love me after
All the things we've done together?!
What kind of idiot just forgets the times we kissed,
All the days we spent together doing so many things!
How could he have been such a pathetic loser?!"

Perhaps this is not my place to say such things,
But I think that they weren't ready for love.
When they say these words that resemble marriage commitments,
I wonder how they can last on pure emotion alone.
I can't comprehend the thought of true love, you know,
My heart's too shallow -- I'll simply get blown!
It'll be years before I can grasp this immensely deep concept,
And I wonder as I finish this tale,

Do teens really know what true love is?
How are we to understand this sort of thing?
How is it possible that people so young
Can think they know the power of what they say?
"I love you." is way more than just words.
It's more than pure, sedating emotion,
More than any kiss could ever seal,
More than any glee you could ever feel.
If the emotion was gone, would the love still remain?
Too many have failed, and they all still complain.

Don't bother looking for #10. Have you tried yet? Sorry if you wasted your time, but #10 no longer exists. I really didn't like it, so I destroyed all traces of it – that is, except the space that it occupied. This next poem is real... loose, I guess. It just shoots at things in the air, and has a drowsy focus on the subject. Not to mention it uses a bunch of words I made up. But hey, it obviously wasn't bad enough to get deleted, so check it out...

11. Skystrain (3:33) (July? 2007)

Look wherever you wish, look through little Lassie's crush,
All you see is all I see and all we see is nothing like she sees
She broke up a fight - she knew this was all that was right,

Her body was bruised and we saw her smiling through the shrapnel,
All the sparks on the outside they mean so much to you and I
All the mirrors and all the deflections she was able to break through to the core,
Lassie, do we know, do we know what runs through your veins as you're high?
I looked where I wished and saw your newer self
You'd stop the strain of violence you'd sacrifice your body,
This is why I don't simply, simply I don't get your reasons,
Should you be suffering to be relieved to be in suffering to be stored on a shelf?

I looked to the sky and I saw a yellow cloud,
Yellow clouds reigning over our little ball of pheromonic intelligence,
Buddy, I think if I knew that we knew what you knew about just knowing
You just might run off to the skylines you just might realize your decisions aren't mine,
When the red clouds come down on top of the world
When the hysteria spills and stains our hearts for the rest of our days,
Buddy would have known how to solve the deathly equation,
He would have restored all of our states of placidation.
You have the power to save all your brothers and sisters
You could see your brothers all grow up to be pro athletes
This is why I simply don't, I don't simply get your reasons,
Should you be suffering to be relieved to be suffering to be stored on a shelf?

Take it out on all things that you see don't never stop to think
It's like seeing with a darker fog, you can't ever see what you're doing,
It's a fright like driving through the night with no headlights to brighten your sight,
It's like your mary jane you can't ever get enough
'Til it's all gone then you risk it all for more of the same,
'Til it's all gone, you were fine, you weren't lame,
When you're drained you can't get back up you've been skyblown,
You're a dead, dead, dead little eager eagle that tried to savor what you thought was salvation,
This is why I don't simply, I simply don't, I simply *don't* get your reasons,
Should you be suffering to be relieved to be suffering to be dead on a meaningless bed?

Around this time, I noticed that my ever-fiery river of emotion that I dove in to write my poetry was beginning to dry up. While I deal with this in earnest later on in my poetry, that time I decided to mourn over the time between two years ago and now. I also kind of like the concept... there's no way, really, that the kid who wrote this could have become anyone else than the guy who wrote this commentary.

12. Hey, Younger Soul (7:41) (September? 2007)

I'm looking back, back at you, but you don't know that I'm here,
I know you, you don't know who I am because you're not there yet
If you could know that you would turn into me
Would you try to stop it from ever coming true?

In your time, you knew so little and felt so much
Like a wild, lonely flame you'd show emotion that no one would ever see
I remember how you thought that she was so much like you,
If I could tell you that I knew love better than just passionate emotion
Would you accept what I'm willing to give?

You gave all your warmth away, you feared history repeating

If you're the fire from my past then I must be the ashes of the future
I burned so hot and bright that I became resistant to the same light,
You, and me, we see, like no one else can be,
Younger soul, how could you become anything but me?

I'm just like you, I don't know what's in the future,
When we looked at ourselves, we hadn't a clue what we would become.
It's always an unexpected change for us, and we still don't know what to do.
If you could tell me how to keep my passion burning strong,
Would I be able to take this in and make it grow?

You gave all your warmth away, you feared history repeating
If you're the fire from my past then I must be ashes of the future
I burned so hot and bright that I became resistant to the same light,
You, and me, we see, like no one else can be,
Younger soul, how could you become anything but me?

You will
Always be you in your own time,
You are someone I can never change,
What you did for me, I must live with and deal with,
Your eyes
They are less tainted than mine,
So you see in a raindrop variety of colors
All your colors, they were once mine
Your brightest colors
I wish I could have my colors again.

You gave all your warmth away, you feared history repeating
If you're the fire of my past then I must be the ashes of the future,
I burned so hot and bright that I became resistant to the same light,
You, and me, we see, like no one else can be,
Younger soul, how could you seize to be,
Younger soul, how could you learn to be,
Younger soul, how could you become anything but me?

Around my 15th birthday, I had a thing for “The Third Year”, based off of when I started playing RuneScape in November 2004. While the title says “prelude”, there never really was a main-line piece to follow this up. This piece reveals some common, everyday things you might have already known about me – or perhaps not, depending on how you’ve known me. At any rate, it serves to close the seventh generation, as well as *Letters to Catch a Memory*. So here we go...

13. The Third Year --prelude-- (7:51) (November 2007)

This is another dawn, a dawn I've seen for the third time,
I've been around this track more than once, so it's different than it used to be.
But every year I've been finding all of these new pathways
And though the flame has wavered and flickered through the days,
It's a time to wander in the dark and set it alight again.
While I find all sorts of treasures embedded deep in this world,
I'll transform them and I'll sing of my travels in my writing.

In times before, I've failed to keep my commitments through to the end
And their attempts have become memories in my mind,
I don't want to keep letting all these ideas down like neglected children,
The third year, the third try, I want to find a new light source
I want to find a fuel to keep my light living, unique and true
Yeah, and on the inside I wish for a second light to spiral with me,
We'll write together and combine our minds to show our findings
It's that time of the year, it's time to bloom like a seedling
Growing out of the ashes of a long-gone forest fire!

It's not just about looking back, or looking ahead
If you look left and right you can't focus on what's right in front of you,
Within all the corrupted energy tangling my true self
I can see a lasting passion, a powerful flame that won't burn out easily,
But there's another thing I have to realize -- and that's that I can't burn forever
At least not in this imperfect world...
Still, I can always try to be the best I can be.

Here's the truth for you, reader -- I despise chores, I don't like being corrected
I'm into resting while all the work is done simply
I'd rather stay at home and be safe than take an adventure and really get hurt
Keeping myself safe with fantasies, ideas and dreams of a perfect land,
Truth is, ain't any of that going to make the light grow any brighter,
Ain't *any* of that going to truly help me in the long run!

My problems, they tend to be nothing like the problems everyone my age faces,
Yet at the same time they're just like them-- instead remixed and rewired to confuse me
Sometimes I wish I could live without any problems and be carefree
Just like in the daydreams of my first year's poetry,
You know, what kind of life would that be, without anything to overcome?
That kind of scene is a happy ending, does it look like I'm anywhere close to that ending?
If I drop off of this planet next week, that ain't going to be my happy ending,
And if I pass away ninety years later, then it'll be a different kind of happy ending.

The ones like me, we ask why we know so much and yet so little,
Ha ha, it's all part of some hidden, wonderful plan
We need the others who don't know what we know
Because they know what we need to know, so I'm pretty sure that's
Some kind of interdependence-based plan of unity that was seen before time,
Made up by some kind of everlasting genius who knows us before we were thought of on this
world

Anyways, so that's the deal with that, and
What happens when I reach the end of my train of words? Ha ha.

It's time to return to the always-moving living river,
I can't paralyze time forever, and I have to keep on moving
Someday I'll come back and do this again, and you'll know
All about the third year, you'll know the good, the bad, and the super rad,
So for now, farewell, adieu, 'til we meet in bloom!
I have to get ready for sleeping in my room.

Into the transition once again. Unlike the last album, however, *A Journey of Capricious Skylines* doesn't actually kick off the 8th generation until piece number 6. I believe I officially started it when the first cold front of the season came in... which wasn't for a while in 2008.

So, about this piece. It was inspired by Dragonforce's Fury of the Storm... and although it's not exactly "out there" like Dragonforce's lyrics tend to be, it still retains the whole "saving the world" theme common in their music. Except Dragonforce didn't scatter rhymes all over the place like I did. Probably a good thing...

1. A Midnight Flight (6:46) (January 2008)

There's a mixed light in my superlative sight
I can't tell the red from the white 'cause it's so bright,
It's a notion to make a motion above the white ocean
That covers our different worlds, so I take this as a sign.
A benign might? No way! Not this day!

They say the clouds are on fire, they are all such liars...
Every day this nonsense flies on, without ever dying!
I shout to you across the wavering plateaus of the temporal sanctum,
Let us come together, let us switch our places in this far-cried war,
One day we'll be ash in the wind and our souls will become only lore...

Am I in love with you and your world? What's to become unfurled?!
Let me know, does your blood flow up and down and diagonally sound
Much like mine own? Then you are not so lone as I have come to known,
This adventure takes up all of our spare time
But what can you do when they've butchered the right rhyme?

They say the rivers are filled with rocks, their lies are like locks!
When did this conspiracy condescend upon our calm world?
I shout to you from under the cracks of rebellion's packs,
Let us fly to the edge of insanity and then we'll both take
A midnight flight to a place where we'll find a way for their sake....

*You speak to me from across the universes,
Our pleas, they seem the same, so you must not be lame!
If you can tame the fame that depreciates our dames and games,
You will have the gratitude from my beloved multitudes,
Now we will fly across the grace of what we call vast space
I'll come to a land with gray waters and clouds of intense heat
You will learn of my home with its roaming cities in the sky
Skies of lies, many of mine die from the ties that cry tears of innocent blood.
We are not the only ones who fight for the noncomplacent morality!
Listen to me now, advocate of a world gone wayward!
Don't become so engulfed in your singularity that you forget
Who you are fighting for! This is not your time to shine,
Only at the end of this mighty war can you be honored and dine...*

Oh, now, is that true?
I'll keep your advice in mind, I'll listen to your whisperings from behind
Back to back, we do lack the stack of a turbulent pack

That can purify the misconceptions and all the lost souls' connections,
All we have is those who support us, roses with a delicate appearance,
That's who we rely on when we're almost skyblown! Their thorns will scorn for
They cannot be so forlorn to let us all be torn apart by worn hearts!
It's almost time, I can see the moon rising to its climax in the sky of lies,
Now we look to our sides, for this will be an interesting ride,
On one of the last islands of peace where we once were teased
Is where we will shed a tear for its inevitable damage, but there's
A hope we have in those who'll come to save our distraught land!
Believe in providence to the end. This is how we'll make our last stands!

Weird Al Yankovic has had a tradition of mixing popular song lyrics together and making a polka out of them since the late '80s. It's always been fun to listen to those, so I decided to make my own. (Minus the polka.) So none of the words are actually my own! However, their arrangement *is*. If you're curious, the complete listing of the songs used in this piece are, in order:

Speed of Sound, by Coldplay
The First of Me, by Hoobastank
Holiday, by Green Day
Broken Toy, by Keane
Fat Lip, by Sum 41
Politicians, by Switchfoot
Through the Fire and Flames, by Dragonforce
Length of Love, by Interpol
In the End, by Linkin Park
If Everyone Cared, by Nickelback
Feels Like Today, by Rascal Flatts
Come Right Out and Say It, by Relient K
Fly, by Sanctus Real
I'm Feeling You, by Santana feat. Michelle Branch
I Am Somebody, by Santana feat. will.i.am
Cry Baby Cry, by Santana feat. Sean Paul and Joss Stone
Keep Holding On, by Avril Lavigne

I realize that's a ton of music. But hey, it actually kinda serves as a short list for the kind of music I like. Yay!

2. The Capricious Song (Medley) [7:54] (January 2008)

How long before I get in,
Before it starts, before I begin?
How low before you decide,
Or before what I know it feels like?
I must make a choice, a tough decision...
Listen to my voice. Should I give into temptation, admiration?
One leads to myself, the other's someone else
Just an empty shell, just an empty shell...

I beg to dream and differ from the hollow lies,
Who says a river can't leave its waters?
Who says you walk in a line?
Who says a city can't change its borders?
I don't wanna waste my time
Become another casualty of society
I'll never fall in line,
I pledge allegiance to a country without borders, without politicians
Watching for my sky to get torn apart...

The sound of evil's laughter falls around the world tonight,
So far away, we wait for the day
There is a bitter breed, oh, sweet heart.
They will be watching you sometimes, with their bitter hearts.
One thing I don't know why -- it doesn't even matter how hard you try
Things aren't the way they were before -- you wouldn't even recognize me anymore
Not that you knew me back then, but it all comes back to me in the end...

If everyone cared, if nobody cried,
If everyone loved, if nobody lied,
If everyone shared and swallowed their pride,
Then we'd see the day when nobody died
But I know something is coming,
I don't what it is, but I know it's amazing, can save me,
My time is coming, I'll find my way out of this longest drought

I'd better rest my eyes,
Because I'm growing weary of this point you're trying to make.
Why don't you come right out and say it?
Even if the words are probably gonna hurt,
I'd rather let the truth be something insincere!
Sometimes it seems like I can never win,
I'm held back by the weight of the crowd
Can't move to find my way out,
It's not easy trying to fly against the wind
When I keep on falling back to where I've been, and start over again...

And you'll see me in the nick of time,
'Cause on TV in magazines, all I see is violent things,
Killers here, killers there, killers seem to be everywhere
Don't let this love die, just cry baby cry, 'cause every tear that flows
Falls into the ocean and rises to the sky and
Then the rain will come right before the sunshine...

Keep holding on, 'cause you know, we'll make it through, we'll make it through
Just stay strong, 'cause you know, I'm here for you, I'm here for you
There's nothing you can say, nothing you can do,
There's no other way when it comes to the truth, so
Keep holding on, 'cause you know, we'll make it through, we'll make it through...
Before the doors close, and it comes to an end,
With you by my side I will fight and defend, I'll fight and defend.

Guess what? Like, An Adventure has a sequel! And it's bigger and better than the first, I hope. There's not much to say except... count how many times you find twenty-one (21) in this. ;)

3. Like, A Bigger Adventure (26:252)* (January 2008)

There was once a time where
I thought I lived in the biggest box in the world,
But it was proved wrong the day I saw that tower in that city I visited one day,
It was at least twenty-one kilometers high, or something,
And when I saw it, I dropped all my bobbleheads and knickknacks!
My sister had to get the security guards to restrain me
From trying to break into that crazy huge *box thing*,
But I said under my breath
That I would somehow live in that huge box,
Even if it took twenty-one years to make it happen!

So I woke up and stared out of the window,
Ain't no birds, or spiders, or snakes there in the trees.
Nope, it's just full of bugs... there's a blue one and a red one
And a white one and a yellow one and a green one
"Get down here! If you don't eat this breakfast now I'll feed it to the birds!"
Oh, great. It's my sister -- you know, the one from that incident at the tower box?
Yeah, she's twenty-one and makes enough to money to have me work as a slave,
But the laws in America prevent her from doing that
SO HA HA HA! YOU CAN'T OWN ME!
Anyways, I got out of bed and put on my favorite orange jacket.
Came down to the kitchen where she was just about
To dump the waffles out the window...

"Not the waffles!!" I darted like a little goldfish and then
I tackled the plate and then the waffles suddenly disappeared,
Splat! I looked up and I felt something sticky drip down my neck hair,
And then her stupid laugh came and filled my ears,
"Rawr! But okay, that's really not that bad..."
I took the waffles off of my back, and then
Mm, mmph chomp mmph mmmmmwaffles,
Mmmsyrupmmmchompchompwafflestower,
Chompmmmptowerchompmustdie!

"Get up off of the floor, you miserable, lazy bum!
For all I know you're going go Jack Sparrow on me and chug some rum!"
"Oh, shut up, *little* sister.
You can't stop me from my ultimate goal -- and guess what?
I'm gonna get this whole team of people
To help me to bring down that tower!"
"Sure, and then mutant pig flies will come down from the skies,
Play some chess, relieve my stress and not leave a big mess
Take my money, slurp up the honey and make my nose runny
Wreck the TVs, vandalize the Miis and give Pepper fleas
Order Japanese food while being shrewd about their moods,
And then--"
"Shaddap! You can't tell me what to do -- I'm bigger than you!"

"Well, at least I don't pretend to be a *ninja* from the planet Uber!"

And that's when she crossed the line.
Pepper came out of nowhere barking for the leash,
Then I picked him up and took him with me
He would be the first of my ultimate team...
So that's when I went out the door, determined to find
A whole elite squad of uber people that could help me
Take down that stupid tower that was twenty-one kilometers high.

But that's when I realized I was still in my boxers.

Bam! Sham! I whammed through the house,
Whirling my sister over and hearing her hit the table and then the floor,
But I had to find some pants, because without my pants
I could *not* complete this ultimate mission of ultimate destiny,
Which reminds me -- I have to see that video again sometime...
Then I found my pants.
"Bark! Grrrrrowllll!" Pepper went all aggro on my pants,
Next thing I knew there were shreds of polyester flying in the air
Something squeaked and ran out of the room
While Pepper howled and then my sister screamed,
This is *so not* how I'm wanting this mission to go...

Twenty-one minutes later,
My sister is hyperventilating, locked up in her crazy bin with
Those soap operas and that whole closetful of poetry
Pepper is chasing his tail near the door
While I take my Chuck Norris backpack, ready to go
And begin the most awesome journey there ever was!
(Hmm, I wonder how much they'll pay me to act in the movie...)

This is how the first arc of the journey came down.
I was walking through the streets, just looking for someone suitable
To help me in my conquest of the Tower of 21 as I was beginning to call it,
And I didn't find anybody even though I walked for a bunch of miles...
I came to the edge of the city where I looked out
On the plains that were lit up with the cheese-colored sunlight,
That made me really sleepy, 'cause cheese is the superlative sedative
Pepper slept on top of my head as we both went to sleep under the starlit sky.

I woke up to find that the cheesy light was on my other side,
And nothing had changed except Pepper was gone
Why did he have to leave, you know we were best of friends!
There were days when he and I would eat whole bushels of rye
Go out in the neighbor's yard and pretend to brutally die
And even once or twice we went hunting for cats to make them cry!
So it made my mind weep inside, but I knew that the mission was first.
That's when, that's when I looked up towards the night and
Then I nodded as if to say something to the stars that were fading out,
Little did I know that she waited for me in the ground as I walked ahead.

It was the last thing I could've expected to see,

A ten-year-old girl with twenty-one paper clips in her hair
Pulled me down through a hole in the ground where
I heard the squeaking and screaming of prairie dogs gone terminally insane,
Slowly I was put through the hole and slap!
My eyes were suddenly full of mud, and oh--
It was just something I will remember forever, 'cause it was the coldest mud ever,
It's like it was twenty-one degrees below zero, making me blind
As I was still pulled down through to the bottom.

Eventually we got to the bottom, and something hot splashed in my face
I saw the girl with the paper clips and a horde of hobos with
Rainbow rings, nametags that said Ding and cars that pinged,
A two-headed man who wasn't very tan and had a connection of LAN,
Star Trek wannabes with female geeks who ate nothing but leeks,
And then their leader hung upside down from the ceiling
Oh. My. Gosh.
He must've been the worst Batman impersonator EVER, but
Then he flipped out and hit the ground with a splat, where the two-headed guy
Cackled like an insane chicken on an insane farm,
Then I looked behind me and saw a banner that said that
This was the Society of Twenty-One Ppls!

"To be honest with ya, we weres twehnteh,
But juh weres da last one dat came 'ere to complete our sociehty,
Ya alreadeh know whut ahr objective is,
And that's t'take down the Towuh uh 21!"
I noticed that one of the hobos got up and he looked at my ankles,
Pulled down my socks and then licked his finger,
Set that warm saliva on the bone and I gasped as it revealed
The number 21 and the 'Ppls' etched there from forever ago,
This *was* my destiny, to take down that overly capricious tower!

"Yeah, you're just what we needed to get rid of that thing.
Please come here, where Blee and Free will tell you of our plan."
The girl led me over to the two-headed guy who had that LAN,
And one of the heads twitched while the other looked towards
A computer screen, filled to the proverbial edges of insanity with
Brownprints of the floor plan of the Tower, and then
"Y'see, this is how we're gonna get that Tower to be nothing.
First, we're gonna--"

I'd very much like to tell you exactly what our plan was,
But I've gotta keep the secret for 21 years until I'm old and moldy,
So maybe in 2028 I'll tell you how it all went down. Anyways, I'll just
Skip to the part where we got up at 12:30 AM to
Execute the most awesome of plans since the one that forcibly made my sister
Take care of me because I was declared INCOMPETANT by a bony bald guy that
They called a judge.

One, two, three, four,
We came up on the tower that had made us all so sore,
And you might be wondering why I decided to
Destroy that huge box that I wanted to live in so badly,

It was because all of us of the Society of Twenty-One
We had thought about all of the others who we knew
So desperately wanted to live there but never had the guts to go at it,
And by swearing over the rainbow rings,
Twenty-one oaths were made to destroy the tower
So that everybody wouldn't cram into it when their desires finally kicked on.

Five, six, seven, eight,
Entered those who had harbored of us the most hate.
I had heard some screeching, squeaking, and something flammable leaking,
BWOOM! went the flames as they enveloped the bottom of the tower,
This was our signal to scramble up those stairs and do our things
We had twenty-one kilometers of tower to cover, you know.
I shot up the stairs like a clown car in hyper mega overdrive,
Armed with my oversized nunchuks and all those grenades
That they found embedded in the ground back at home base,
Yes, because I was the newest, they assigned me to the top of the tower,
They felt I was deserving enough to hang glide from twenty-one up
And watch the glory of the tower coming down...

Nine, ten, eleven, twelve,
My MP3 player busted as that guard whapped it with that tiny shelf,
And that's when he made me MAD.
"Rawr! You'll pay in pennies for that, Mr. Bagels!"
(You see, there were twenty-one bagels lined up, some with sprinkles
Others with glaze, some with chocolate, some were really donuts, but
That's basically why I called him that. Mwa ha ha ha.)
I took out my nunchuks and I was like ayayayayayiiiiayayayaaaaaaa!!!
Whipiwapiwhipiwapiwhapi whipwhipwhip whip whip whip WHAP!
But of course, I fell to the ground 'cause I tied myself up.
To be honest, that was the first time I had actually fought
Without using my trusty uber martial arts abilities,
No one could face my mad slaps of terror, while I looked away, blind,
Because of the horrificness and power that my flailing hands held.

Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen,
I struggled on the ground as Blee and Free came in reeling
With that white double-necked guitar that they bashed everybody and everything with,
Their screams of "Twenty-one FOREVA, BABEE!" startled Mr. Bagels
As they cut me loose by swinging the guitar at my bonds,
I roared like a potato lion as I tackled him *and* his bagels!
Bunch of seconds later, Free and Blee pushed me aside while they
Bashed that guy's face in with the guitar of dual shredding awesomeness!
"Dude, you gotta get to the top and detonate the bombs!
We're not gonna last much longer if you don't destroy the tower!"

Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty,
I rushed up the last of the stairs of the Tower,
You know, I have to have the ultimate strength if I can scale
This whole darn thing with its uberly crazy height!
That's when I came to the very last floor, the top floor!
That's where I gasped, dropped my bagel that I'd stolen from Mr. Bagels.
Whoa. This was un, in, and disconceivable!

My sister stood behind the desk that all big mad headhonchos stand behind,
And she was looking just about as normal as she always did...

"Twenty-one, twenty-one!
You idiots can't even begin to know what real intelligence is!
This is why I simply *have* to stop this insanity,
If you can't complete your mission by blowing this place up,
You'll find yourself in the worst of situations, brother!"
And now this is where I lost control.
Suddenly in my hands, like fart-speed quick, came the bombs
I screamed in fury as I just tossed them every which way,
My sister looked about as I lost my heart and I didn't notice
That the pull pin cut right under her eye and made her tears turn to blood,
What she did next was the most honorable thing I ever saw her do...
She pushed me out of the window, saving me and letting me go
As the Tower finally began to fall apart.

One can only wonder why she'd help me after being so outright,
I myself cannot comprehend how and why she would ever do that.
But as I glided down back to our hideout in the ground,
I saw that my comrades, my friends, were all being taken away by the police,
Even the ten-year-old girl and the two-headed guy,
Plus all those hobos and the female geeks who wouldn't eat any more leeks,
It was all so weird and confusing to me. Did they really intend to save me
By putting me at the top, or what?
I never knew, never will I know, never know I shall.

So this is how I came to live alone in the fields of repose,
Now I am alone and I look out onto the cheese-lit plains,
Suddenly a figure runs to me, seemingly from the sun itself,
And then I laugh as I realize, it's Pepper come back from the dead!

He tackles me and then all my stuff from my Chuck Norris backpack falls out,
I noticed that all of the other members of the Society of Twenty-One Ppls
Were tiny little people standing on the dirt, and then Pepper stood behind him
I think he was going to eat them all.

But he just stood over them, as the ten-year-old girl called me forth with
Her tiny finger, and when I got close, I heard an explosion from inside me!
Next thing I knew, I was tiny like them, and Pepper let out a weird sound.
The female geeks looked up and him and understood what he said.
"Pepper of the White Hairy Dogs of Ruff would like you to know something.
He says that this was his plan all along, to organize the Society
And bring down the tower, for it was the WHDoR who really
Had a reason to destroy it: once there, their great mother lived
And her nest was eradicated to make room for the Tower."
I looked up in awe at what I thought was a fairly stupid dog--
He was a genius! And then he rolled over all of us, which oddly
Didn't crush us.

We were all entangled in his fur, fur so ragged and yet so soft
That I was drowsy as I noticed that all my comrades were sleeping,
Maybe I didn't get what was happening, but who cares?
This is soft fur!

Then, I fell asleep... last thing I remember... turnips.

"Wake up, you lazy bum!
You're going to be late for your job at McDonald's!"
My sister called out and suddenly I shot up from my bed,
What happened here, was this all a dream?
Maaaaaaaaaaaaan... that was one good dream.
But I wondered, was the Tower really real?
Was that society out there waiting for me to show up like a late Elvis impersonator?
I could only wonder, because I felt more like eating McDonald's
And getting minimum wage... it was too easy taking down that tower,
Plus I'd rather have my sister bug me and be a crazy bin poetry lover idiot
Rather than have her be all noble and weird.
In truth, I wanted to know -- but not right now.
"Yeah, Pepper, you just wait... your plan is gonna be fulfilled sooner or later."
And as I stroked down to pet him right before I left,
I swear...
He winked at me.

After taking some suggestions from the British poet who criticized Be, I tried writing something that was more... structured. It actually turned out pretty well – oh, and um... it's inspired by a real girl. Who is it? Not telling. Just read the piece.

4. Between Heartbeats (3:19) (January 2008)

Surprised, do I seem to be?
Oh - it's no, no thing that you can see.
When you came to, under the flame of my kind heart,
You took the blame - the blame, the blame, that set you apart
And I looked over your limp form, while a creamy lamppost lit,
Lit the dying storm -- so now, the truth is shown in your eyes that flit.

There's nothing, nothing you can do
To make it any better, than what you've already knew.
I'm sorry -- to deliver this news for you, as you wake?
You fought too hard, so it's right -- you shiver and shake!
Listen, listen, to the beating of your heart and then mine--
For an original blood flows, flows now, 'cause you won't fall in line.

Don't speak, don't speak -- you're so weak,
All you need to fear is what you don't seek,
Sleep here in the light, set apart from the darkness, not alone--
Tonight, while your heart is slumbering, I will watch you moan.
So many thoughts between the waking hour and the dream--
Who could you be, with so many worries, so many seams,
Written between, between swift heartbeats, you beautiful gleam?

Once on a forum somewhere buried in the mounds of data, I assumed two identities: Avilan and Rilia of the Winds. I had some fun fooling my friends for a while, but then I revealed myself on August 1, 2006. However, the characters of Avilan and Rilia lived on to create this little piece. Check it out.

5. Rilia & Avilan (3:30) (January 2008)

The boys in love,
How I was watching them all,
All the boys in love and
All the girls holding hands with them,
Look at it all!
The boys and their minds,
They try to play the girls like some sort of game,
The girls and their dashed endeavors,
They try to play the boys so they'll get what they want,
I was sitting on the roof with my brother,
Watching them bind and break and kiss,
And he, my brother, he said to me:

"It's great to know, Rilia,
That you will never turn out like them.
But as I've found out,
You've gotta find your way like everyone else,
And you might be shocked to know that
You're not as different as you think you are."
I looked down, running my hand through my hair,
While I looked up into his eyes
They spoke, they vibed to me a blessing of wisdom--
It looks like he knew what was talking about...

"Avilan, you're my brother,
So it makes sense that I'm not like the others
Because you're not like the others.
Maybe someday, you and I,
We'll find our own destinies,
Maybe just then we can be in harmony,
Maybe just then we can be like everybody else--
Yet we will never be who they are."

So this is where the eighth generation officially starts. Wait, do I have this right? February? Then what happened to the... ah, who cares. I tried to date this as best I could, and I don't really remember *when* some of these were actually written. It doesn't matter *that much*, I don't think... unless you really, really care about the chronology of these pieces.

Anyways. I started looking up and past emotion as my sole inspiration, and stuff like this came about. It marks the gradual transition of my poetry from something totally fantasy-blown to something more... well, just keep reading. You'll get it eventually.

6. Dawn to the Autumn Child (6:40) (February 2008)

There have been days in which--

(No, wait, let's try that again.)
For the longest time, I'd thought that
I needed a strong, emotional essence
To fuel all of the ways that I express myself (like writing!),
But the truth is...
(No, wait. That's not gonna work either. Darn.
Okay, okay, *now* I have it. Let's do this!)

You have to accept that you're changing into someone else--
You have to learn that emotional drama doesn't fuel your life anymore!
Of course, you began to notice that when
You became even deeper than you thought possible (for the moment),
You learned that you were growing out of that young flame--
And that you became more regal and mature.

So you're saying that I should stop relying on songs to write my poetry?
Yeah! Well, sorta-- you just need to learn that you're getting too old
To be impulsive like that, at least... in your writing.
Right, right, that makes sense,
Writing like that, it feels so fake in these days today,
It doesn't quite come from the heart--
And *that's* a horrible thing!
It's just not right, so that means it's time to make a change...

A while ago, I went and was among the greatest crowd
That I'd ever been in, twenty thousand surrounding the center stage,
We watched those who knew more than us share their knowledge (and their music)
While all of us (even those who were deaf) could hear the calling,
Twenty thousand different callings, and I was in that number,
We were all changed somehow, and I come back,
A new light burning in my heart.

It's the dawn again, the dawn that I've seen before,
As I travel through these vistic lands, I see the same dawn again and again,
But each time the dawn comes, it seems to shine differently,
That's only my perception, I'm changing with every *day*,
The light's always the same, but it shows me a new way to live
After I trudge and fall, from traveling through the night.

So, this day, I'll be stronger and I'll shine brighter,
Energized with a new kind of light that's somehow been the same,
A new way of thinking, a new day to deal the truth,
It's the dawn to the autumn child (that's me, you know),
It's the dawn... to new life.

Oh, look, another parody! Wow, there hasn't been one of these in a while, huh?
It'll be the last one you'll see in this collection, (un)fortunately. Here I utilize a voice that
isn't a voice, per se... I set words to some of the instruments in the original song, and
I've marked off where I do this by {}s. Of course, it's probably obvious even without
those brackets where I did it.

I was upset with the way a couple of guys were acting towards me, and upset
with rebels in general, so that's where the subject matter comes from. For those that

know me in person, you might recognize me calling myself a counter-rebel. This is the kind of stuff that expresses that sort of feeling, okay?

7. Can't Take Me (parody of Sabotage by the Beastie Boys) [9:42]* (February 2008)

I won't take this, y'see I'm not in this,
I won't let myself get all swept up here.
You can't just take my freedom from me like a helpless child,
You think you're doing the right thing by tryin' to take me
Say you're a rebel, against the higher-ups
See, you work for another government of your own!
I'm so wrong, it can't take long
Just get it that you can't take me out...!

{Stop, stop, stop, stop stop, stop stop stop fighting like this,
Stop, stop, stop, stop stop, stop stop stop joking like that,
Stop, stop, stop, stop stop, stop stop stop hurting us all,
Stop, stop, stop, trying to kill!}

If you're a rebel, then I'm the rebel of rebels!
I'd like you to look at what you're tryin' to do t'all of us and see that
What you're doing is only making things worse,
Try being nice and see how it lights all of, all the world!

I don't want to fight you and get blown again,
That's not how I do things in my own world -- you betcha,
Calm down and stop working for the cult rebellion,
Just get it in your head that you can't take me out!

{See, it's these kinds of things that make the world go boom!
See, it's these kinds of things that make the world go boom!
See, it's these kinds of things that make the world go boom!
See, it's these kinds of things...

...that make it harder, and harder, and harder, and harder -- to live,
Harder, and harder, and harder, and harder -- to live,
So much harder, and harder, and harder, and then at the end of all the yelling and fighting
You're in the midst of tragedy and then you're screamin'}

"WHY?!?!?!"

Those of us that're different don't deserve this stuff...
I ain't forcing ya to change, but it'd be so great,
Ain't forcing ya to change, but it'd be so great,
Ain't forcing ya to change, but it'd be so great,
Ain't forcing ya to change, but it'd just be greaaaaat!

I won't take this, y'see I'm not in this,
I won't let myself get all swept up here.
You can't just take my freedom from me like a helpless child,
You want all this stupid junk, t'come right out of my punk!
Well, let me tell you something that you ought to know right now, whoa,
We won't give up, we'll just keep on fighting the good fight, yeah,

And even though you will come n' try to bring us down
Just keep this all in mind, y'can't take me out!

The title of this one really speaks for itself. This piece was written in a foreign land, in other words, outside of Notepad, where I usually write my poetry. The lesson is simple. Need I say more? I think not.

8. Inspiration is Overrated (5:33) (February 2008)

He sits down in the midnight hours
Eagerly looking at the paper in front of him,
He waits for the golden star to strike his heart
That magical moment when his soul overflows
With some powerful emotion that he knows
Is going to rock the world.

And as he stares down at the blank lines
Who are staring right back at him,
He looks up at the ceiling and says,
"Why can't I write?
Where's the fire that I need to
Show my emotion to the world?"

That digital clock, it keeps laughing at him,
Blink, blink, blink, blink -- and now it's 2:30 in the morning.
He's sleepy and frustrated and can't quite remember
What he was going to write about in the first place,
And he looks at the pencil in his hand,
He droops his head as he sees the paper is still blank
And mumbles to himself,

"Where'd my inspiration go?
I can't write anything tonight
Now that my passion is gone,
I guess I should just go to sleep
And maybe when I wake up in the morn'
That beautiful sunrise will spark the flame again,
So I say, I'll write again,
I know my star will shine on me like it's done before."

It's all good and fine to write only when the muse strikes
If you never plan to get published in your lifetime.
A writer such as he, who relies on inspiration for his writing,
Will always be stressed when he finds that "star" is gone.
Had he set aside his emotional need and just written out,
He'd be at more peace with himself.

You know, I've been keeping a running track of how many poems I've written about certain girls. I think this next one, along with another one or two, makes the number of poems I've written about this particular girl jump to 3. I think that's the most. Pretty sure it is. If I had given this poem to the girl I wrote it about, it would have meant I really wanted to tell her something I felt she needed to hear. But I didn't. So what does that mean? You figure it out – you're smart.

9. Twilight Eyes (5:47) (February 2008)

Fields,
Fields of the sharp silver being swayed,
A cold wind reigns the day
With the white light in the sky
And clouds of comforting gray,
They sleep so peacefully above.

Walking,
Walking into the plains of silver growth
And the white light retires beneath the clouds,
Wind of loneliness grows darker as I listen for you--
But you know not that I wish to see you,
The snow will fall -- my heart is growing cold
My heart is growing cold, do you hear?

Alone,
Alone you float in slumber, a most blissful sight,
Swiftly come, little bird,
Little bird, can you listen?
I fall, fall, fall into the grass and open myself
The snow will come soon--
My heart will grow so, so cold
And you know that I would survive in the storm,
Yet you sleep within, brooding soft candlelight
Around your dreams and desires,
Still the longer I will try to tune with your heart.

Watch the dreams that you harbor, little child
The clouds do boast of eternal peace
And the warmth of flame does give comfort,
But how can you ever learn to see the bliss like I do
If you never wake up?
You are incomplete in this hibernated state,
Only half of what you were meant to be.
All heat is heat the moreso when it is all taken away,
And bliss is deeper, sleep is stronger when you are awake--
The snow is falling on me now, little bird
Can you feel the chill rattling my bones?

Morning,
Morning continually shines inside your soul
The afternoon is never seen, the night is forgotten,
Do not sleep any longer - you will be awakened

You cannot run from that which you ought to know,
Let the snow fall on me
Let me fall away from this never-lasting world--
And I will be sent into your slumbering universe,
In this dream I will find you, little bird,
Only those who are afraid of unbroken beauty
Will turn their backs to all the kinds of loveliness
That their hearts' eyes will be forced to see.

Only the old-timers from the RSB will really recall the events I describe here, or recognize any of the names I name. For all others, this is an exposition of my time on the Stories Forum on the RuneScape Boards, from the time Mod Peter decided to close down our guilds all the way up to February 2008. You might be entertained by it, or you might not. Either way, it's here for you to read.

10. The New Generation (24:209) (February 2008)

Long ago,
There were those who inhabited this land
They built great cities, and ruled them with excellence.
With their writing, they flourished and brought life
To the plains that they had come upon
Their actions shaped the land as it is now...

Who are they?
Who were they?
Let me tell you, because you'll hear of them later.
There was Ippy, leader of The Writers Elite,
Wolfy, second leader of The Academy,
Slice, the noob story romance writer,
Smeeze, long-time second-hand trilogy artist,
Steelers, the origin of all noob stories,
Gleming, the rival of the whole forum,
Nate, the prominent comedic guy,
Squirrel, a girl who was indeed quite weird,
Zich, a firebrand with a youthful flare,
Indeed, these people and their legacies will be remembered,
All you need to do is recount their days.

In a time far from here,
Mr. Peter, how could you be so cruel?
You came with your emerald underlings
And destroyed our home, destroyed, destroyed it!
What's your reason?
You don't have any right to take it away--
We never did anything wrong to you
You've always been so disgusted with our guilds,
So this is how you manifest your hate... well,
We're not gonna take it!

We fought and we fought hard,
We made it known to those would listen about our plea
Dodging padlocks and bans and oppression augmented high,

Much pain was suffered -- too much for our hearts,
In desperation we turned to the haven made by Smeeze,
Away from that place of discontent
Away from Peter's ravaging scheme.

For the longest time, it seemed, we sat in somber silence,
We plotted together,
"Just how are we going to take it back?" one of us asked,
So Ippy had a thought, yes indeed, a major thought,
"Let's create a letter," he said,
"Let's all compile our reasons and our hatred and organize them
Into something coherent and understandable.
That way, Peter will know that what he did was immensely wrong--
He won't know what hit him."
Of course, not everyone was into it.

There were those who just went with the flow,
Squirrel just shrugged and sat around in the rooms of the haven
While Zich, Slice, Smeeze, Wolfy, and Ippy (and a few others)
Would undertake in their part to writing this letter.

(Oh, and if you're wondered what happened to Gleming,
He got in a fight or five with Ippy a while before Peter's attacks
And ran off to his own land to do whatever he does.
Really.)

What would I, the Paratroopa, think of all this?
Let me tell you, newer reader, I was in a conundrum.
I was of the emerald group -- in other words, them Forum Mods.
Where would my loyalties lie? With Jagex, or with my friends?
When we fought against the closing of guilds in October '05
I sort of supported -- yeah, that's what it was, I guess,
I remember Wolfy and I told off some random person in Rants
He was quite annoying... I remember his name,
But since I'm not allowed to use it,
You'll just have to sit and wonder what it was.

When the new haven was made,
I went off with them -- 'cause well, I *was* bothered by what had happened.
I've always been hurt by the pain of friends.
I even checked out that letter they were writing...
In that time, I saw their passion and dedication to the forum,
They wouldn't give it up so easily -- they wouldn't be pushed around.
Reader, don't think that this whole deal out of RSB was well--
For I think Smeeze and I could tell you that things were bad.

That haven, haven it was in name only!
Since its beginning, it's been sentenced to dramatic ordeals
Of flamings and misunderstands and broken hearts.
Let me tell you, one of those mass myriads of hysteria
And I've *had it!* I've had it, I tell you!
I've had it with drama.
After the whole first ordeal was over, I knew that

Unnecessary drama was well... unnecessary.
But I guess you wanna hear what happened with that letter now,
It's time for the story to go on!

About that message to Peter,
Many hands worked to put it together--
Ippy was quite confident in its persuading power,
The thing is, time passed, and when it did,
Things began to change -- and people began to come and go.

You see, Steelers was about done in his time with us,
He never really hung out in our lands anymore--
And soon enough, we almost never saw him anymore.
Slice, she never came back to write on RSB after the guilds were closed.
But she was fairly active in Smeeze's domain for a while.
Squirrel, now she remained on RSB for a while after,
Little Warro would tend to hang around with her and talk about anime
But months passed and her presence was only known at Smeeze's place.
You wondered why I haven't talked about Nate at all?
Well, he was the great jester -- that is, until Gleming and Ippy got in a fight
And made him leave (if it wasn't that, then it must've been time that drove him away).
This is the truth, reader, I kid you not,
In the time following March '06 they all began to disappear.

That letter was forgotten, its writers gone,
Ippy faded away, his appearances rare and unexpected even to today.
Almost all the names I speak of have drifted out of the forum's memory,
Except a few,
Like Smeeze, you know her -- she writes SotD.
And I know at least a few people know about Wolfy's Anthology.
Squirrel's Dear Daddy was a gem even after she left,
Zich and his partner Hiei left a legacy of fire and flame,
(Oh boy, did Hiei leave a fiery legacy. Whew.)
Really, there's not much that's left of the olden days.
Hold up! What am I saying?
There's The Academy of Literature.

Somewhere between the winter and summer of '06,
A new crowd of people came, their faces fresh, their spirits new.
So slowly, but surely, the ruins of the great buildings
Their foundations became places like The Amethyst Library,
Tell me, reader, did you know Hellophil in the time of TAL's birth?
Have you heard about A Paper Shield?
Did you see Draken and his first story?
If you did, then you very well may be a child of this era,
I know I grew up and became slightly aged in this time.

To be honest, I don't remember when everyone came.
Time slowed as the flame of old died down to ashes,
And as new writers sprouted from those ashes,
My heart seemed to remember peace, not conflict.
Their names, all their names you probably need not know
(To be honest, I don't feel like naming them all.)

But if you came in mid-2006, you should remember your roots!

Clock, what's wrong with you?
What's the deal when I look at you and suddenly it's 2007?
Dang it, there's Torpeh and his outlook for that year,
My story Black Winds is just about sorta half finished,
Wasn't The Collection around in '06? I don't remember. :@
Who remembers The Hybrid Theory? Anyone? :P
I had written that in late '06 and I thought it was gonna be mega long,
But like a lot of my stories, it died and never came back.

As I said, the time speeds up as it's been doing lately,
What has happened in '07? I can't say much.
I guess, Black Winds became the longest single story on RSB,
So many new people came, and they made their names known...
Maia and Roshie eventually left us, the noob story "crisis" was resolved somehow,
Torpeh found it too much on his heart to be in this online world, so he left,
Before I could stop to write down all that had happened, it was 2008.

Now, in this time, close to now,
I look at this forum and see how much it has changed.
Never again will we truly see the passion of old,
Never again will we truly see The Writers Elite
And The Incredibly Gifted Authors
Rule over the forum with a paper fist,
But for all the bad that's happened, so much good has come!

Peace now reigns our land, and Fred ate all the writing organizations (why, Fred, why?).
Smurf has pooted on the SD enough times to turn it into a hot-air balloon,
Capt and Elite and Lance Tiger are the new comedic kings,
(Yes, Dead Devil and Monster are cool too. But I'm trying to make a *point* here!)

Mitch and Patriot and Sokreshel have all been like brothers in writing,
Scout and Isochemistry are the resident weirdos now,
Chuklz and Geo have become some great reviewers,
Auro, you, Wish, and Turtle were pretty good guild leaders,
Guard, I'm sorry for the typo and any problems you've had
Being here for so long -- your pain is understood.
Orb and Orb 7, are you sure you aren't siblings? :P
Speaking of siblings, there's a big thing I gotta say to you all.

I think, in my honest opinion, that somehow,
You all are recreating everything that the legends of old had made.
Yeah, it's not the same -- but think about it...
Fred's like the new Ippy with his leadership of ten million guilds,
Capt and Elite and Lance would be like Nate and Steelers,
Smurf, Scout, Iso what are you three? :P I think you're Squirrel.
Mitch, Patriot, Sokreshel... personally, I think you all are like Slice.
Trumpet! Trumpet, Trumpet, Trumpet -- you were Gleming.
Though you're not a rival of the forum now, people thought you were--
Until you turned out to be a really good guy. Yay. ^_^
Wolfy and Smeeze are still Wolfy and Smeeze,
Although Genzen does kinda resemble them both. Maybe?
Finally, there is no one fully like Zich or Hiei,

But Guard, I have to say you and possibly Scout fit their molds the closest,
Take pride in knowing that you two are much more liked than they were.

What about me, you ask?
Well, I think I've always been just *me!*
From my dawn in March '05 with The Land Beyond,
To now in February '08 with a short, eclectic history of the Stories Forum,
My past and my memories are shared with you,
So that you can know what went on,
Why it was so, how it went down,
And what came afterwards to create what is now.

Everyone that I named (and those who I did not name), you must listen now.
Don't let your love for the forum cause you to beat it.
Until the day that this place is closed down for good,
I think you ought to at least show our haven some respect.
Someday, you'll probably leave -- but at least when you do,
Please do so with kindness and reverence.

Listen,
You are the leaders now,
When the future comes (and it will, believe me),
You all will be the ones to shape it.
In fact, you've already been shaping it -- just look at what you've done already!
But don't be neglectful, please. I wouldn't like it--
And I'm sure the forum itself wouldn't like it either.

So I guess it's time to say goodbye, for now.
In a time far ahead from here I'll come back and see how things are.
Whoever you are, if you read this,
Know that I myself, the Paratroopa,
I'll always remember this place and come to visit
Until I forget it exists, or until it's gone for good.
My hope for the future is still alive,
So with that message, it's time to depart.
Write on, my friends.
Write on...

This doesn't actually close off the eighth generation. It will be the last piece you see from it in this collection, but it's not the end of the second poetry album. I'm ashamed to say that the final piece was left unfinished, and so could not be included here. But, I said to myself that I was going to publish this on May 17, and I'm going to keep that pseudo-promise.

As for the poem... I've always felt like there's something kinda *fun* about the ups and downs of life, if you learn not to let everything get to you. Those who know me in person might think I get upset real easily, but in reality, it takes something powerful to actually, *really*, upset me. As such, here is this poem about that fun factor. Woo dee doo.

11. Sugar River Rush (3:27) (March 2008)

In everyone's life, there's a river they've got to cross,
Teenagers and adults alike have this pox.

They're riding the waters on this caustic place,
And until the river's end it's a truculent race!
They call it the roller coaster of emotions,
Their scattered thoughts, it's their hard devotion,
Of course, you can lead your eye to me,
Plainly for me it's the same sort of thing, y'see.

Who would enjoy riding a river that tears you asunder?
Who'd anticipate the storm that brings sordid thunder?
This game passes, this time will fade,
I ride the clouds, I can dance and evade,
This up and down and all around,
I like to have some fun while being mentally sound--
The sugar river rush that keeps me still earthbound,
High like flight, and low like night,
Soar like dreams come true and dive like rest from a fight!

I'm sad for those who are trapped by the stream,
To help them out a little is another one of my dreams,
But this river can't take me away so easily--
Emotional ups,
The downs and the diagonals in my heart
Sometimes it feels like a tablet with a ton of tart,
But in the end, I'll look back and I'll tell
Laughing about the times I rose and fell,
You have to enjoy your life at each empirical stage--
So why not learn to roll with each fold and tear in the page?

There's only one poem in the transitional period between the eighth and ninth generations... and here it is. I believe I actually recorded myself reading this out loud, but it sounded terrible, so I trashed it. This targets a problem that I have from a different angle – by looking at it like I'm impatient about everything, like I'm always rushing everything. You might get that if you know me in person. I personally think it would be better if I slowed down, too.

1. Falling In/Impatience (3:30) (July 2008)

Stop,
Don't look,
You don't look,
Rushing, all this rushing around
You never liked it,
Never liked the things that took you
So long, so long to get them right
But you want it, you want it so bad,
You have to let it, let it flow.

Would you wait?
Chill out!
Take some time off, get your clock straight,
Wait a little while, would you?
Keep telling yourself, telling yourself,

That the best things in life -- they can wait!
Yes, it's you, it's been for you, so about you,
 Nope, you can't wait,
 Nope, you just can't wait.

You don't like stopping to explain it,
 No, you just want to entertain it,
We're sick of all of your complaining
 So sit down, shut up!
 With your heart and your pen
Please, just sit down, and take some time to yourself,
 Don't sit around *groaning* like you do
 "There's nothing to do around here!"
You'd be happy if you slowed your heart down
So much running, so much running that you do,
 Calm your heart, calm it now,
Please, let us *all* just calm down.

Finally! Finally I start putting down the *dates* on which I wrote these things. Now there's no more questions about when I wrote something, because now I have the exact date! In your face, memory loss!

So this begins the third poetry album: *The Sound is Always There*. And it is, except in the rare times when it isn't. (Lol at contradiction.) This piece opens the ninth generation, better known as the beginning of my junior year in high school. This is where that gradual change in my personality reflected in my poetry continues. You'll see what I mean soon enough, if you don't quite get it.

2. Evolution and Flame (The Fire's in the Outward Song) [6:55] (July 22, 2008)

In times, times long before now,
I wandered around this world with a fragile heart
 Wishing, waiting, wondering.
I held myself close, never losing the light I had,
 It burned strong, setting my heart aflame
And you can bet the flame touched those who were close to me,
 Yet, for the longest time,
 It was always within, never without.

Every day shaped me differently,
Every little thing took me on a road to a higher place
Last year, there was a revolution, a change in pace,
 Now I've changed, surely you can see it
 If you knew me well,
 Guess what?
 (What's that?)
It's time for a change, time for a different kind of expression.

Now don't you know
With every little iteration of some sort of disposition,
There's never anything completely the same,
 You could look at yourself
Years, months, days, maybe even hours

Every time you look back,
You're never different! No way!
That's how it's been for me
And if you want proof, just look at what I've written before
I'm sure you'll agree that things are different.

I suppose that this sociality, this outgoingness,
Will mean that the depth and apparent introversion
Of my previous outings are gone,
But as all changes are, it comes with good and bad,
Dark and light,
So listen well, listen to what I have to say (can you hear?)
Piece this all together, and this is me, you can be sure it is,
Today, the flame radiates outward from inside,
Now, I'm rocking like fire and flame to the world outside,
Is this better? I think so!

I think you know that I've been shy in the past,
Yeah, that's still me (somewhat),
But here in 2008, July, seven twenty-two oh-eight,
There are different songs, different styles,
Listening and speaking, it's about both of those now,
The shock value's gone, the birthing is done,
So it's time to grow up, evolve into a great person
So yeah, I'm ready to fly, ready to take others into the sky
Not just one, not just two, but let's say two-hundred-and-sixty-seven!

But let's slow this down. Just for a minute.
Riding the skies is so different, but I'm not that used to it yet.
Like exploring a land you've never seen before,
I can't think everything's going to always be the same.
It takes time, takes patience to know it all--
(And even then you get those unexpected turns)
So I'll fly a little longer,
But this time, I'm a lot stronger,
When time passes and I've learned more,
I'll be sure to come back and tell you all about it.

I actually composed this one in English class. It was freezing in there, so that helped contribute to the imagery of the tower. I also had to use bits and pieces from another poem we were reading in class, so that explains the awkward phrases used in the first two stanzas. This poem tells you something about how I deal with romantic emotions – do you know what it is?

3. The Loneliest Tower (4:29) (August 14, 2008)

I don't think my narrow outlook
Can hold much more.
The length of time, weed-choked and small
It shrinks, it shrivels away,
Eventually shattering like broken dishes.

They say the winter was cold,

They say it was lonely here,
Sitting, sleeping, never changing.
But something went wrong with the blizzard,
I realized it was just a snow machine--
An illusion, a shadow of what wasn't really there
Like the sand from the beach being put into
A sandbox made from a tractor tire.

Every year, I'd go south where the cities are snowy
Where the towers stand silent, and where people
Enjoy the warmth of a fire and coffee.
And every year, I'd go to the loneliest tower in town
Where I'd find a lonely girl,
Standing silently at the window.
She was never the same person every time I returned,
But I can tell you that she always seemed to belong
With the cold, chilling solitude of the loneliest tower.

Why she was here, with me, up there, I'll never know,
But something had drawn her here,
Just as something had drawn me as well.
I'd stand next to her and look out the window,
Watching our breaths condense on the clear glass.
And when I spoke,
She left in a nervous haste
Or... was that me? I can't remember.

No one tell Emily K. I wrote this about her. Dang it! I just did. Well, there goes that non-secret. Em, if you're reading this, let me make it clear that this was written a while ago. I don't feel this way towards you anymore. (Actually, if I had the time and the right frame of mind, I'd write an entire new piece detailing how I feel towards you now.) We're just friends, alright? Still, this is included in here for everyone else, and because it's a part of my poetry that isn't so bad I actually have to destroy it.

This was written when I still had a pretty darn erroneous image of who Emily really was. It was insanely stupid. Utterly, truly, undeniably *stupid*. However, it does point out something pretty darn interesting about a dilemma I might have faced... and if I was the type to bite my fingernails, I'd be biting 'em hardcore right now thinking of what that girl might think should I choose that route...

4. Will Destiny Keep Us Apart? (3:42) (August 27-28, 2008)

Things have never been this way.
Is there a point? (Do I want to chase after beauty?)
My heart would swell, cry with tears of light and joy
if I could be with you.
But we wouldn't be together
(Not forever)
Time would break us apart
(Its great endeavor)
If the land was gone, if the space was done,
There'd be no worry, wouldn't it?
But no (but my destiny deems it not so)

I can't have you, not this day, maybe perhaps
never any other day

What do you feel?
What do you want with me?
I think it might be best
if you kept me as a friend,
Yes, keep me at a distance -- for your sake and mine.
Don't worry much about me (you know I can live),
Every disappointment makes me look forward
to the day in which
I'll finally be satisfied,
And indeed that day -- it will be as if I was never disappointed
in the first place.

Are you thinking what I think you're thinking?
Would I give my dreams up for you?

...

...

...

I'm... sorry to say, but
I don't think I could do that,
These are the things that my heart tells me I should do,
If I lose them, would you fill the empty space?
Sorry to say, but I don't think you could (could you?),
From where I float, I just can't see it--
but then again, I never saw much of you anyways
So really, I don't think we should be together
You know I can live, and I know you'll survive,
But let's forget about this -- let's put it behind us.
(The stray ray of light, maybe you have it--
Maybe you can change it all
Maybe you can make it all well.

Your version of this collection is not glitched. You really did just skip over two pieces and landed on #7. Well, funny story about that... #5 was destroyed and #6 is unfinished! Yeah. That's the deal with that.

I'd never actually written a *song* before, although poetry is considered to be like lyrics. This is meant for a soprano and a tenor. For some reason, I can sing 'em, but I can't *write* 'em, so there's no music to accompany this in my possession. If anyone wants to take this and make it real, drop me a line... we'll talk about that.

7. Are You Lost? (7:60) (October 18, 2008)

[Soprano]

Chords echo deep in my heart
A sad guitar, silently weeping for a reason
A reason, a reason to love
Where can I find one?
Where could I find a reason to love again?

[Tenor]

Did she think herself lost in her pitiful despair?
She left that day, such a solemn look on her face
I suppose it was only, only a matter of time
Before she lost herself into this turbulent life--

[Refrain]

[S] Starry skies, can you tell me where to go?
[T] Perhaps I'll drop by her window one day
[S] I cannot sit here, wasting away at the flame
[T] She looks like she might need a good friend
[S] Why do I suffer? Stars, can you tell me? Can you?
[S] Send me a cure for my horrible sickness,
[S] Make me warm, make me warm again.

[Tenor]

And yet every prince in all the land
So self-proclaimed, and so beheld by all
They do not see what beauty lies within--
She floats in the space above most hearts,
Indeed, princes cannot see
And friends do not understand,
Is it me, but only me,
That looks to her weeping heart,
That looks to heal her wounds?

[Soprano]

In my days of longing, my days of yearning,
I heard someone flitting about
Maybe, maybe it was just, just an illusion!
Yet I heard something, anything
If only just a hallucination,
I think I've finally lost my mind.
Why else, would I be imagining
That someone would come for me?
No, no, never would they!
They do not care, no, no, they never cared,
They wouldn't attend to me!

[Refrain V.2]

[S] Sparkling rivers, can you tell me where to cry?
[T] What is this, she doesn't know I am here?
[S] I cannot sit here, wasting away all my tears
[T] Such a dramatic situation that I am facing...
[S] Why do I suffer? Oh nature, could you tell me? Could you?
[S] Send me a cure for my horrible sickness,
[S] Make me warm, please (yes please) make me warm again.

[Bridge]

[T] How long must you remain ignorant, lonely soul?
[T] Listen, listen to me now,
[T] You will no longer be lonely like this--
[S] Is this true? Is this real?

[S] Do I really hear this message I feel?
 [T] Oh, you are such a silly girl!
 [T] You are right, yes, yes, I am real!
 [S] Nature, I must thank you
 [S] You have sent this pitiful heart someone to care -- someone to love?
 [T] Well, I only was doing what I thought was right...
 [S] And you thought with the light, you thought of *me*
 [S] Now, perhaps, I can survive
 [S] Now, I can live such a better life where someone is there!
 ([T] Now, you can live such a better life!)

Aren't oblivious people just the bee's knees? Uh, I'm not entirely sure of what I just said. But once you read this poem, you might get it.

8. The Gift of a Curse (4:18)* (October 21, 2008)

A little aura spins her web inside her heart,
 She sits on the sidelines counting the days,
 Twiddling her thumbs and sighing to no one,
 "Why does no one notice me?"

But perhaps she is gifted, rather than cursed.

As she sits, pondering in silence--
 "Hey! Gimme that back!"
 "You threw it away! It's *mine* now!"
 He throws a can at this other boy--
 Flies *right* over her and hits the other smack dab in the face,
 "Grr! Now you're gonna get it!"
 He jumps over the bench beside her and starts the chase
 "Yaaaah! It's *mine*, Gordy!"
 He spins around, quick to run away,
 And when they are gone, the girl looks up from her thoughts.
 "Did something just happen?"

Is it a blessing, or a punishment?
 You decide.

One of my favorite things about music is its ability to transport you to entirely different worlds, to take you to places that you could never go, to see things in people's imaginations. It has been a major inspiration for me, and has pretty much been one of the only things keeping me up finishing this collection. Yay for music, and yay for (look below)

9. Soundscapes (7:55) (November 21-22, 2008)

Enter, these waves will now surround me
 Enter, they resonate across me,
 Believe me -- believe me!
 The sound waves envelop me and now I am in another world.

Snowflakes softly fall around me as I stand in the center

Of this lost, lonely plaza,
I've been training for the cold down south,
The old tower was the coldest place in the world--
And my heart was always at its warmest then because it burned,
I wish I could fall softly like the snowflakes and right into your arms,
And then we'd dance alone under the one shining lamppost,
You'd sweep my soul of all the clutter and all the evil within
For you, I would fly to the center of your heart
And I would wipe every impurity from your face
So that you might be content with yourself,
We would become legends even if only unto ourselves
And when we pass away,
Heaven will welcome us with open arms.
(Yes, even though we never deserved it anyways.)

It all started with a movie and a passion for dancing,
So when it came to pass that I was ready to show the world
That I wasn't afraid to dance to my heart's content,
It was such a shock, such a surprise, it was,
That they actually took a liking to it.
So they began to see me as something different,
Something I wasn't used to -- and suddenly I realized what I could do.

Now I'll shy away whenever they're around,
The dance is not what it used to be,
This expression is not their spectacle.
For if it becomes only a performance, something to gaze upon with wonder,
I'll lose something special inside, and the dance will be empty--
And I don't want to have to live with that.

In a new world,
I can feel the little systems in my body stirring
As I wake up in the morning,
And I open my window and today, the wind blows cold--
I'm hoping to hear the song of an artist on the wind today,
They play in a far-off land and the sound carries to every place,
I'm just one of the lucky people that gets to hear them
And they'll brighten my day even if there's no sunlight to be had.

I have a lot of daydreams these days,
And I am transported through time and space and stand beside
Many people as they sing their songs to the world.
I've been to the desert where I watched a young man try to fly against the wind,
I've been to the beach where a boy and a girl wanted to fall in love,
I've been to the city where a young woman had her dreams come true,
I've been out in space where I heard satellites echo into the depths--
It's such a great time, but you know?
I can't stay forever, as great as it is,
In any case, this is a lovely window into the world of fantasy,
And anytime I want to go, it's there.

Exit, the waves will pass on from me now,
Exit, these waves might come to you soon -- and if they do,

Make sure you enjoy the ride, because you never know
When your dreams might unexpectedly end.

I have a habit of drawing things out when it comes to my poetry. For everybody who just said “Duh!” on that, drop me a line and tell me “Boomsark!” Hopefully I’ll remember what that means. Anyways, sometimes keeping it short is the best way to go about expressing what I want to say. That’s the case with this poem. For some reason, it’s got a lot of possibility for being so short. That’s kinda cool.

10. Glass (2:13) (November 23, 2008)

Lately, my heart's been glass,
Reflecting every thought into my mind, and
These beams of light sparkle in this lonely room,
I breathe in the thick, warm scent of my inner sanctum
Falling asleep on a mirror,
Falling asleep on my own visage.

And if I would see another one in my mirrors,
The sound would awaken again,
Did you let the cold in?
Your heart beats with a strange rhythm and I don't like it,
Teach me to see another soul in the glass,
If not, then just close the door and leave,
If not, then just close the door and leave.

I’ve always wanted to give advice to people, to help them through their trials. I’ve also wanted to help out couples with some of their relationship problems. Yes, those of you who know me decently are saying, “Hey, how can *you* give relationship advice? You’ve never had a girlfriend!” Well, do I need to drink oil to know that drinking oil isn’t good for me? No I do not! In the same way... I think I can give decent advice, at least, with some problems. This is where this next piece comes from. Do *you* think it’s good advice?

11. Did You (5:37) (December 13, 2008)

Did you wonder much about her?
The sparkles that shine in her face are for you,
And she believes that you will be her forever song,
Thoughts of romance, thoughts of simple life thwart her emotional signals
She has the power to change you deeply, intrinsically
Understand her, my friend -- she's got the other side of your heart.

Did you wonder much about him?
He's a stone, he is like ice and he is a dumb, heartless jerk
But sometimes you forget,
Sometimes you forget he is at the mercy of your reactions,
Is this yours? Who is the one that wields the power?
Be aware, my friend,
Articulate your heart, show yourself that you are sound and solid,
The complications are never so hard when you can begin to understand them.

Did you learn to attune with the world of emotion?
Oh, listen here, don't push it away, come in from the cold
Sit down and immerse yourself in this spirited place,
Your heart will melt and then you'll believe in love,
Suddenly drama makes all the sense in the world, and
Suddenly you can see within her heart.

Did you learn to sit alone and think about your heart?
The silence will serve you so well, to stop the world for a second--
You can make sense of everything,
You can make storms cease and sunshine spark inside you,
Fly away to the heights, and think for a day or two,
Slowly, you see what must be and what is no longer necessary,
Slowly, you can see what is in his heart.

If you're 1, he's 8,
And if you're 4, she's 7,
If she's blue the next day, she'll be red the next day
And if he's romantic one hour, he'll be irritated the next,
Did you step back for just a minute and look at it again?
You've had wings to fly for the longest of days,
But you looked down and you looked outwards,
This is now your time to speak. Yes, learn to think, yes, learn to feel.
Look all around and look within,
From there, you'll find the way to fly together.

Some pieces of mine are more or less a character expressing his or her problems in a poem, instead of me directly. I'd indicate this by placing a tag on the side, but there's already enough junk on the ends, so I took it out. It's alright. I think, after reading so much of my poetry, that you can tell the difference between when I speak and when a character speaks. Oh, and this piece was inspired by Kanye West's Love Lockdown. Yeah. It's cold, yo.

12. You Don't Need Me Anymore (3:34) (December 15, 2008)

There's a moonlight shining in this silent night
And you're crying on my shoulder, tears cold as ice
"I love you, you're my everything, please don't leave me..."
Beautiful girl, I take your face in my hands,
You didn't need someone like me, yeah,
I wasn't good enough for you, yeah, I always knew I wasn't,
So believe me when I say
You don't need me anymore.

You flow with emotion like a river of flame in this winter night,
"You can live without me,
If there's one thing that I've given you that's good
It's that I've made you as strong as a mountain's core,
So I know that you'll live on -- you'll be happier then."
Yeah, am I cold to you? Does my heart seem like a stone?
This isn't about us, this isn't about me, it's just about you,
Now you won't let me go

Now you're in denial, thinking I could change suddenly just like a saint,
But I'm telling you, I'm no precious angel -- I'm not your perfect man,
So believe me when I say
You don't need me anymore.

Allow me to speak my mind
If only just for a minute, yes,
My truth is hard, you know my truth is terrible to you,
I could be what you wanted me to be
But you forget I'm a wolf in this winter,
You forget I surrounded you and tore you to shreds
So if we're gonna tame the wolf of the wild,
I don't want you to suffer anything from it--
You never deserved it
So leave it to those who don't love me like you do,
Pray that I'll be with you again soon,
But 'til then you have to believe me
You can't be with me any longer, yeah,
You don't need me anymore.

This poem deals with two problems of mine; one of them in the first three stanzas, the other in the rest of the poem. Again, as I'm not always ready to disclose just exactly what these problems are, you'll have to figure it out for yourself or ask me directly. Oh, and the narrator in this poem is not me. Nope. Not at all. Hehe, and I had that phrase "every whispering semblance" in my head as I took driver's ed for like the last three weeks before I put it in this poem.

13. Flowers (11:85) (January 4-5, 2009)

There,
In the meadow,
Softly singing to herself as she picked the flowers
Swaying in the breeze,
A teenage girl looks up at me and smiles,
She waves me over, and when I do not come to her,
She simply shrugs and continues on her merry way,
Picking the flowers, there,
In the meadow.

In the forest, long before the kids wake up,
And long before hearts open their eyes to the new day,
Someone trots along the beaten path,
Brushing flowers with his hand.
He turns around, and when he sees me, his eyes glow red
He jerks back, hisses and then leaps towards the trees.

"You and yours, and all your ilk,
Don't you think wrong of me, when I come to pick flowers?
Do you not come to ridicule me, to shove me in the dirt
And hate me forever?"
He turns around,
And he runs away, far into the darkness of the daybreak,

Running far, so very far.

Another time I was walking the meadow's path,
And I saw the girl again, strolling about,
Picking the flowers.
In the distance, beside a tree, shifting ever so lightly in the shade,
I could see him watching, observing her,
Thinking these thoughts that I could not hear.

He must not have seen me around,
For as she continued through, coming to his tree,
He immediately broke around her, quiet as could be,
And stood in front of me,
Watching, observing, waiting, and thinking.

"Oh, how you can live in such bliss, such beauty!
They wouldn't let me live such a life.
Would they keep me around, beautiful girl?
They wouldn't. Oh, they wouldn't,
But they'd love you.
You enjoy, you enjoy these lovely things in nature's harmony--
And I must hide in the shadows,
Because they must never know what I am."

"Oh, how I wish for a world where I could be as free as you,
Living in gorgeous splendor, living as all say you should be."
He stopped speaking.
The girl, she stopped moving.
He walked over and hid behind another tree-- still unaware of my presence,
And he began to say these sorts of things:

"How do you command such beauty, woman?
How is it that I must fall in love with you?
What is it, pray tell, that loosens my heart and stirs my emotions?
There is no doubt in any place for me!
It is a truth, that you are naturally appealing to me!
Why, love, do you torture me so?
Stuck in this crevasse of desire, living in hardship,
Every whispering semblance of you stirs a storm inside of me!
Oh, tell me, my love, what am I to do about you?
For two voices speak within,
And neither one seems to be guiding me to a solution."

For a moment, I stopped to ponder this.
But only for a moment.
I looked to see, and watched her come down again,
I looked to see, and watched him shrivel in frustration,
With the voice of one on the wind, I said to him:

"Fly to her, and be with her now.
These flowers do not care who it is that picks them,
So long as they do it with love.
Go to her, and do not worry about the semblances you hear,

Be gentle, and be patient like the flowers are--
For they do not stop swaying to think
Whether or not they will ever be picked.
No, rather, they continue to sway, in hopes that
One like you or like her will come and pick them.
So go out to her, and share her joy.
All joy is joy whether you're in love or not,
Indeed, inquire of her, and inquire of all of her friends,
Then and then will you come to be loved,
And to be accepted."

So he heard my voice on the wind, and looked towards me,
Saw me in the trees, gasped, but then smiled, but then frowned again.
On the wind, I said again,
"A carrot only needs but one strong root to stay in the ground and thrive.
You are a living creature too;
So can you also survive with one strong bond to a person.
Go on, and plant the seeds of hope and friendship,
For all the love that flowers can never be grown in vain."

You know, the people I've shown this piece to have had different interpretations of it than me. I don't know about you, but the "fantasy girl" in this poem really *is* fantasy – she doesn't exist! At least, that was my original interpretation. There's also a much more obvious way of looking at it if you make her real... and you just might know a girl like this. Does this sound like that girl? It just might.

14. Fantasy Girl (5:37) (January 19, 2009)

She lives in a fantasy world,
And she's living in a glass house
Right on the corner of his thought's last lane
She loves the place she's in 'cause she's just a fantasy girl,
He loves her to the end 'cause she's just a fantasy girl,
Whoo, just a girl, nothing more, just a little, little girl...

He looks outside himself, and he sees all these other girls
But the fantasy girl, he knows he's into her too much
So he passes by them all, passing 'cause he's already taken
By the wish in his head, by his ideal for the feminine and for the romance.
Whenever he starts to let up on her, she whispers angrily,
"I'm way better than she is, I'm everything you ever wanted
She isn't any good for you, so give up! Give up and be with me again."

She lives, oh she lives, in a fantasy world,
Everything passes by like every warm front in the town
So she's stuck with this understanding, thinking she's the epitome of beauty
'Cause he spends more time with her than with any of his friends,
And this is what she is -- she's just a fantasy girl,
That's all that she knows, 'cause she's just a fantasy girl,
Yes, just a girl, nothing more, just a stressed out little girl...

He's a citizen of reality,
And she's a citizen of fantasy!

Ah, they weren't ever meant to be together!
'Cause he needs a girl of reality, someone with mystery
Deeper than a sky trench,
He's got an invisible ring on his finger that she won't let him take off,
What is, what is, what is the deal with that?
Let go of her, man, let go of her!

Fantasy girl, oh how you cling to your fantasy world,
Everything for you has got to be yours and yours alone
So he's stuck with you, in love with you, only 'cause
He's not ready to deal with reality,
And if you loved him like you should, you'd let him go,
He'd let you go, he'd look outside, and he would find
That you were just a fantasy girl all along,
You were nothing more, nothing more, never ever nothing more
Than a fantasy girl.

Ah, so here it is. The fifth and final Untitled piece. It would have a subtitle, but then it wouldn't be untitled (no pun intended). It's also the end of the ninth generation. As you'll read, this last hurrah of the Untitled series stays true to its roots, with unusual happenings to keep you satisfied. It's even the first poem of mine to directly take content from a non-musical source, that being a baby-naming website. But it's also the most realistic of them all, which is a far cry from the events of Untitled 1, the original that started all this romantic mayhem. There won't be any more poems under the Untitled name. The theme just got old... and so I sent it off in style. Farewell, romance of flame. Farewell.

15. Untitled 5 (39:244)* (January 27, 2009)**

----- [Intonation \(1:06\)](#)
----- [Love at First Sight \(4:26\)](#)
----- [When Dreams Don't Feel Right \(5:45\)](#)
----- [Romance is a Cruel, Cruel Mistress \(11:64\)**](#)
----- [Emptiness Left \(4:24\)](#)
----- [Conduits of Grace \(4:27\)](#)
----- [Never Lovers, But Friends? \(4:28\)](#)
----- [This is the Last Chapter of an Old Life \(6:24\)*](#)

[{Intonation \(1:06\)}](#)
Slowly and softly,
I close the door and breathe my last breath.
As I walk away, I die in this old life,
As I open the door, I am reborn in this bright light.
This is the new day,
This is my new life.

[{Love at First Sight \(4:26\)}](#)
We were two lonely people,
Living in solitude for all of our lives.
Sure, we were... we had friends,
And they were good people, with loving hearts and gracious imperfections,
But we never found them close to us.

We would stand by them and listen to them talk,
But we'd never find ourselves joining in.
When they were out and about, we were in and within,
Contemplating when we'd find romance.

When we met,
It was so melancholy,
Love at first sight.
For we found ourselves to be two of a kind,
Two lost souls coming together in the space between all worlds.
We were so beautiful to each other, and after some time,
We were together.
And it was the beginning of my last romance,
It was the beginning of my last dream.

We would work things out all the time,
For I needed space -- but you, you needed my presence
So we worked out a deal, and both our needs were satisfied.
I can remember a time, so far away as I feel it today,
When you thought out loud,
That we would be together forever. And I smiled,
And I sighed,
Because I felt the same thing as well.

{When Dreams Don't Feel Right (5:45)}

There was a day that I can remember,
That I felt something go astray.
We came together at that one bookstore,
You drinking a mocha and me simply sipping a water.
I made a comment about how there were so many books,
And how I could spend my whole life reading them all.
And you chuckled and said to me that,
"I'd rather spend my whole life with you."

I blinked, and I breathed in.
This was a mighty thing to ask!
For you wanted to truly be with me,
Share all my dreams,
Share all that I wanted to be.
And it still mystifies me, how,
You found yourself able to ask that.
I said to you,
"That's... great, but
Don't you think we should wait until the time is right?"
And my fears were allayed,
Because you sighed and you said
"That's all fine with me..."
I'll wait until the end of eternity."

And though I never told you until this day,
I could never get the feeling I had away from my heart.
Was this real? Was this true?

Did I really feel the same way towards you?
I was in love with you before, but that was just emotion,
What you were asking, it was so, so much more!
And I decided then, that I would trust you and try to bond with you,
You said you could wait.
And I was going to trust that you would.

So we lived in harmony for a while longer.
I was trying to... trying to feel something within me for you -- and I did!
But... it was so early. It was so unexpected for me.

There was that dance, then...
It wasn't particularly fun. The songs were bland, and it was hot in there--
I'm glad they had some liquid to refresh me.
But, we relished those few good songs in the mix.
And when we would dance, close together,
I found myself wondering if you were still patient with me.
I asked you softly,
"Do you ever get tired of waiting for me to warm up to the idea?"
And you just smiled and shook your head,
I looked away and felt that, well...
This wasn't right.

*{Romance is a Cruel, Cruel Mistress (11:64)**}*

Where had all the romance gone from before?
I was in love with you then, but I became so worried,
I was worried that you were deluding yourself into something that
Wasn't meant to be.
And I worried that I would break your heart if I told you that -- but I knew,
I knew that this had to be dealt with.
I knew this had to be gone.

So it was that one night, after we went to the football game,
We were both tired from getting into the action and we needed some rest.
We went home, and I decided to call you up.
We talked for a while, about mostly trivial stuff, but then I lowered the mood,
And I said,
"How do you feel about our relationship?"
You thought.
"I'm feeling... pretty good, I guess... that was a little out of the blue, there."
"I know."
"So why do you ask? Do you feel there's something wrong with our relationship?"
Ah, if only you knew then... it would be so much different today.

"Actually... yeah.
I don't... do you remember the Spring Dance?
When I asked you if you'd ever get tired of waiting
For me to warm up to the idea of us... marrying each other?
Well...
It doesn't resound well with me. I don't think... it's such a good idea.
I mean, think about it... we're not even in college yet.
How do you propose we work that out?"

You didn't say anything.

I continued.

"Listen, I don't want to go into something that doesn't feel right.

It's just... this isn't how I'd imagine it.

It's so strange! I mean, I thought the romance would never grow old.

But it has. And, I don't know how you manage to wait so patiently...

It makes me think, that...

You're only fooling yourself. Trying to... convince yourself of

Something that won't ever... happen."

And all I could hear in those moments was your breathing,

I didn't know what you were thinking, what you were feeling.

When you spoke, I could hear it all seething within.

"You... don't want to... be with me, then?"

Huh.

"I don't... I don't know exactly what I want anymore.

I still like you, but... I don't know if our relationship is good anymore.

I know we both felt so great and so happy those first few months.

And I was feeling alright until you said that to me at the bookstore."

"What did I say?"

"You said... you said you wanted to spend your whole life with me."

"I did, huh?

Maybe... maybe I was like you.

I was caught up in the moment too.

But... I expected you to put away those fears eventually!

I wasn't exactly sure about it either,

But if I knew you were sure about it, I could find the strength

To accept it as well.

But since you don't feel this is what's best for us...

Maybe we *should*... break up."

And though I've cried many dry tears in my lifetime,

This was one of the few times

That I've cried for real out of emotion alone.

Deep in, deep in me, I had these feelings for you,

And it saddened me so much to hear it coming down.

Because this was supposed to be my life's fulfillment,

You were supposed to be my heart and soul.

And now I knew it was all coming undone,

Now I knew that romance was a cruel, cruel mistress.

[{Emptiness Left \(4:28\)}](#)

And when I heard you crying with me,

I realized you were feeling the same as I was.

Somehow, in this darkness, there was light,

Because I knew that we'd finally seen the truth.

When I spoke, I said that something had grown out of our lost relationship.

"We're finally realizing the truth,

We're finally... we're finally growing up."

I told you one night that I never wanted to grow up.

You really didn't want to either.

But in that night, in those tears, we realized that it was actually
The most beautiful thing that could have ever happened to us on this Earth.

So we separated the next day,

We both agreed, that it'd be best if we stayed out of each other's lives

For a while. How long? We didn't know.

But in the time following, I knew that both of our dreams had been shattered.

What were we to do? How could we keep on living?

Well, we had our careers and I knew I thought about going into the priesthood,

But until then, what respite did we have?

What could we find to fill the emptiness left by this last romance?

This was when we turned to our friends to find the answers.

But of course, they all said mostly the same things:

"You'll find another."

"You'll get over this!"

"There are many fish in the sea."

"It was only your first relationship -- you expected it to go all the way?"

It really didn't help me, and neither did it help you,

Until we came across a curious set of messages

Sent from two mysterious senders from on high.

[{Conduits of Grace \(4:27\)}](#)

Amadeus Oded, was his name,

Ona Abana, was her name,

Such strange names -- we didn't know what they meant,

But he wrote me a message, saying that

"Something in you isn't dead yet.

That calling, that destiny, isn't dead yet.

You're feeling empty now, but I'd suggest you

Fill up your soul again with someone who never runs dry."

She wrote you something like,

"Your life has only just begun.

You are going to be something great,

So find the one who has the grace to restore you,

Find he who has the power to heal your heart."

I thought for a minute,

"This guy is telling me to go to Christ?"

And then I understood.

In the past, He had helped me through many trials,

And saved me from horrors that I didn't even know were around me.

I knew He would help me through this,

So I nodded as I closed the letter, smiling softly.

I would go to Him, and ask Him for His help.

You found that it was the same way for you,

And so over time, we came to Him, lost children of the Father,

We were showered in His grace, and it was more cleansing
Than any shower we had taken before.
With His help, we were healed, and we could begin to see the world
As happier persons again.

{Never Lovers, But Friends? (4:28)}

But a thought slipped into my mind one day.
Now that I was fine and well off,
Maybe it was time to get in touch with you again.
We weren't meant to be lovers, but maybe we were meant to be friends,
So maybe I could talk to you again,
And maybe we could be great friends again.

I was so apprehensive, and I still had your number left in my phone.
I prayed fiercely in that moment, praying that this was going to be
What I hoped it would become. And so I dialed the number,
When you saw who it was, you gasped and prayed as well.
You picked up the phone.

"Hey."
"Um... how's it going?"
"I'm... actually feeling pretty good. What about... you?"
"Me? ...I'm pretty good myself."
"You are, huh? Wow. That's good to hear."
"I know. It is. It's good to hear you're doing alright as well."
"How did you... I mean, how are you feeling--"
"So well? You wouldn't believe what happened to me."

You told me about everything that had happened to you
Since the day we broke up,
About how you felt so empty, and how your friends couldn't help out.
You told me about Ona Abana and her strange, one-time message to you,
And how you came to be healed by our Heavenly Father.
I smiled, silent as I was in awe at what He had done for us.
I told you that all of what had happened to you had happened to me,
After I was done, we both looked up at Him,
And I know that He smiled down on us from heaven.

{This is the Last Chapter of an Old Life (6:24)}*

So yes, that was how we became friends once again,
And we met at that same bookstore where it all began to come apart.
We sat away from that table we were at when it happened,
And I said as I looked on:

"Who would've thought that all of this would ever have happened to us?"
You looked at it, and then looked back at me.
"No one but God could have thought of that.
And I think that's how it was meant to be."

I looked outside and noticed that the sun was shining brightly today,
There weren't any clouds floating around to cover the daylight.
"I'm going outside," I said to you,
And as I walked towards those doors,

I knew that my old life with romance was over.
My last romance had been the greatest one of all.

Because now I could truly learn to love,
Now I could really be in love.
For love was not a romantic relationship with emotion stitching it together,
But a lifelong story with times of sorrow and times of joy, all linked by the same hand
That wrote everything out before it ever even happened.

This is indeed a new beginning,
This is indeed, my new living.
And as I open those doors,
I can feel His light carrying it all away.

I can feel all of myself... being reborn.

For the transitional periods, I decided to put them into EPs, as a complement to the albums that make up the generations. This first EP was named *The Latent Period*, based off some concepts from the nervous system that I learned in anatomy. See, I *do* remember some of that stuff!

This first piece is the shortest in the collection. Read it.

1. A Quick Analysis (1:03) (February 14, 2009)

If I look back at what has been,
And compare it to what I am doing now,
I think my future will be severely overrated.

No problem, right? I hope not. XD This shouldn't be, either. I found it lying around on an HTML page I made for web authoring class, the results of a test I conducted with text.

2. Becoming the Dancer (1:10) (October 24, 2008)

Becoming the dancer,
I see those things that our kinds can see
What are those kinds of things,
Those things that only we can see?
The delicate, intricate details of our movement,
We see the little faults and risings of our breaths
We see things in our hearts that we don't want to see,
And you don't have to move your body to be a dancer,
You just have to love the music,
The music of people's hearts.

But enough with the short little pieces. Back to normality. Lol. I once had a story that was never formally released called *Reliant Radiowaves*, which concerned a 16-year-old girl named Mina and her boyfriend Tyler, against a slew of oppressive high schoolers out to make their lives miserable. This poem is a sort of prequel to that story, summarizing Mina's life in middle school. Random fact: Mina's last name is Arcstahart. Try finding *that* in a phone book, why don't you!

3. Mina (13:94) (February 23, 2009)

In her world,
She was a special girl.
In her world,
She was the most intelligent child around.
When she smiled, you could see her thinking
Of ways to make you happy
With technology and all the inventions that she would tell you about.

In her world,
She could build the greatest machine
To make everyone's lives so much happier,
In her world she saw possibilities in the ordinary objects of life,
And when the night came around
This little girl, you could see her bright-spirited eyes watching
All the science fiction programs that stimulated her imagination.

When she laughed, skipping on the way to middle school,
You could see a trail of stardust behind her.
In this new world,
Everyone was a new species, everyone was full of what could be?s.
She found so much interest there
While she was growing up as a young lady,
Synthpop melodies would make her dance no matter who was watching,
And life was living in a land of lovely sweets
Until reality came seeping through her window.

Wasn't she a scientist?
If she was, maybe she could have inferred this about others,
But she didn't, because they'd tell her to leave her alone,
She became a nerd, a freak, a weirdo, a geek, a dork,
And you could feel yourself joining in the chorus
It was so easy to make fun of this sweet tweenage girl,
After all, idealism is dead like dumb old Barney, isn't it?

While she was sighing out of sight from all those kids,
Loneliness came in and surrounded her heart.
Maybe it wasn't such a good idea to grow up then;
Infatuations make life so much harder to figure out.
Because when you're in love, it's hard to think straight
How do you calm a teenybopper's crush on a cute boy?

In her world,
She was the sole leader of a hoped-for transformation,
Now in the real world, she's
An ugly little freak that's suddenly too shy to talk,
Because in reality, her dreams were worthless,
And her love for science and helping people ostracized her.
So because she was a girl of logical fact and methodical planning,
She vowed to become normal for the first time.

You know how society would rather not accept

An outcast trying to fit in horribly,
This was her dilemma.
She couldn't be a normal girl because it's just a fact of life
That nerdy girls can't be pretty to anyone,
And she couldn't be herself because the facts have proven,
No one wants all this sweet mushiness being spread in the air.

There's a lot she tried to make herself fit in,
And the list goes on forever, as long as three years could go,
She changed her clothes, threw away her glasses,
Gave up Star Trek and Discovery channels and abhorred their existence,
When she looked at the mirror she wanted that face to be
One of those pretty faces that boys would fall in love with,
And found herself doing things she never wanted to do
To gain the appreciation of all those ungrateful kids.

This boy she knew, she just had to have,
So she learned something about him -- something juicy,
And hung it over his head while she dated him,
Seeking the sweetest kisses and the most romantic gifts from him,
Trying to find the epitome of acceptance with pure normality,
But as all contrived concoctions like that eventually unfold,
He found a way out and made her the most wretched thing around.

What was left? Could she even try anymore?
Because you're not well off when you're making up fantasies in your head
Hoping your farfetched creations will suddenly come to life,
That's all that was left for her when that boy threw her to the ground,
Making her nothing more than a hopeless freak.
What did she do? She just gave up.
It wasn't worth it anymore. There wasn't anything to negotiate.
She was a smart girl, and so she knew when she was beaten.

Only at the end of the horrible road of pain, hatred, and blame
Could she discover she didn't need to be what they told her to.
It took a lot of heartache for her to heal,
After all, when you're nearly about to give up
The last of your innocence to fit in,
What else do you expect when all your plans suddenly fall apart?

In her world,
She was a smiling, spirited little soul.
In her world,
She could do anything she want, and she could be happy.
When she came to the real world,
It stole her heart away and ravaged it with the vines of corruption,
And she had to give up her ecstatic youthful demeanor
In order to get it back.
What's become of her now?

In the present time, she lives a decent life with her family,
She's calm, intelligent, and still a bit out of this world,
But she will never forget the things that made her who she is,

The world that made that cute little scientist a weathered young woman
Is the same world that you and I live in.

Okay, so for those who've been keeping track of my social progress, I haven't exactly been putting forward a huge effort to move things forward. Which is why I wrote this – because I wanted a compromise... and I kind of got one, sometime in the future. But really, I have to put in the work for this... there's just no escaping it.

4. Meet Me in the Middle (5:43) (March 1, 2009)

Would someone call a referee in?
I've got a dispute inside that can't be resolved.
Two pulling forces, opposing each other like known rivals
They don't agree, don't understand where to go or how to get there,
Would someone settle the conflict?

You call on me and it's so soon that I'm there for you,
Listen -- you need to know these ways of mine,
Ever wonder why I'm so eager to be your friend
Yet I never show up for the everyday events?
I want you to welcome me into this exciting world,
Pull me out of the sky and look with me towards the future,
But I can't have this and that little distinction--
'Cause I don't know it, 'cause I don't feel it's fine,
'Cause I don't want it around, 'cause I'd rather not see it in me,
With that all settled out, I'm stuck in the outer space
Where I don't find a life that's exactly the kind I'd want to live.

I'm caught between you and me and what's in between
Let me in! But I wish I could be there and be outside at the same time,
Can't I have you around and still be fully myself?
Doesn't seem like it, though you never rejected me--
Ha.

It was I who rejected you, seems like it here where I sit,
Every time I left you should've told you what I was thinking and
Maybe if I stayed around longer, tried a little harder,
Thought a little more daunting, spoke a little less esoteric,
I might be fully one of you, might be able to
Disintegrate this insecurity of mine.

This is a worry of mine -- when do I make the sacrifice?
Where do I draw the line as to where I keep my thoughts out of the picture?
This is only very simple to me,
I think I can handle the sacrifice -- after all, I've dealt with worse.
Such sensitivity like mine is valued, but not when it's paranoid (so afraid),
This is where I tone it down a little. This is where I find the best ranges for my emotion.
Still, I can't help but think...

Maybe it's not just me who needs to change things up,
Maybe you need to shape up as well.
Listen to me. I'll listen to you. If we listen to how we communicate,
We can find the middle ground -- we can find true harmony.
Would you listen, then, if I gave these ways up?

Lately this thirst for attention has been pressing down on me,
So the truth is revealed. (I badly want you to need me around.)
So if I come in to you, will you go out to me?
Will you meet me in the middle?

And with this, we are into the tenth generation, or the fourth poetry album, called *Graded Potentials for Spectacular Achievements*, again drawing on anatomy/physiology concepts. In this album, I start putting down the exact *time* at which I finish a piece, so you can have an idea as to when I write most of my stuff. It's at night, by the way.

This piece... oh, it's a heavy one. It's about my dad. Sometimes we get into conflicts, and I don't really like what he says sometimes, even if it's true. Actually, that's *precisely* why I don't like it... and although it's not his fault the world is the way it is, I'm still upset to hear that from him. Irrational? Yes. Acceptable? Not really. But... my feelings had to come out sometime. And here they are.

1. In My Mind (4:30) (March 29, 2009, at 11:25 PM)

It's so profound.
Depths of knowledge, discoveries made in the heat of a lost night
Have formed me here, given me the ways that I live by.
I look for a future better than this present world I am a part of,
He tells me to live it a day at a time, focus on the now
Because tomorrow may never come,
But in my mind this is how I want it to be--
Work today to make a better tomorrow.

Such an overload.
Emotion surrounds me, and I hear all these voices of mine
All at once,
Accept me as I am, strive to correct those things that should not be,
Understand I'll fail, fight to keep failure from occurring.
I'm used to this and that, I'm used to this world of mine
Lately I've begun to realize that I have to come out to others,
Simplify my words -- give my unusual expressions a common meaning.

It's not just because I need others to understand what I'm saying,
But rather because I need others to understand me.
Is this mine? Is this lack of social contact who I am?
I don't want it to be. It doesn't come naturally to me.
I'd like to think I'd fight 'til the end to prove I can fulfill these dreams of mine,
I don't want to hear that I might have to stop on account of reality.
Let it be presented to me and I'll take it from there,
Maybe he's wrong, maybe he's right -- but I want to know for myself.

Simplicity and complexity -- both qualities I want to possess,
They imply beauty in their own ways and I want them both,
Depth to root those things that I keep close to my heart,
Clarity to easily distinguish which is what in my heart,
But we don't agree how much of them are necessary and what to use them for,
So this is why our relationship isn't the best it can be. At least, that's how I feel about it.

A good book, to me, is one that actually makes me care about the characters. Which means the entire Twilight Saga fails as a series, because I cared more about Bella's truck than I did about anyone or anything else in there. No lie. I was sad when they finally retired it. Really, I was. I loved that truck. It shouldn't have had to go under. Ah, but life goes on...

The good book that inspired this poem was Gamer Girl, by Mari Mancusi. Seriously, for all the online relationships (romantic or otherwise) that sprout among teenagers, you'd think there'd be more books about it that aren't drawn-out lists of reasons to keep teens offline! It's a shame, really. That story was pretty sweet – I think it treated the situation really well.

I was really feeling invigorated after I finished that book. So I got up and wrote this. It burns, man. It burns not like flame, but like a really spicy pepper in your mouth. Take *that* and put it in your salad... because well, (look below)

2. Because It Burns! (7:60) (April 1, 2009, at 7:43 PM)

Do you know why?
Do you know how?
What am I trying to do? (What am I trying to prove?)
Listen, this plan of action is long overdue,
I'm sick of being alone and want friends here too,
So I'd like to wake up one morning
And show up to school looking the same as always,
Only to slowly (and surely, and undeniably securely)
Break these chains and burn this all away!

Woo, I'm lost!
I didn't get much education back when I was in school,
They taught me math and reading, but man, I was a fool
Because they never ever teach you how just to be friends
Right off the start and so natural, you never have to worry,
I guess you could give them some credit -- it's only so plain,
How do you bond to other kids -- it's only so insane!

Why do I shout?
Why do I cry?
Because I'm done with bawling now,
Being stricken with pain.
It's time to get up, get down, get out into the world around me
Seizing the day, going down with the night.
You might just ask what's wrong with me, but
Man, can't you see?
I'm doing this... because it burns!

Oh, and you will hear the tales from those years ago,
When I was lost in fantasy (nuh uh, whoa, no).
And every time I'd get to writing about her and me,

It was a part of a grander plan that I'd yet to see.
After all... who yearns for romance and melts into putty?
It's those who know they've got to love, okay, see buddy?

Why do I shout?
Why do I cry?
Because I'm done with bawling now (you know this is right!)
Being stricken with pain.
It's time to get up, get down, get out into the world around me
Seizing that light, sleeping in through that night.
You might just ask what's going on with me, but
It's so simple -- can't you see?
I'm doing this... because it burns!

Maybe it just wasn't my time yet
Was not my time to rise,
But I knew that this was not who I was meant to be,
Trapped under this disguise.
And I wonder, if all those who hid like me
Would suddenly come alive...
Would they be enough to shatter this complacent world,
World where we live and die?

Why do I shout?
Why do I shout?
Why do I cry?
Why do I refuse to die?
Because I'm done with bawling now (you know, you know this is right!)
Being stricken down with pain!
It's time to get up (get up on now), get down (get down somehow), get out into the world
around me,
Breaking the day, sealing the night, so that all might live in light,
If you happen to ask what's wrong with me,
If you happen to ask why I long to be,
You'll only get one answer.
I'm doing this... because it burns.

This was one of those pieces that doesn't feature me as a character at all. It's also one of those pieces where I manipulate punctuation to mess with the flow of the piece – all for a reason, I assure you. It does draw from some of my emotions, but it makes them fantastic and outrageous, as is custom with my poetry. Enjoy.

3. Flashes of Thought (8:63) (April 22, 2009, at 10:56 PM)

Once, they told me about conflict inside of me.
How you could be fighting with yourself,
How people in the past, have fought wars inside their hearts.
Is this how I can explain this icy feeling the world has left me with?
They would see through me, as if I was invisible.
As if I didn't truly exist, like some ephemeral being in their heads.

Would they ever realize what good I can do to the world?
Though I have been left numb, as if they had stolen my ability to feel,

A lasting willpower remains.

Won't they ever understand?
I thought I had given them what they wanted
Maybe I just didn't leave them everything of mine
What if they never wanted me to begin with?
They could have been toying with me like a puppet
Playing with my heartstrings and putting on a show
For all the world to laugh, to throw into a tidal wave of ridicule,
Tidal waves will destroy the spineless
Tidal waves will obliterate the innocent and
Tidal waves will decimate the ignorant...

In my time alone, I used to fantasize.
A prince in a frozen kingdom, a wasteland where
My power was immense -- where I could truly live.
I wouldn't need an army.
Any monster that came looking to tear me apart
Would find itself in a state of shock, of surprise
With speed, with finesse, with grace and ease
It would be torn to shreds -- not me, not me!
Would they question my existence then?

But I fall through oceans in my struggle.
How do you get them to care...
...without destroying them?
Though I am a dried, dusty skin on the fringe of living activity,
This desire continues to animate my body.

If I had been raised another way,
Would I never have generated these thoughts?
Entropy falls to instability, falls to anxiety
Am I so quick to react? Would I last with them?
These speculations run wild, so quick
They waste away in me, burn up, suck out all my energy
They do not stop for my thought-strained cries
And so I am left sprinting through galaxies of doubt,
Could someone catch a runaway comet?

Would they catch a soul set aflame by such movement?
How can they expect to keep up with me,
Can they answer every question
Allay every fear
Quench every doubt
Pacify every anxiety
Calm every storm
Silence every voice?

Even the runaway comet would burn out eventually.
Of course it would. It always does.
Look no further, and they'll see me, on the street,
I can't tell, if it's day or night, anymore,
I can't move my arm, to tell you, the time,

And I couldn't get up, to let everyone know, that I'm just fine,
Because my thoughts. have stopped.
I cannot. take
this. anymore.
My will. is gone. I
can't. fight back.
So now. i sleep.
And my heart drifts into the peace. i never expected to find...

This is the closest I'm going to get to writing emo love poetry outside of the 4th generation. XD While this was more of a Character Expression than a real expression, it does actually use imagery inspired by real people and events. Also, isn't it fitting that I wrote the commentary for this at 3:19 AM, around the same time this was finished?

4. Won't You Disappear With Me? (4:25) (April 30, 2009, at 3:11 AM)

Ah, the air is so crisp, so cold, such a perfect winter day.
I've been thinking, it's time to evaporate from this world
And you're the kindred that will float away with me,
Beloved dear, my lady of silver, won't you stay near to me?

I've lived in a world that has left me alone for too long,
Seasons passed me by while I wandered off
Looking for something I didn't know where to find,
At a glowing river, midnight with solemn glowing moonlight,
It's these white roses which surrounded me
That lowly whispered that hope was still alive, groaning, but still hanging on.

My metallic princess, won't you tell me your story?
The lines on your face have a tale to tell, written by your own heart,
You won't say a word, but your eyes are illuminated
By the firelight inside your mind, between the lovely and the unholy.
Although you have forged this mask of steel,
Your presence in the abodes of the melancholy already says that
You want to escape into a life lived without the loss of your innocent love.

One day, we'll return to this hostile reality, this world where we are not welcome.
When we fade in and the world sees us once more,
Do you believe it will accept us for who we are?
If you believe we can disappear from this place, then come along,
Walk with me and we'll brood together on a lonely road leading to nowhere at all,
And someday we'll be strong enough to thrive in our own identities
Bloom from the beauty of our own unique selves
And never have to sleep within the darkness again.

I'm not much for scaring people with my poetry. I usually leave the scaring to my antics and my short stories. But this one is the warning sort of poem that hadn't really been done in my poetry since Silent Jet Death Cycle from the way back when. It was inspired by a mixture of things, from a video about insane jihadist Muslims to a song from Frequency, named End of Your World, of course. As unusual as it is, I'd take its lessons to heart. I sure ought to, that's for sure.

5. The City of the Future (5:36) (May 13, 2009, at 12:54 AM)

Beginning in the blood that flows through your veins,
Through the heart, pumped from the arteries and seeping into
Every little capillary -- then drained by lymphatic nodes,
This is where your future starts
So deep in these veins of the body of the world...

Feel the heat as the industry groans and exudes exhaustion,
Factories overcame the tide of amnesty towards ecology.
Assembled overnight, underneath your sleeping eyes,
The moon gave up on gravitation and crumbled to dust
Now the waters are still, and now your heart is rushing.

The ailing traveler was mauled by thugs of uncertainty and left to suffer,
Ill with indecision and drenched in the blood of his broken heart.
When the city dwellers found him without a purpose, without a soul,
They were set on terminating the last of his hope--
So he was made in the image of a factory worker
They had him run inside their steel walls on a conveyor belt,
He chased after the life they would not let be taken from them
The humming machines absorbing the heart that bled through his sweat.

In the streets, the children used to play every day,
Now we've stolen them all away,
Now we've frozen innocence and melted it into a fossil fuel.
When the youth awake from their restless sleep
The sounds of addictive energy will innervate them, drive them mad,
Such a lovely awakening, when we saw their glowing eyes,
But their now bloodshot eyes open to a fantasy turned reality
And they are taught by slaves how to live like slaves,
All the while the earth is crumbling apart and we slowly waste away.

A war is being played out in our present and the stages are set,
The theatre is your heart -- the stake is your soul.
Battles will be fought and friends will drop dead in the fields,
Ideas will rise and nations will fall all around you,
The havens of your childhood will fade to nothingness if you do nothing,
So know who you are, know what you were meant to do,
Find an objective to complete -- find a mission to fulfill and pursue it
Before the future welcomes you in and shuts the iron gates behind you--
Before the end of your world...

Hey, haven't I done this piece already? Yeah, in a manner of speaking. A Wind's Touch is unique in being the only piece I've extensively edited more than once. While this no longer talks to a real girl, it does take almost every line from the original and "responds" to it, showing where I've come emotionally from the days of the 4th generation.

6. A Wind's Touch (Summer '09 Rendition) [5:28] (June 5, 2009, at 1:50 AM)

Does love mean the same thing when years of spirit are spent?

I've found you in the winds and in the sunlight,
And I asked, who were you, beautiful girl,
To meet me on the path that I yearned on?
Still the mystery, the same as ever, all the while I've been hearing
The sounds that can't be heard
Which drew me to know just who you are.

I figured out you weren't as lonely as I thought,
And your walks of solitude just outside the city
Were nothing more, your times to be alone to breathe the calmest air.

Oh, this vistic place, this land of seasons,
All emotions swirled around -- and now I've learned how to dance in the winds,
The rains fall so light, so warm, and smell so fresh,
This flame of mine, my cherished flame of love,
It's now the sentiment you can see in my smile,
So you can see while we live in these passing times,
Someday I'll find you again and maybe, just maybe,
I will finally ask for the honor of knowing your heart.

You don't have to worry anymore,
I can be alone with you without crying for love.
Don't fear that you'll hurt me when you leave,
I'll be sound and I'll be safe,
Now you can live without my fate.

Be free, lovely soul, sing your songs to the world,
Enjoy this time that will fade into twilight,
Through the light I will walk towards my destiny
When sunshine breaks for us,
We will fly into the vast, quiet plain beyond the noisy city.

This is a pretty heavy piece. It's actually inspired by a blog entry a friend of mine wrote about her father. They don't have the best of relationships, and while I think I've done a fair bit of exaggeration here with it, I still kind of worry about her. Her dad's got good intentions, most of the time – he's just real strict about how he goes about it. I felt it was necessary to obtain permission to publish this, due to the personal nature of its content -- so I did get it from that girl sometime ago. So, here it is...

7. Apology for the Blameless (5:22) (June 6, 2009, at 10:19 PM)

In the silence of this unlit room,
I slump towards the wall as your words cut into my heart.
As I endure the everyday ritual we've sliced into our memories,
I can't help but implore you give me an answer.

Haven't I been faithful to you?
Haven't I been the child you've wanted?
What goes on in that frozen heart of yours?
I can't imagine what you must be thinking,
Shutting me down and sealing my burning eyes.

After all, I'm the one who gave you all of my heart
And it's no surprise to me how you tear it all apart.

All I've ever asked for is a chance to be free,
Your sense of empathy was spent on everyone else
With nothing left to resonate with me,
The lights flicker as you issue yet another demand
Where, oh where, is the love inside?

I can't say I'm sorry for all that I've done
Because sorry has stopped being good enough for you,
You want something more than I can relinquish
And it's wasting me away, so know that soon
I'll be melting into despair, seeping through the cracks
No apologies necessary.

It looks like bits from unfinished stories of mine keep creeping into the albums as snippets. It's alright, though... I'm not here to judge their origins. This was taken from some ideas I had for *Oceanic*, which was planned to be my comeback story on the RSB but never went through, due to the fact that I always get writer's block after writing like 4,000 words or so and don't know where to go from there. This piece isn't much. But it is part of the album. As such, I want to show it to you.

8. Mirafor's Dream (7:25) (June 10, 2009, at 12:46 AM)

The thing is, I'm not extraordinary.
I'm just normal.
Everyone around me has something special about them,
But I don't.

I was walking along the cliffside with Leila
When she remarked at the sun and sparkled.
Her skin could sparkle so bright, more than diamonds,
She sat down with me and talked to me.

"Mirafor,
You don't need to worry that you're not like everyone else.
The world needs people like you."

"How? What would the world want with me?"
She looked towards the sky, as the wind blew through her hair.
She didn't say anything for a while.

"I don't know, honestly.
But I can't believe that you don't have a purpose.
Mirafor, if I knew what you were meant for, I would definitely tell you.
But I don't know. I'm sorry."

She's just saying that to make me feel better. I know she is.
But it's fine. At least she doesn't shun me.
Not that there are too many people around to shun me.
Which is good, because I don't want to be normal.

I want to be extraordinary. Beyond compare,
Beyond this ocean and this lighthouse that I've been so alone with.
Can this be done for me? I don't know. I won't ever know.

Protesting something you don't like is not a bad thing in itself. As human beings with our own free will, we generally have a right to protest against things we don't like – and for the record, I'm talking about big things like the environment and corporate greed, not your parents' commands to clean your room or your teachers' commands to do your work.

But when people don't know *why* they're protesting, or when they don't know the other side... when they don't know all their facts, all their reasons... that just upsets me. So this is for those people. Please learn something *substantial* about your cause before you support it! Know your opposition! Do not be a casualty to your cause because of it.

9. Behind This Face (4:22) (June 17, 2009, at 9:30 PM)

When you're in the heat of a stand against oppression,
Do you think about why you came to the cause?
Some people don't think too much about why they support something.
You can't fight for something when you don't know what it is,
No matter how strongly you feel about it.

When someone with a name on their shirt breaks your heart,
Sometimes you'll try to destroy the name, just to get revenge.
But the name is its own entity -- it didn't ask to be there,
So if you must be upset, be upset with that person alone.
The name they wore has no blame, if the act was not done in it.

On that day, when you join that crowd
And fight what you believe is right,
Don't let emotions get in the way.
The facts are clear, but the messengers deceive,
So see it for yourself. Let your mind analyze it all,
Free of any ulterior motive -- alone without someone whispering in your ear.

See, behind the words and behind the actions
Are all the reasons that make them happen.
What matters most are the reasons;
Never fight for revenge -- never fight to kill.
To truly express your heart, use only the truth,
And someday you will find what's only right.

Ooh, another short piece. Do you like short pieces? Well, there aren't going to be very many of them for a while, so just hold on until then. I promise they'll come. This piece was written days before my senior year started, and uses a tone that is beyond what I'm used to using in my personal stuff. That tone shows up more as we draw closer and closer to the present.

10. Chaos on the Dance Floor (2:16) (August 3, 2009, at 3:51 AM)

Can't I handle this, can't I slow this to a crawl?
Shut out the sound!
Passing through me, aren't you trying
Aren't you trying to have me?
Well, I don't dance that way-- so let's break this show apart
Don't chase me, because I'll fly too fast,
You wanted me to show you what I can do?

Get this through your mind
You can't catch what you can't handle
And you can't catch me tonight,
I'm rising to a fallout point and I'm going to break loose,
That song the DJ's playing? Consider it my escape.
It's my spirit on overdrive, it's classic overkill
Supersonic and hypersonic (can you catch a speeding heart like mine?)
Believe what you see in me, it falls free
Tonight this chaos will finally settle down.

Although the tenth generation should have ended a week before the date below, I extended it just to put this piece on the tail end of it. It was written on the first day of my senior year, when I was faced with the reality of graduation, now only days away as I write this. I was ready to take this year on... and now that it's almost ended, I can say... something memorable about it later on in this collection. =P

11. The Final Frontier (3:19) (August 10, 2009, at 9:44 PM)

Oh, I've asked for a legend
And I've been dreaming to fly,
But who would have thought my wings would be
Tempered so harshly?
I've gotten the weather forecast and it looks like
We've got a windstorm on our hands,
Oh, when I rise free from these trials,
My flight will be legendary--
I'll take it beyond the final frontier.

They've given me an opportunity to temper my wings
On the strongest winds they can send to me,
If I pursue this storm-chasing endeavor and come out alive,
I'll glide on supports stronger than steel--
I'll have a heart more enduring than gold.

So as I take my final steps across these vistic lands,
Memories will be made, and hearts will be changed.

Souls will be shook, very deep, to the core,
And when the summer takes us aloft again,
We will be legends, and we will not be forgotten.

The second poetry EP is called *Tales of the Future, Around the Fire*. It's only got two pieces, but hey, that's something, right? First up is a piece inspired by Solla Sollew from *Seussical the Musical*. Sweet song. Really sweet song. Although the words here might sound romantic, they're not, actually. They are really intended for friends, not girlfriends. So with that in mind, please enjoy this poem.

1. When Time Escapes You (9:39) (August 24, 2009, at 11:15 PM)

When you were born, a silver seed was sown into your heart,
And it was sealed with this promise:
"You can never die."
It was the promise of everlasting innocence,
Living forever inside a world where dreams and realities are one and the same,
But the grand enemy of this natural beauty
Is time.

It takes so little to bury it under,
And so much to find it again,

Across ages, on nights where the stars look at you,
You've been gazing into eternity, that which never changes.
These hearts forget what time has made them,
So when I see you lost in your problems,
Take my hand when you feel you're going to fade away,
We'll rediscover what we have always possessed
In places where time is nothing and space doesn't matter.

You've seen people fly off to the moon,
Farther from home than you could ever believe.

Oh, how I wish this night could be our reprieve,
Let it last without counting the hours, the days,
So was the world before time was minded.

When you look across ages,
On nights where the moon is sleeping (and so doesn't shine),
You've been gazing into a desire held by one and all.
These hearts forget what they were born to be,
So when I see that the world is losing its hope,
Hold onto my heart when you feel that life's meaning is lost,
We will find again this love we have lost along the way
In places where time and space concede to a higher truth.

All it took was one fateful action
To send it away,
My tears will wash you clean, for I can't help but
Love you.

If there's one last thing you ever hear from me,

It's that time can heal what it has wrought.
If I leave you tonight, please don't despair.
Show this weary world how much you can care.

Light brings love, and love needs no requests.
When time escapes all of us, that's when all of our souls will rest.

Okay, so here's another poem about me getting upset at rebels and freedom fighters. Seriously, just because you *can* do something doesn't mean you *should*. And yes, I *can* tell you what to do – but whether or not you actually do what I say is your choice. Okay?

2. No One Didn't Ask For This (5:27) (August 25, 2009, at 7:46 AM)

I suppose that's the status quo to you,
Unwritten, but ha, isn't it so set in stone?
While water can run through a stone and erode it away
I can't settle for one little niche to keep this going on,
It's not like they prohibited making a difference here--
So I'm gonna make a spectacle of what once was fear.

Ooh, didn't we once say freedom was ubiquitous?
I'm sorry, but here's an undercurrent flowing beneath Atlantis
Every action's got a reaction,
And yours will give you what you gave it in due time...

Lately, we've been sampling a gala medley of life,
Love, hate, joy, depression, grand shows and secrets all around,
You can take what you want but unfortunately, this is the truth
Those vegetables you've been skippin', well
Don't ask me why your life's really flippin' later on, okay?

Ooh, didn't we once say right and wrong were relative?
I'm quite thinking currents dislodge mountain stones
What's good and evil aren't ours to decide,
And I personally think that makes things a little easier
Don't you think?

It's a shame when the peacemakers become the instigators,
There's a new rebellion living in our age
The kind that would rather not have a conscience around,
You can tell yourself whatever you want, but
You can't change what's real, okay?
May not be what you asked for, but hey!
It's just something I have to say.

The fifth album. The first half of my senior year. The album's name is *Late Beginnings, Early Endings*, and these next 11 pieces you're about to read are the words of the 11th generation. The title of the album is pretty much how a lot of my social life has gone, with a "No kidding!" added by me because it's already May and I feel like I haven't made the progress I should have...

The title of this one was inspired by Audition's Season 2, which came to American Audition on September 1. When that came around, it was like a rejuvenation for me – a call to action, to get things going. You'll also notice an extra number at the end of my notation now: it's the word count of the poem. So just to clarify, the notation goes (stanzas:lines:words) now. So this poem has 4 stanzas, 23 lines, and 177 words.

1. Second Season (4:23:177) (September 1-2, 2009)

The definition of an exponential function
Is $f(x) = a^x$, where a is a constant and x is a real number.

So a line on a page is now a living reality,
Moved so slow, now rushes so fast
With no way to turn back,
Soon I'll be taking my first flight.
(Give it all you got...)

The day dawned, and
Suddenly it's real,
Senior year's here making its appeal
To me, to make me temper my wings
My heart, my soul, 'til I don
That special white gown at the end of an eon
Where I will have liftoff, and life -- on my own.

My life's been full of late beginnings,
And early ends that make me wonder where the time has gone.
I can wonder all I want, but now time's quicker.
This is where I'll leave my legacy--
This is where I make my stand.
And thirty-seven stories up, when the salute's given
And our farewells are said,
We'll all soar to the skies
Where I hear this life changes in ways unforeseen.

I believe the world still has many princesses, some of which live in the same city that I do. They just don't live in castles, wear gorgeous dresses every day, or act very dainty. Heck, some of them can kick my butt if they wanted to. But there's something in these young women that has not changed from the medieval standard, and that's a sort of beauty that has not, will not, and *cannot* change across time.

It's that beauty that gives me one of my reasons for living! Seriously! Do you know how worthless, how unfulfilled my life would feel, if there were no women in the world, if there were no princesses to capture my heart? Girls, sometimes you don't know how very *important* you are to us guys! And this is for you, because you deserve it. Really, you do.

2. Modern Princess (7:37:325) (September 14, 2009, at 12:37 AM)

So long ago, love was a fairytale reality,
The knight slayed the dragon, his valor so fierce
And his resolve unbending
His prize was not only the glory of having

Destroyed that evil in the world, but he
Earned that most glorious honor of meeting the maiden,
Preserving her beauty and the mystery that captivates all men.

But it's not the Middle Ages anymore, my love!
Surely that can't mean I can't give myself to you the same way...

I mean, after all--
You're the sweetest soul across the seven seas
An unharmed symphony encaptured in a spectacular form
You shine so bright, diamonds would detract from that luster sparkle.
I thank God every day for giving you to me
Because I just have no reason to be around someone like you,
And He's found it right to put us together in this time.

With the passing afternoons, I'm beginning to see
That simplicity is unknown, and drama's everywhere.
Hey, did you hear?
She's just broken up with him-- 'cause he's been cheating
They've got this tip to get some revenge, ooh
Young hearts, sleeping alone within sealed hearts
Can't trust who's there, like flowers swept away by blizzards
Lost in that endless winter, and they crave the spring.

As I feel all the world spinning around me
Still images silence the noise of the masses.
Oh, how can you exist? Such a miraculous sight to behold...

I mean, after all--
You've lasted all these years and you're still so precious
A pair of untainted eyes, encapturing the spirit of the human soul
Can't imagine what would shield you from it all,
You must be God's own daughter!
No one else could care for someone such as that,
I'm such a failure in this regard-- you shouldn't have me around,
Still God tells me that this is where I'm meant to stand.

There's... just one question I can't answer.
What do you think of me?

When the episode names of anime shows are translated into English, they often have funny, awkward names. That's where the title of this came from. This piece was largely inspired by the theme song to School Rumble -2nd Semester-, and talks about stuff I've talked about many times. But don't skip it. You'll make me feel bad if you do.

3. Spectacle! The Power of the Moment Splitter... (4:25:215) (September 27, 2009, at 3:05 PM)

Show me a minute when we're alright
And I'll give you a year when we're in turmoil,
Give me a taste of what our spirit loves
And I'll show you a feast of what our spirit hates--
Haven't we had enough of a life?

We are the spirit of the future!
The hope of a world rests with us.
But we suffer so much, in this struggle
Young stories live forever and are born of special moments.
So, the drama resides for real, and is forever fresh!
Our time is now. Where are the heroes of tomorrow?

In another time, speed runs slow,
But in this time, speed runs so fast,
In another space, we are with our secret dreams,
But in this space, we are with unforgiving reality--
The tears of the immature strengthen a resolve
"Are we not alive?
Are we not the masters of our own destinies?
Rise again! Fight for freedom! We can be it all!"

We are the future for the world!
The hope of older souls gives us heart.
But we have lost so much, in this struggle
Time lasts forever when your heart is so close to it all.
Ah, we will remember these days as being neverending!
This time is now. Are we the heroes of tomorrow?

There's a friend of mine that will, upon reading this, immediately know that it's about her. Yes, you know who you are! Don't act like you don't. You're too smart for that. I've already told you about this, anyways. You were the inspiration for this poem that came before *that one you responded to*. For everyone else, as is typical of me, I exaggerated the issues presented here. Many thanks to my friend, for without her, this piece would not be here... as would some other things.

4. Let Me Live! (6:35:302) (September 27, 2009, at 9:35 PM)

I wish I knew why I'm still around them.
They're not for me! I can't stand their antics!
I've been swimming through chaos all over,
I can't keep up much longer.
My pathetic breathing only serves to show this--
I don't want this world anymore!

I'm not that simple, boy
You can't just expect me to trust you without a fight...
I believe I've been broken far too many times
To just let you inside my heart!
But I'm never willing to keep everyone away for long,
I can't live alone. I can't live with stupidity.
How do I manage staying alive day by day?

This knife beckons to me, and how I wish
It would cut my heart out, so I couldn't feel the pain anymore!
Tell me who's responsible! Tell me where I'm supposed to go
When almost everyone around me is so immature...

Don't tell me how I'm supposed to act, boy
I have no patience for you now,
I'm flying far, far away, and I refuse to let you catch me!
I'm afraid I won't last much longer with the way
This darkness sweeps me into despair...

Oh, I can't be alone anymore (not anymore),
Oh, I can't be alone anymore (not anymore),
Oh, how I plea in the sea of sound (to be set free),
I never wanted a whole lot before, but
You've gotta give me something better!
You've gotta let me breathe like I deserve to breathe...!

If you'll listen, boy...
I'd like to make one final request before I leave.
Please grow up. Please learn to be a man.
Don't just do this for me, because you'll never see me again
Do this for your future wife, for everyone around you!
And then... this world will be a bit easier to deal with.
(Hopefully.)

Oh, snap. We were just blazing through these pieces carefree until we hit this one. You remember Untitled 3, right? You remember what the big deal was about towards the end, right? Well, here's where I hit the nail on the freaking head with that issue. I tried it in Flowers, I tried it in that sixth generation poem with the long name, and possibly in a bunch of other poems – but now it's time to get to the nitty-gritty. It's time to deal with it in earnest, while still being poetic about it.

I should not need to explain what this poem is about. It should be evident by the very name. So I will not explain it, seeing as you can figure it out for yourself. This might make you uncomfortable. You might never see me the same after you read this. But realize that this is *real*. This is something I *actually deal with, people!* Your own struggles should tell you that this isn't much of a surprise. With that in mind, I present to you...

5. White-Hot Tension (7:37:310) (October 24, 2009, at 11:44 AM)

Simply put, I'm sick of this unnatural condition.
I can't stay still for three minutes without one of them passing by,
The tension, it winds inside like a little toy
It becomes too strong, and eventually has to let go--
Lest I lose it all, or else I'll shatter into pieces of passion.

No, girl, it's true
I can't love you,
Yeah, it's a dark fact of mine
I'm way too attracted to something I can't have,
A midnight candle burns alone in my heart,
The hope that I can resolve this hidden crisis
Surrounded by hyper nerves, all too willing to
Lose all control.

(The time weathers all walls

Can't you see I'm dying with each passing minute?)

These days, I'm afraid of falling asleep.

Do you know why?

It's the only place, the only time, where I can't hold it back,

One man cannot hold back a raging volcano--

I'll hide and soothe the scorch marks so you can't see I've been burned...

No, girl, it's true

You shouldn't kiss me,

Mm, it's a shameful truth of mine

You may as well dive into a pool of gasoline

And drop the lit match in,

My organic desires march like an army against one white-hot defender,

I have to face facts, I'm losing the battle this way

My hope lies in real negotiation, one platoon at a time,

Before the thousands reduce my purity to rubble.

A thousand sticks aflame are falling from the sky,

The only way I can keep them from destroying the world

Is to have another flame consume them all.

(Yeah, you *can* fight fire with fire. Didn't you know that?)

Let purity's true strength obliterate all these lesser desires,

And indeed, if this happens, I won't be such a broken man.

(And time ensures all things

Do you see the potential becoming glorious reality?)

So now that's over, it's time to move onto slightly less edgy ground. The relationship I depict here never happened. At least, not between these two. It may resemble a relationship you've seen in reality, but that's just coincidence. The ending's pretty heavy, but gee, aren't some break-ups like that? Oh, yeah. You can bet your insanity on that.

6. The Rise and Fall of Rick and Lina (8:70:600) (November 4, 2009, at 10:32 PM)

Another love again?

Girl, you know I've got a lot to do in my life

You think I could be your man?

(Oh yeah, there's no doubt we'd be great together!

I can't deny your strong spirit, can't live without

Someone to be with,

Be mine and we'll be happy together.)

Alright, so it's set--

We're together, so let's make this known

Holding hands in the halls, kissing when no one else can see us

(Tell me, what do you think about her?

That one I keep catching you looking at?)

What, her? She's nothing to me, baby.

You're all I care about.

(Hmph, whatever. Don't look at other girls like that, okay?)

Man, it's hard enough to be on the team

Without my girl givin' me a hard time...

So when a month passes and we're still together,
I gotta be honest, I'm getting suspicious too.
She doesn't return my calls. She hangs out too much with other guys.
(I can't stand being around him. He talks down to me so often.
We argue every day, and can't go out without getting into a fight,
At least the other guys understand me -- not like him.)
What is her deal? Can't she see I'm trying to be nice to her?
(You're being nice? Since when?)
Since the last few weeks! I've been trying so hard to please you,
But nothing works! You're impossible to make happy,
You know that?

(No, actually, I didn't.
No, I didn't know you cheated on me with that trashy flirt
Just the other day. You wanna know how I heard about it?
Your best friend ratted you out when he saw y'all at the movies.
He told me everything, every last detail down to the
Dog slobbering that you call kissing, you pig.)

First of all, I'm gonna whip that little snitch, you just see.
You wanna know the truth, girl?
I was tired of you not talking to me and always
Hanging out with all these other guys,
So I thought, "Well, if she can do it, why can't I?"
So that "trashy flirt" you were talking about -- the one
Who's actually a lot nicer to me than you ever were
Was glad to have me around. And those kisses?
Consider that payback for all the hurt you've caused me. Okay?

(So that's when I slapped him across the face
And then raked him with my knee, right into the wall,
"And that's payback just for saying that!
I never want to see you again!"
He was still reeling from my hit when I said,
"Look on the bright side..."
At least you can go slobber all over your personal slut now."
That's when I decided I would try to find a guy
That wouldn't treat me worse than his own dinner.)

I don't need her. I never did. I don't even know
Why I was with her.
Next time, I'm gonna find a girl that understands me.
I'm gonna find a girl who treats me better
And doesn't force me to find someone who actually
Knows how to treat a man.
Y'see, I know some truth as well, and I know from
One of my friends who -isn't- a wussy snitch
That she's been cheating on me too.
So I suppose that we're both to blame. Whatever.
It's still her fault,
But yeah, I agree.

It's best we find someone else.
(Wow. I never thought we would agree on something.)
So we say goodbye.
(Hopefully we never see each other again.)
Goodbye, you lying whiny twit.
(Goodbye, you ugly, pathetic loser.)

Okay! So that's enough of the nitty-gritty for now. It's back to the free-spirited romance I've been writing about for the past four years. This was real, though. I actually did feel this way. I was surprised at first, but... well, just read this and you'll see.

7. Given in Heart, Lost in Time (3:13:108) (November 20, 2009, at 12:29 AM)

A letter for a girl totally deserving.
Feelings that felt so warm to me, now gone.
Why am I so... annoyed by you, now?

Gosh, I just don't know what to say to you
You know I still think of you as a good friend,
Can't imagine how I would cease to see you this way,
But it's happened once before -- shouldn't be a surprise.

Goodbye, romantic spirit,
You've taken a piece of my heart with you
Never going to return, it seems
You've done your job well,
So give the salute, for when you sink below the waves
I'm left wondering what to feel with now...

If you thought writing White-Hot Tension put me under stress, you haven't seen anything yet. White-Hot Tension was only a branch of the vine that serves as the root of all those kinds of problems: my conscience. Yes, my conscience. It seems that a lot of people have trouble following their conscience – but with me, I felt so *oppressed* by my conscience.

It was everywhere. It got into the mundane things no one thinks about. It was so restrictive, my own parents could not have done any worse. Ohhhhhh yeah. That tension I talked about earlier was a direct result of my scrupulous conscience squeezing me like an anaconda. So to relieve the pressure and finally take a resolve to balance out my voice of reason, I wrote this. Here we go.

8. Inside of Me (15:55:384) (November 22, 2009, at 8:04 PM)**

Yes, it's inside of me
Hold the phone, I'm busy on the other line
I've got my perfections demanding everything.

"Hello? The signal's breaking up.
Are you going through a tunnel or something?"

You could say that,
Too much tough love, self-strained desire in my heart.

("I'm sorry? I can't hear you.")
Oh, boy, here I go again
Not listening to you, and here you go again!
Crush me underneath your judgment.

What do you want out of me?
How much of my spirit are you willing to destroy?
("Spirit? Destroy? What are you talking about?")
Everyone else has accepted me no matter what I've done.

So why can't you?

Sorry, I was just dealing with something.
What were we just talking about?

"Well, you said something was inside of you--
Won't let you sleep, keeps you awake with threats
Do this, or you're a wretched thing."

Right.
See, what I'm planning to do with this iron-fisted rule
Inside of me
Is I'm going to subdue it at every corner, every turn
As right as it may be?
It can't threaten to tear me apart if I don't follow it.

"I'm losing you again.
I think you ought to get a more reliable phone plan!"

The broken signal's because of this disruptive interference.
I'm sorry to say, conscience, but you've become
Too strong for your own good.
No, I'm afraid you can't squeeze me so hard anymore.
I'm not saying I want you to leave forever,
Not wishing you were wasted away by my sins,
I just want you to know I understand what's going on.

So please, continue to do what you do.
You just can't do it as forcefully anymore!
My heart's at stake -- I can't have this pressure breaking me.
Accept me, with or without my support.
It's all I really ask of you,

Just give me a chance to breathe.

"Are you going to be okay?
Do you need any help with this?"

I might, just maybe, but for now
This is my case issue, my problem for the year.
Thanks for being there, friend
("Of course. It's no problem. None at all.")
Pray for me as I undertake one of the grand endeavors of this era,

Hopefully at its end I will be more at peace with myself.

Only when this peace is sealed--
Only when I can rest easy knowing my heart is safe from myself
Only when that happens...
Ah, yes, it's when I learn to sing it (make it a friend to me)
I'll be becoming all I ever hoped to be.

While the Untitled series is a fond memory, just because I stopped with that didn't mean I stopped writing long epics. So enters HumiLove. It's the name of a code of romantic love I had to come up with for English class, and is also the name of a new series I've started. There were supposed to be three parts to this in this collection, but my time problems eliminated the possibility of them existing here. So you will have to settle for just Part I, which is still pretty good.

Instead of relying on fantasy and unrealistic events to drive the story, this series is devoted to using worldly, down-to-earth things to keep the plot moving. I hope you'll be able to relate to this more easily than you ever could with the Untitled series. I really like how the story turned out. I hope you do too. So here it is...

9. The HumiLove Trials, Part I: The Wings of Truth (49:395:3703)* (November 24, 2009, at 2:41 AM)

Knocking at my door, the sun's just set
I'm thinking that lighting up a joint would set this stupidity straight,
As soon as I tell this idiot to go away...

(I'm trying to get some peace and quiet,
Ever since I broke up with that jerk, I need some space to myself
And this bozo won't shut up,
So I'm knocking on his door, going to tell him to settle down...)

I slump towards the door and throw it open,
Oh, it's the new girl that just moved in -- what does she want?

Yeah? What do you want? I'm busy.
(You've got to stop making that racket.
People are trying to get some rest, you know.)
Leave me alone, okay? I don't need people telling me what to do,
Especially not someone who just moved in here!
(Well, I don't care! Whatever you're doing in there,
Quiet it down! I'm trying to relax!)

Forget you, then...
I slam the door in her face and go back to my couch,
I'm really glad I've got those cigarettes sitting on the table,
'cause I know that women are tough to deal with,
And lighting up helps me deal with that and the rest of it.

(Fine! If that's what you want.
I storm back to my apartment. It sounds like he's shut up.
Good. He smelled like smoke anyways.
I need to get back on the scene soon, can't stay single for long.

I know! I'll call Mitch. He said he'd be willing to go out if I wanted to.)

So some days pass, not much going on,
Been out with my friends a few times,
Had a date or two in the time, girls not really my type,
Rachel, you're too weird for me,
Abby, you're too perky for me,
Can't say I've found a lot in the way of love.

I wish I could tell you how much I cared, mystery girl,
I saw you on the streets today, and I accidentally bumped you over
You spilled your coffee all over your purple coat,
And I said I'm sorry, you said it's alright,
We started talking, and we went to that coffeeshop on the corner
Of Jackson Street and Central Avenue,
Can't believe how moving you were to me
With your strong heart, determined spirit, great looks,
And now here I sit, a lonely smoker, with your number on my hand.

What do I say to you now?
(Guess I want to go out, yes, that's fine,
We'll go out again tomorrow.

Mitch, you treat me so well, with your smooth words,
Romantic deeds -- you're a true gentleman in everything you do.
I'm sorry to say I'm not good enough for you, Mitch
There's a darker side of me that wants something I can't have from you,
I'm not proud of it, thinking of it as I stand on this moonlit balcony,
But I've been cheating with Ralph. You know, that Ralph--
The one who's been with ten different girls these last eight months,
I'm his eleventh lover, and I hate to say I can't resist him,

But it's only the truth, and though I abhor what it means for us,
I feel like I ought to tell you sometime.
Not tomorrow, not next week... if we're together that long, Mitch,
Forgive this dirty fugitive for what she's done.
I hope you find it in your heart to see past it all,
Maybe, just maybe, I can wash away this dirtiness from my heart.)

Coughing as I pick up the phone, I dial your number
Hoping you'll answer my call,
What was your name again?
Click.
"Hello?"
"Hey... this is Alan... you know, from the coffeeshop."
"Oh, hey! How are you doing?"
"I'm fine. Hey, uh... I was wondering..."
I hate this awkwardness I have.
I was never any good with girls in high school,
And ever since I dropped out of college and started smoking
I've only gotten worse.

"Yes?"

"...uh, maybe we could... you know, if you don't mind..."

"Ha ha ha, are you going to ask me out on a date, Alan?"

"Yeah. If you're up for it."

"That sounds okay. How's tomorrow at 7:30 sound, at

The restaurant at the corner of 3rd and Central?"

That's a pretty nice place. Well, sort of.

"Cool. I'll meet you over there at 7:30 tomorrow, um... Reina."

"Great! I'll be looking forward to it, Alan."

How am I supposed to do this?

(Well, I guess this is how it goes,

Here we are at Martha's, right at the corner

Of 3rd and Central.

"Shall we go in? Of course, ladies first..."

"Thank you, Mitch."

We find our seats, a nice little booth all to ourselves,

The staff takes our orders and suddenly, as I notice

A photo on the wall of a young woman, a silhouette looking across

To her beloved on the other side, who waits for her to come to him,

Can't get those thoughts out of my head--

My confession to you, Mitch, it's welling up in my throat

But I can't say it!

You can't know who I really am just yet...

"Is something wrong, Ilene? You seem a little distraught."

"No, there's nothing wrong. I just got absorbed in that picture.

It says a lot to me."

"Ah, of course. The woman waits for her beloved to come to her.

It has a lot of meaning. You're most certainly correct..."

As the dinner passes, I look around and notice the

Smoker guy from a week ago sitting at a table with someone else,

Wow, he actually got a date with her?

She's way out of his league. She looks so classy, with that coat,

That designer purse and her hair done so nicely.

She must feel sorry for him. I mean, look at him!

He looks like he threw that outfit together at the last minute

And doesn't know what he's doing at all.)

I don't know why that girl who knocked on my door

Is looking at me like that, but I have bigger problems right now.

I'm pretty sure I look like a homeless guy,

Reina's done most of the talking and I haven't come up with anything good.

Why the heck is she even bothering with me?

"So, what do you think about the Pasta Supreme?

Have you tried it?"

"No. I haven't been here before, actually.

I'm sure it's pretty good. Maybe I'll get that."

A big heaping plate of spaghetti sounds good.

"So, tell me about yourself.

What do you do for a living?"

"Me? Uh... I'm working on a major in engineering.

I'm going to work for the city when I graduate."
"That's great! I'm majoring in journalism.
I'd love to work for the Herald when I get out of college.
You don't know how badly that paper needs a good reporter.
It's full of corruption. What you read there, it's all trash--
Nothing but filler stories put there while they censor
All the real material that needs to be shown to the public..."

Who am I kidding? I'm a loser.
I have to lie because if I told her I worked at the Pack-'n-Sack as a bagger,
She would never talk to me again,
Not to mention I'm a smoker who sits around wasting his days out
Being lazy and watching TV, hardly keeping up the rent.
Yeah, I really shouldn't be here.
But I am, 'cause I have this crazy idea that maybe I can find love,
Maybe Alan Yorker can find some real happiness amongst this
Futile fighting, these failures, this forgetting what's important,
I know everyone would say it's a stupid dream and they're probably right,

But what else can I get in this life?
(You could have so much more,
No, but what's wrong with you, idiot?
I'm in the restroom looking at myself in the mirror,
Sure, I might look good to Mitch,
Maybe I'm a pretty nice girl, maybe I'm someone he really likes,
But underneath this nicely polished skin lies a burning lust for satisfaction,
If only he knew that painful secret of mine.
It makes me want to hurt this girl in the mirror,
I want to take her nicely styled hair and hang her by it from the ceiling,
While I tell her how terrible she is for all the things she's done wrong...

Mitch, what am I doing here?
I was just with Ralph a few hours ago!
How can I sit down with you on a date,
How can I try to tell you that I want to be with you
When I'm intimate with someone who doesn't truly care about me...
Who am I to say that I love you
If I love this sexual pleasure so much that I can't stay away from it?
I'll finish this date with you. I owe you that much.
But if I don't tell you soon,
I'm going to have to ask you never to see me again.)

I can't believe I managed to make it through that date
Without smoking at least one joint,
At least I've got release now. I'm home, by myself now.
I don't think I've ever been as grateful for a cigarette as I am tonight.
Reina, you should seriously find someone else.
I'm no good for you. You deserve a better guy than me.
I can't think straight, 'cause I'm falling asleep already,
But hopefully I can make it through tomorrow alright
Because I need to get back in the old routine,
Gotta forget you, Reina, 'cause tomorrow we're breaking up
Not that we were ever together, but this is just how it's gotta be.

The Pack-'n-Sack isn't that bad of a store,
It's kinda like a smaller Wal-Mart that has friendlier service
And pays a little better,
If it weren't for that little financial fact, I'd be living on the street!
It's not that boring of a job, though sometimes I wish I'd rather be
At the movies, at the clubs, heck, even at the McDonald's down the street,
It pays the bills, just barely, but it keeps me living from day to day.
"Alan, is that you?"

"Reina? I didn't think you would be here...
Don't you live on the other side of town?
Why are you stopping here...?"
"I just came from the Herald. I got an internship.
So, you're balancing work and classes, huh? That's hard to do.
I'm glad you can manage it. I know a lot of people who can't handle that."
Yeah, I don't doubt you do -- especially since I'm one of them.

"Listen, Reina... could you stay around a few more minutes?
I'm almost on my break, and I've got to talk to you.
I've gotta... I've gotta tell you something I can't tell you over the phone.
It's really important."

"Oh. Okay. Sure. I'll just wait by the water fountain outside."
So as soon as I get off for my break,
Snap, I gotta have a smoke.
But I have to tell her that it's over between us.
Sure, I might have this crazy idea it might work out,
But I was thinking about it, and I figured out it's better for her
If she doesn't talk to me anymore.

So I light up.
And I walk out.
She sees the lit cigarette in my mouth, and doesn't seem fazed.
Probably trying to be nice.
"There's no hiding it, Reina.
...I'm a smoker."
"Well, okay... is that all you wanted to tell me?"
"No. Please, listen to me.
You wanna know why I smoke?
It's because I can't find any other way to relieve my suffering.
The truth is...

I dropped out of college months ago.
I couldn't take the work, so I gave up on it and settled for this.
I can hardly pay my rent. I live like a slob.
This is my full-time job, a bagger at a grocery store.
I'm not asking you to accept me, Reina.
Even if you're cool with this, which I can't imagine you would be,
You'd be better off dating some other guy.
You know, someone who actually has it together,
A guy that's more of a man than I'll ever be,
The kind that will treat you the way you ought to be treated.

So I just wanted to tell you the truth.
You can leave now. If you never talk to me again, I'll understand."

(I told Mitch I'd meet him at the place we first met for lunch,
That little burger joint at the corner of Falkner and Eastern,
So as I start down and stare out the window, waiting for him,
When no one other than my secret lover, my guilty pleasure,
Ralph walks in and gets in line for an order.
He hasn't even seen me, but now that I've seen him,
I don't want to be here anymore.

I want to leave, but I can't, because of Mitch,
It's times like this that I wish I could escape reality and
Hide out in my fantasies, my wishes of what I think should be,
Hide until it's safe to be real again,
But I've got to keep hanging in there, if only for Mitch.

Here he is!
"Ilene! There you are. You look great today."
Oh, how I wish he hadn't said that.
Ralph turns around and his eyes lock onto me,
When he looks at me like that, it stirs something powerful in me,
But this time it's not desire -- it's fear, deadly fear...
"Ilene? I didn't even know you were here.
So, are we still on for tonight? I'm really... looking forward to it."
Run, my body tells me. Run and never look back.
But I can't run. I'm frozen in that chair.
"What? What are you talking about?
I'm the one who's dating Ilene."

"Dating her? Ha! You preppy, wannabe loser.
I've gotten way farther with her than you ever could.
Isn't that right, my little queen?"
I can't watch this. But I have to.
I can't listen to this. But I have to. I can't stop my senses.
"You what?"
"You heard me, glee club. She knows who the real man is.
She may go out with you every so often, but she knows where the good stuff is.
Why else would she keep coming back for more? Ha ha ha!"
He tries to tousle my hair, but I push him away. Suddenly I hate him,
Suddenly everything about him disgusts me!

"Ilene... is this true?
Have you been... cheating on me with this beastly man?"
I can't bear to look into Mitch's eyes. If I do, I'll turn to stone.
So I stare out the window as I say,

"Yes, yes, yes... it's all true.
I've been sleeping with him the whole time I've been with you!"
My voice, it's fading,
"I've always thought that you weren't giving me enough,
And since I knew that, that you wouldn't give it to me,
I had to find someone else to satisfy my urges."

My tears, they're beginning to overflow,
"You have every right never to speak to me again.
Someone as sick as me... doesn't deserve to see you ever again.
It might seem, like I love you, Mitch,
But how can I hope to show you that, with what I've done?
It's a lie. I'm a lie. And you shouldn't have to deal with this ugly, ugly lie.

Ralph, I can't say I didn't like what we did together.
But now I wish with all my heart that we never did it in the first place.
We're through. I can't give in to you anymore.
I can't give in to this desire anymore. It's made me a filthy slave.
So while I can't stop you from being... you,
I know I can stop me from degrading myself any further.")

"Alan..."

"Yes?"

"It's a shame. You should be ashamed, but I know you already are.
I can't say I'm just cool with you lying to me. I'm not.
You're right. We shouldn't be together.
But you know what?
You're not as bad as you make yourself out to be.
Yeah, you definitely have some issues.
But if you were courageous enough to tell me all of that,
You have to have something good in you.
You've got the potential to be better than you think you could be.
But hey."

She gets so close to me, I can feel her breath on my face.

"Don't blow it, okay?
You could be better, but you could also get a lot worse.
Try and see about going back to school. If you want,
I can help you out. It'll be demanding as heck,
But I don't want to leave you on your own with no help.
Just call me up whenever you want to get it started.
Okay?"

I don't think I ever saw something like that coming.
You wanna be friends, huh?
You just blew me away more than you ever did in saying that, Reina.
Now I know for sure that you're gonna make that lucky guy happy.
You're gonna change his world.
And even though we're going to be just friends now,
What you said to me has made you more beautiful than ever.

"Okay. I understand.

Reina?"

"Yes?"

"Thank you. Thank you so much."

She moves over a little,
Sneaks in a warm little kiss on my cheek,
And says to me in the voice of an angel,
"It's no problem. I think you could be great.
But don't blow it!"

("We're through? I don't believe you.
You can't just break up with me! I'm Ralph Johnson!
Women want me! They can't get enough of me!
I can't just buy your story that you're 'done with me'.
What did you do to her, huh Mitchy boy?"
No. I know where this is going. No, no, no...
"I didn't do anything to her.
I've only treated her like every woman ought to be treated.
Though, knowing that she willingly slept with you
And enjoyed it?
That's hard for me to swallow.

But Ilene, if you are truly, sincerely, honestly sorry...
Maybe I can find it in my heart to go out with you again.
Just maybe. What you did was terrible,
But since you came clean about this on your own,
Perhaps you really want to give this up, and I can live with that.
We're not going to go out for a while. That's for sure."
"Hey, hey, hey! You're not going to be with her! I am!
Now get out of here before I have to show you how much of a man I am."
No. No. Don't...
"I'm not going anywhere, you pig!"
"Well, it looks like we'll have to take this outside, huh?"
"No! You two are not taking -anything- outside!"
"Stay out of this, Ilene! This doesn't concern you!"

"I already know where this is going,
And you are not making this worse!
Now leave me alone! Don't talk to me again, okay?"
I never thought I'd actually use this stuff,
But I grab the pepper spray out of my purse and catch him
Right in the eyes,
As he groans and trips over a chair, I get up and leave.
Mitch follows.

"You -are- strong, Ilene!
I know you're not going to get over your temptations overnight,
But if you have the strength to stand up for yourself like that,
There isn't any doubt for me. You can conquer your addictions.
It'll be a few months before we can go out again,
But if you ever need to talk to me about this, about anything...
You know my number. Call me whenever you need some help.
I can't promise the answer to all your problems,
But I'll try my best. That much I -can- promise!"

This time my tears are flowing again,
But not because I'm sad,
My tears are joyful, made of happiness now,
He's set me free. I've been let go, to live as I ought to.
And there aren't too many feelings more uplifting than this,
True freedom is a gift that I'm going to cherish with all my heart.)

It's annoying, but I'm still smoking,
As I close the door to my apartment, I realize I forgot to
Bring the groceries in.
And as I go back out to get my stuff,
I notice it's that girl who was yelling at me about a week ago.
She seems really happy. I wonder what's been going on with her?

Hey. Um, what's up?
(Oh, it's you. Hello... well, actually...
Something great just happened to me, earlier today.)
Seriously? Me too.
(Wow. That's good to hear! Yes... I feel great.
I'm going to get over my addictions. Isn't that awesome?)
No kidding. Yeah, that's great! Huh.
You could say I'm getting over something like that myself.
My relationship with this girl-- no, this woman... she's changed my life.
(Really? She must be special. Just like Mitch...)
Mitch?
(Yes. He's changed my life, too. It's good to know that
Good things are happening to people these days.
Especially with all the... turmoil that we go through.)
Definitely. Mm. I won't let myself down with this.
I won't let Reina down.

And so as I pick up my groceries, I start to think
(That maybe this guy is more than just an annoying smoker,
That maybe he's better on the inside,)
She has a lot going on just like I do,
She's got problems too. And I have to respect that,
I mean, after all, I can't blow this. Not this time.
(If I ever want to love for real, I have to give this my all.)
If I want to be happy, I got to focus on this above all else.
And maybe if we can give this our everything,
(We'll be better than we could ever dream.)

But it's up to us now.
(We have to make this decision.)
So what will I choose?
Will I choose life? Will I choose love?
(Will I decide to give up this corruption that destroys me?)

I suppose only time will tell (I suppose only time will tell).

I believe I used the title as a phrase in my poetry once or twice. I really like it, so I made a title! It's kind of a graduation piece... but not the final farewell piece, which is still yet to come.

10. Make a Motion! [Character Expressions] (6:37:307) (December 13, 2009, at 7:47 PM)

Are you ready for this?
I know you, you've been brimming,
You've been begging for this light for so long
When we jump from that height,
You can let go of me, don't need me to hold you up anymore
Guess what? You're here now.

(I never wanted much more than to make a motion here,
Emotions once drove me to everything and beyond
But looking across this world you've led me to,
I realize I'm stronger than my feelings
And yeah, I know it's the truth now!
I believe in me, and now...?
I am free.

What we saw before was something we can't forget,
I was sad when we made it here, you know?
Even though I mourn the passing of an eon,
I can't help but love these days more than ever
Does it make sense? Not to me.
You understand what it's like!)

I always believed I wasn't doing enough to make my mark,
But when I arrived at the summit, I saw
That everything I'd ever done was all I needed to do,
Seeing the sun rise on this new world,
I realize it only gets better from here.
My tears glisten in the morning light,
Signed and sealed, the greatest of times.

(What's next for us? We don't know.)
But this is a special time, because now we look back
We cherish the past we've written together,
(Not the history I'd imagined I would leave behind)
Haven't done everything I would like to have done
(Wish I could have made some more of what once was)
But really, (really now,)
At time's end, we're grateful for what we've come to see,
(If we could, we would, we'd do it all again.)
So now it's what it is, it's our story to tell.
(Will we remember what we've learned? Let's hope so...)

This is the only poem in my collection that's written in Spanish. It's bad Spanish, I know. But I put a fair amount of work into it, and so it's included here. Es mi trabajo, y un expresión de mi corazón. Got it?

11. Por los muchachos con chicas en sus mentes (4:29:212) (18 de diciembre, a 1:05 AM)

Mira,
Mira el chico, cómo corre su vida,
El tiempo pasó tan rápido, y el tiempo llegó,
Mira que él ve.

Mi chico, andando por tu vida es tan difícil,
Solo deseo la mejor para ti,
Tu ves tu muchacha especial, y piensas que
"Ella es conmigo, pero ella no sabe todavía!
Voy a ganar el corazón de ella, con todos yo tengo."
Mi chico, si solo es tan fácil,
Sugiero que preparas para saber la chica, y eventualmente saber la mujer,
El corazón de ella no es fácil a entender,
Espero que tú tienes el rectitud para hacer este misión.

Sí, es más importante de crees!
Digo a ti: el dignidad de nuestras mujeres
Es en una condición de peligroso,
Nuestros acciones, son la problema!
No pensamos. No vemos. ¡Qué lástima, como somos
Las personas robar sus corazones,
Cuando fuimos los destinados para sanarles!

Y todos los tiempos, estás atacado,
Atacado de todas las ideas falsas de como ser un hombre,
En los días que estás aprendiendo,
Quiero que sepas que esto -- no debes seguir el multitud,
¡Tú puedes ganar el corazón de ella, es verdad!
Todos tus sueños pueden son realidad.
Aprende como respetar a todos,
Aprende como tener humildad,
Yo prometo a ti, tendrá todos que necesitaste.

So this is the final EP you'll encounter in this collection, called *Words from the Balcony of Adeline Hall*. I'll explain more about that later, but for now, know that this is the largest EP here. It's almost a full album – but it's not, since it's a transitional period and it doesn't have enough pieces to constitute a full album.

Back in the days of the 4th generation, I used to sometimes spew poetry in conversations, before one or more people. Those were called live recordings. It just so happens that I have one of those, a recent one, actually, right here. It was recited before a friend of mine named Alex, who thought it was pretty good. It shows how I've dealt with love over the years, and how I'll deal with it in the future. Enjoy the live tradition... I don't think it's dead just yet.

1. The Flame of Love (4:26:230) (February 1, 2010, at 1:21 AM)

I was well acquainted with the flame of love even as a young teen,
I grew up having its romantic power at my fingertips.
I could weave the most beautiful designs when I danced,
But one day, when I danced in the meadow, the trees caught fire.

They all burned away-
But I was okay.

As I grew, the fire was not as beautiful as it once seemed,
I could write my beloved a most tender sign in the stars,
But even so, something was
Too apparent to me,
That like all fires that burn,
The words I wrote would become smoke and be lost to the wind.
She would remember the warm rose we shared on those cold nights,
Still the days grew upon me,
And I knew that hardships were at the dawn.

Eventually I came to that forest which I burned some years ago.
It looked like nothing remained...
When I observed the soil, small shoots were growing,
Despite all evidence that proved they were no more.
So my scorching touch can't exterminate life altogether.
That's good.

In reality, I command no flame,
I know no forest burned by a young boy's passionate dance.
But I do know that there is something higher than fire,
The stars which shine in the sky are fueled by something other than this--
And so is the love that I seek.

This isn't really a sequel to Flowers, nor is it a re-write of it. Instead, it takes a few of the lessons learned in that poem and applies them to a few not-so-different issues. It even uses a phrase I said out loud during a conversation in theology class last quarter – and if you were there to hear it, you might recognize it here. I also have to ask you one question as you read this: does this sound familiar to you?

2. Flowers Redux (9:54:488)* (February 7, 2010, at 11:34 PM)

These days, I can't stand not being
In my most native element,
Can't take it when I keep on feeling like I'm something
Less than a man,
So I've decided to stop the advance here
And seek out the truth.

There's just something about girls who pick flowers
That makes me feel like there's still hope in the world,
Oh, I've seen so many in my days -- still as rare as diamonds,
I'm still quite honored to have known just one of these ladies.
You don't see too many teenage girls like that
Anymore, and guess what stresses me out?

Where am I going,
In terms of what it means to be a man?
See, I'm seventeen
But I don't feel quite like an adult just yet,
Some dark suggestions trickle down, whispering like imps

With a different (and contrary) purpose for me,
I've got too much to do to worry about these stupidities, so I say
Go away! And don't come back, because
You're not stealing my heart, turning it against itself
You can't have me or my love's purity...!

It's something interesting, I've got to say
That he's said so much to you, girl
Saying you're an angel, so pretty, with such radiance
Can't spend a day without thinking of you
(As if to say that you were the only thing in his life)
Your eyes twinkle in the light, with a face that he could gaze into forever,
All these words like the petals of the roses he's handed you,
I can't help but say that he's actually missing the real point here!

Speaking as a young man, I also can't say exactly
What it is that draws me to such beautiful young women,
But let me try anyways.

I've called it something of truly immeasurable value,
The kind of thing that I would want to protect if I found.
I've called it the "diamond of the soul" and it's...

Innocence.

Any man who finds this in a woman has found...
A treasure from God?
Oh, I think I have to give it more emphasis.
Knowing that she's saved herself just for me,
Resisting all those temptations to just give herself away--
It's like standing in a white-hot flame without being scorched,
It's such a pure flame that it turns lust and pride to dust,
Leaving nothing but real and authentic love.

When I step out of the comforts of my home
And face the world head-on, I pray that I'll have the company
Of strong friends, remembering the advice that told me
Any love that flowers in there is never grown in vain,
It's those connections -- the roots of virtuous friendship
That outlast all trials, all suffering, and all days
And it's in that friendship, growing slowly but deeply,
It's in that friendship that this world will brighten up a little more
And call out the innocence that naturally makes love bloom.

Okay, so here's a tidbit about the name of this EP. Adeline Hall is supposed to be a place in a story with no name where people on a journey can stop for a while, and then leave after being rested up right now. Thing is, Adeline Hall is the last rest stop before the summit of the proverbial mountain – and so is this EP, so to speak. Adeline Hall has only one permanent resident – and that would be its keeper, Adeline, or as she prefers to be called, Della. So imagine being one of those people, entering that Hall and meeting this curiously peppy woman. This is her song.

3. Wake Up (Della's Song) (6:48:377) (February 10, 2010, at 7:35? AM)

First of all, ladies and gentlemen
Esteemed guests, everyone from around the world
I'd like to welcome you to my place,
Don't thank me for anything just yet
Just treat me and my home like you treat yourselves
And we'll be cool, a'ight?

No one needs to tell you that
You might never come back to this place,
So let's shake hands, let's forget the formalities
Let's just get down tonight,
You gotta live it up, 'cause life after this
It ain't no longer easy!

I've heard some of you have got
Ties to the younger generation back home
Guess what?
They wanna hear what a great big brother (or sister) you were,
Maybe you think not
Maybe you think they hate you
Living in your shadow is too much to get through,
But hey, you better listen-- they follow what you do
More than you believe is true!

Don't look at me like that, man
I'm not here to soothe your bleeding wounds,
I ain't no doctor, but I do know how to deal
With a diagnosis like yours,
Get over here! Yeah, I mean right now!
You gotta let loose (and break yourself free), so you gotta
Scream from the balcony!
Rise above your inhibitions and show us what you got
(And don't *make me* push you over).

I bet you all don't know what's gonna happen
When you leave this place,
's alright. But I gotta warn you,
I've seen people fall from the sky with nothing to live for
And I'm not gonna have any of you do like that, gotcha?
If your outlook is bleak, I can't have that
We gotta brighten your day, we gotta get you up in the air again
Convince you're still someone who can get things going...

So let's dance tonight,
No one's going to bring us down!
We're gonna bring back that spirit which made y'all shine,
We're gonna give you a reason to fly
Hope is the thing that keeps me alive! And there's a lot of people
Beyond here that are dying on the inside, so
Stick it to the darkness! Be a new kind of rebel!
Keep that music playing,

Keep it going all night...
Keep your spirit moving all night long. ;)

Yes, I actually did end that last poem with a wink. Lol. The next piece is another short one. I actually wrote it for a poetry contest, which reminds me... gotta get that thing done about it. I wrote a draft of this and then edited it to make it better, and this version got into a national anthology that's going to be published in hardcopy. So you'll get to see it here before it's in print, assuming I remember to fill out the forms... This was directly inspired by Glass from *The Sound is Always There*, by the way.

4. Glass Hearts -final version- (2:20:165) (February 15, 2010, at 6:33 AM)

Your heart is like colored, decorative glass,
Reflecting who you are in each and every shard.
Some shards are clear; they have nothing to hide,
Other pieces are murky like the waters of the sea,
Confused by the troubles of life
Condensing on their bumpy surfaces.
Some of your experiences hang like mirrors on your face,
Stained with the colors of life's past.
Take all the pieces of your heart and you have a windowpane
Telling a story without saying even one word.

Within your beating heart, fragile as glass
Exist cracks and scratches,
Where the claws of suffering
Have left their scars.
But before you forget why you endure it all, remember that
Everyone feels the pain of those jagged days
Piercing the tender flesh that normally shields itself from the world.
So reflect upon this as you sit alone under the spotlight:
When you look deep into the mirrors of your heart,
Will you be satisfied with whom you see in the light?

The same girl that I wrote Let Me Live! about returns for another piece, except this time, I'm talking about another aspect of her personality. She returned the favor later on. Once again, I exaggerated the actual problem, but then again, I'm not entirely sure how much of the real thing I managed to capture here. Either way, I have her clear permission to publish this, so here it is.

5. Invincible (6:40:354) (February 25, 2010, at 9:54 PM)

I'd feel fine if this was easier.
Now you think you've got a hold on me,
Don't hold your breath, don't waste your time!
I'm nothing to you, in a deeper truth
But I'm fine with that. So leave me alone.

Love, love, love, oh, you've got to be kidding me,
Only in a different reality could love take me over,
Love can't have me so easy, really, nothing can...
You think you can hurt me that easily

Bring it on, I dare you, try and fight me,
Love won't have its chance at me anytime soon
And neither will you -- little baby blue...

Everyone likes to dump on me, you know,
I'm just society's landfill, but I'm better than that,
I'll tear you apart if you dare to set me straight!
No one's got anything on me, which is good, you see
I'd rather not think about me, what I might be.

Good, bad, you're all slaves to fads,
You'd have to kill me before you can bind me with trends,
The world's gonna take me dead, but not without a fight...
You think you can make me just like you
Bring it on, I dare you! Try and destroy my mind!
If I start to say we're cool, slap me quick
'cause I'm totally sick -- of your dirty tricks...

I'll forget what it means to think as one,
Because I can't handle giving it all away.
I'll hold on to what makes me turn over inside,
Because no one needs to know what makes me weak.
What did you think?
Am I as pitiful as you want me to be?
I'm never going to let you say
I shed tears on your shoulder,
I may not be invincible, but you can bet your insanity
I'm gonna try to be. Don't say a word, you've had your time!

You just let yourself out the door,
Make your last snappy remark,
So I can keep it all going inside
Yeah, while you're out of my heart
And I've got that dreaded solitude to deal with,
I'll say I'm... none of your business.

You know, you would think, that because I'm #3 in my senior class, I would have taken a ton of steps to make sure college was a done deal for me. Yeah, that's not true. I only applied to like, three schools? Not counting the junior college. I shot for MIT, and I put forward a decent effort (not my best, ha).

I was waiting until March 14, the day they'd post the admissions decisions, at precisely 12:59 PM. So I went. And I read what awaited me. Guess what... I didn't get in. Hm. I tried to act like it didn't really affect me, but yeah, getting rejected by MIT didn't sit well with me. So I wrote this, finishing up this EP. You like the title? Well, I like the release this piece gave me.

6. The Last Soliloquy (7:46:366) (March 14, 2010, at 1:35 PM)

Looks like it's all over.
Why did I know this was going to be our end?
I didn't tell you all sooner,
But the truth is we're fading out,

This land won't know us anymore when we're gone.
We'll be flying off and they won't remember who we were,
Today's the last time we'll see our easy youth!

I always knew we were meant to fly,
But I didn't expect to lose so much in the skies
Now reality has thrown me from its possessive dance,
Though we'll set history, every day something new for us
I'm feeling like I've died some as I walked away,
Hoping for new life.

I'm glad for the times we've had in the past,
Never gonna forget those.
I forgot to tell you all, sorry to say,
It's so apparent we're never going to be the same
When we leave these grounds,
We're leaving our old selves behind,
Forever frozen, in a time never to return.

Are you looking forward to the change?
Don't be too surprised when your change has changed too much,
Hold on to all you hold dear, or else let it go,
Yes, we're legends, celebrated and hailed as the first of many
But is that going to change what we do after the sunset?
My friends, I'm no longer who you knew when you met me,
But I hope that I'm even better than before.

Tell us things will get worse
Tell us we're going to fall from grace
Tell us we'll be broken and bitter just like the world to come
Believe in who we are (as those destined to fail),
Tell me we're not gonna be the difference?
I believe we're something different already,
And things will get worse
Sometimes we do fall from grace
We've been broken and made bitter like all others!

Yet we're gonna carry on, somehow
Unbeaten, even when beaten,
Yet we don't give up, somehow
Undefeated, even in defeat,
We'll lose it all and then realize that from there,
We've got nothing to lose.

So farewell to where we've been,
Hello to where we are,
And I say, we say, we have hope...
For who we will become.

So this is it! This is the final album! Album 6: *Before the Second World*. I believe this is the only poem in the entire collection that serves as a bonafide title song. You'll now see an extra bit between the length and the date, called the tension rating; while I've used this since the beginning of the fifth album, it only really starts showing up here to

indicate the progress I've made. The ratings go from 1 to 31, with 31 being run-for-your-life tense. I've included a word after each rating describing the feeling, to help you understand how I felt about each poem.

This piece really just serves to introduce the twelfth and final generation of the First Eon. Not much else to say except... read it!

1. Before the Second World (6:24:200) {21: awesome!} (March 24, 2010, at 8:00 AM)

So, these are the days I've been waiting for,
Just over the horizon, aren't they now?

Ah, I'm going to miss everything I've seen
For the rest of my life,
Still, the closer the day gets, the closer I'm getting
To feeling better about the future!

Before the second world,
I have seen and heard the promise of love,
Didn't I try to seal it for myself once or twice?

It wouldn't work out then,
Those women gave me the grandest of gifts
I'm so happy to wait for a while before she really comes along,
It'll be the surprise to prove to me I'm not as powerful as I think.

Can't deny that there are still problems,
Shame on me for letting it get this far!
My days might grow longer,
The life I'll live might be so much harder,
Not to say I'm impervious to reality ('cause that's just a lie),
I hope God's providence will keep me from going under.

So, as the morning is rising,
And as I say goodbye to my beloved time,
The first 17 years were the best.
Soon, when I meet you in the sky
Won't this life feel like a dream?

I said that the girl that Let Me Live! and Invincible were written about returned a favor to me after she read Invincible. Well, this was it – she started a response to Invincible that I finished, with her permission, and this was the result. Instead of being about her, it's now about me. It marks the first piece that I've ever co-written with someone else, which pleases me greatly, because I'd wanted to do a collaborative for a long, long time. Her words are easy to spot from mine, as you'll see.

2. Intangible (collaborative with Bryttany H.) (6:43:374) {19: heavy.} (March 24, 2010, at 10:57 PM)

Wouldn't it be that much easier
If only I had the gift?
The days and nights pass, calendars flipping by
Watching only from a distance,

Living in my own world, plotting my next move
Leading my resistance, in secret, hoping for contact
Won't be too long before I try and reach out again.

I've been watching, waiting, learning,
I've been reading their movements
Slowly the pages turn, it's all written down,
Thoughts are sent -- hoping they'll hear it all
But they only return!
'Cause no one knows what I meant,
Give me another chance, you'll see what I'm about...
I lend myself to thought, but none of my thoughts
Can make you love me any more

My world's all alone,
Don't you know I can't stand it? I can't let it go!
The ways I know aren't working
I'd hoped you would bring me out of this emptiness,
But you did nothing! What a shame, how I never said a word...

I'm a shadow trying to take a real form,
The things you say, the things they say, they're all molding me
I record the hours within the folds of my cloak
Spinning out messages -- hoping they'll get a reason
But they are lost to the wind!
No one ever understands where I'm coming from,
Running out of chances to show you who I am
I wanted you to see inside of me, but nothing I harbor inside
Will make you care more about what happens to me...

I won't last waiting for someone to save me,
In reality I'm too scared to let you in
What happens if you try to steal my heart?
It's a cruel game of survival to me! I won't just give myself away!
You see the sharper side that doesn't care,
Well, what would you do to me
If I cared for you? That's why I just have to be
Intangible to you, untouchable to everyone!

Listen up once again, so you know it for sure
If you're going to disappear, run away from me
Don't forget where I'm coming from.
If I dive into your world and share who I am,
Will I keep my sanity, or will I forget myself and never come back?

Using the dance floor as a setting for a poem is something I've done before, in Chaos on the Dance Floor. This was inspired by that poem, as well as an interesting song done by Girls' Generation, or SNSD, a Korean pop group. Ke\$ha's leaked version of the same song also helped, as well. Here's a tidbit to chew on as you read this: I tried to make each character equally to blame.

3. Are You the Dark? (9:51:374) {18: super.} (March 28, 2010, at 3:15 PM)

I expected to just have some fun
Tonight,
But guess what? My night was ruined,
By the very girl that twists me to madness.

She showed up through the smoke
With a fashion so dark it drew my eyes,
This dance wasn't complete without some chaos
It seems,
Girl, you're asking for trouble--
Do you like danger?

You like the dark so much
You brought it out of me, and now you want more,
I'm not the dark, are you so simple too?
We hid away from the light
Hoping for a forever that was forever false,
You had better get out of my sight!

Before I set this floor aflame...
(...and you think you're gonna scare me?)

I only want a good time,
Now with you here it's wasted time
You think you're sweet as light?
I've got it all in the wreckage you left behind,
You don't just ask, you already are the problem
It's already dangerous...

You thought you loved me
But all you loved was the darkness we shared and stole,
I'm not the dark, but are you the dark too?
You know I know the light knows where we've been
Not thinking, just breathing the burning instinct,
You'd better leave before I do!

Your fire can't touch me, boy)
Not that it was fire you deserved to feel, girl,
I spent my fortune and fame with a sadistic pleasure-seeker
All I got was my pride shattered, my heart broken!
(Nothing you say is all the way true,
You stole my heart just like I stole yours
I'm the dark, you're the dark, despite the pain
The pleasure was all we ever wanted,)
Giving in, falling in, we thought we were happy.

So when this dance slows down
I'll find the light, 'cause I refuse to be blind,
(Running again, boy? You must have strong legs
From all the running you do.
I'll just walk onto the floor and feel for what's right,
Not gonna let you happen again!)

I went for the door and felt the cold, crisp

Midnight on my lips, and I said to it...

I expected to just have some fun
Tonight,
But guess what? My night was ruined,
By the very girl that twists me to madness!

Given this piece's low tension rating, as well as its title, you can tell this isn't a serious piece at all. And it's not. I really did just randomly write this in English class one day, and decided to add it to this album. Because my poetry hasn't had a fair bit of humor in a while, right? Oh, yeah. I hate lettuce. Really. I hate lettuce. Don't ever feed me lettuce.

4. They Called It Lettuce (7:33:295) {11: fun!} (March 3?, 2010, at 11:25 AM)

It's a poetic sort of form
That makes it all the more appealing,
Something about the way the words flow
Draws you in like a river pulling the rocks away.

I get bored, so I just write stuff randomly
Not really caring about where or when it's going to go.
Copyright infringement sounds like they're putting the copyright
In the refrigerator... btw, copyleft is awesome.

Who could be the one to say that you're good enough?
Can you easily define what makes you that well?
Those contradictions are very annoying to me, in all honesty
You'll walk off the stage without leaving any decent words.

It's much too easy to be diligent in procrastinating,
Gotta love the warping of time to make it seem there's more
Than there really is. (Virtual images, yo.)
At any rate, I hope the bedbugs don't bite you tonight.
They're quite annoying.

I was once thinking about a story, that had a girl named Teresa
She came to the beach in the middle of the night,
No one knew where she came from, and she saw Dylan
Wading into the water, fast asleep, not knowing he was trying to go home.

It looks like everyone's vacated the premises,
And it's like, Humpal can make me laugh.
Kat thinks she's laughing on the inside, but I don't know,
Something big impedes his progress. That's something heavy.

The signature signs off the blood you leave behind,
Boy, I'm getting bored. Someone excite me.
In double space, double time, even, I try to act
Porticia's a weird name. Lol.
If you couldn't tell by now, this is totally and utterly random.
No moral except that sometimes you just have to let loose,
Which is kinda beneficial. At least, for me. You see?

Wee.

If you're the type that likes short poems, well, here they are. Finally I make good on my promise to give you a few short ones. Collectively, they're called the Seasonal Snippets, 'cause well... there's one for each season. This first one was inspired by summer and a remix of Cold by Crossfade.

5. Summer Mornings (2:11:69) {12: *alright.*} (April 3, 2010, at 11:48 PM)

So the mundane, give it a name,
Would you like to make it the same?
Trip this, flip this, I've got no hurdles
Waiting until way after the milk's curdled
To see the sun,

I don't know the right time to fly,
But I just say I'll be right on time
Whenever it gets here,
I'll show no fear
I'll shed some tears,
Just nothing more in the morning.

Inspired by winter and V (for Extreme) by DJ Taka.

6. Shoveling Snow (2:09:75) {11: *cool.*} (April 3, 2010, at 11:58 PM)

Snow's surrounding the house
Got to get it all out of the driveway,
Don't you know it's not good to
Leave it all stuck there?

It piles up, it makes it so hard to move
Your guests won't really like it if they have to
Wear snowshoes just to get into your house.
It's easy -- just take a shovel, get out there
Move it all away. So simple. Perfect time to enjoy the cold!

Inspired by spring and Marsh King's Daughter, by Eisley.

7. Dreams of Spring (2:10:69) {11: *sweet.*} (April 4, 2010, at 11:57 PM)

The rays of sunlight are so beautiful when
The morning dew reflects them all,
Don't you remember when you were young?
As a child, this was the landscape
That you slept in in total peace!

But you've grown older and
Now you've got a special someone as the
Apple of your eye,
No longer the fruit you plucked from a tree

Now your love's the fruit of human dreams.

Inspired by autumn and Memories, by Easley. It's the last of the Seasonal Snippets, by the way.

8. Rest in Autumn (3:11:90) {13: interesting.} (April 5, 2010, at 12:04 AM)

The days that I once thought would never end
Are now cooling down, winding down,
As the leaves fall on these trees,
So do the things that were so close to me.

Do my memories haunt me?
No, they sing a chilling harmony and pass on,
The ground eventually welcomes them again.

It's all how it was meant to be,
Someday I'll sing this final song and fall into eternity
I was once dust, and the dust will take me in again
Don't you know I'm just a passing thought...?

Has someone ever shown you a video on YouTube that you just thought was so great? Well, that kind of incident gave rise to this poem. Try searching for Sharada by Skye Sweetnam on YouTube and see if an AMV featuring Haruhi Suzumiya doesn't show up. It was the audiovisual combination that was the inspiration for this poem, as well as a few... other things. Charlotte's not real, but perhaps she might be. I just haven't heard of her yet.

9. Charlotte (14:72:605) {18: special.} (April 5, 2010, at 11:30 PM)**

You know, I'm caught up in this temporary life
Everything I'm feeling isn't meant to last,
I realized that before I was even a teenager!

Haven't you heard?
Lately there's been a girl that everyone's into,
She's unlike anyone else you've ever seen--
I didn't think someone like her could exist!
But here she is.

You know what?
Even though I didn't like her at first,
She just seemed too different for me, too cool,
No one could resist her in the end!
Did you hate her? No problem, she'd take it all in
Confusing you and me with her reactions,
Can't believe it, but I think I'm falling for this girl...

I wanted to tell her how I felt
So I ran to her doorstep with a poem in hand,
Suddenly I saw there were twelve other guys at her window.
One had a guitar and another was ready to juggle

Two others holding their best portraits of her face,
The rest of 'em just standing there talking up a storm
About how much they wanted to be hers...
She opened the window and we all went crazy!
Here she is...

You know what?
She thanked each and every one of us for our efforts,
Then she laughed and said she wasn't interested--
So much for love! She tossed all us guys away like she had us on a string,
Telling us that love would find her when it was ready.
Oh, I felt so sad! She was just so free,
No one could figure this girl out through and through,
Can't believe it, but I think no one's gonna possess her heart...

Two weeks later, she was walking through the square
And the girls were following her,
Harassing her for being only what she was--
She turned around, and told 'em off right quick!
Walking off towards the courtyard,
We all heard the crackling, ear-splitting blast and then she fell
Right down onto the ground.
Next thing I knew, I was running for cover--
Here she is...

What do I know?
That girl died that day, 'cause the bullet was terminal,
Her killer was cornered ten minutes after
Shot himself straight through the head,
The funeral was held in the most solemn part of the campus--
Who was in attendance?

It was me, the twelve guys who tried to woo her,
The four girls who were harassing her that day,
The three boys who wouldn't leave her alone,
A professor or two who said she was something else
That custodian that made her trip on a spill
Four floors' worth of people from her dorm,
All those people who hated her demeanor
Especially the ones that bruised her once or twice,

There was entire medical team that would've traded places with her
There was the football team, the baseball team, the badminton team
Those dancing crews and the musical ensembles,
Plus each and every person that ever met her eyes
All gathered together before that one human being in the square,

And there she was, smiling even as she slept forever...

How many people actually knew who she was?
Her family, maybe? Her friends, maybe?
I could never guess. Yeah, it's true, she never did cut
A slice of romance from any guy in the world,

No one really knew what was going on inside of her!
Yet we all loved her so much, and now she's gone.
She isn't ever coming back.

I got too caught up in her temporary life
Everything she made me feel wasn't meant to last,
Now I truly realize what that means...

We're gonna miss you, Charlotte.

Sometimes death just shows up at your front door, an unwanted guest that you have to take in at some point, like it or not. Well, for those of you who don't live in my area, the pastor of my parish died around this date, not even having been there a full year. But guess what? I had to deal with that one way or another, and this is how I got through that. I really like to think that death is not just an occasion of sorrow, but an occasion of celebration. I mean, if you knew that person was in paradise, wouldn't you be celebrating that? Yes, it's still sad... but I don't want to be grieving forever.

10. Winner (5:26:200)* {19: memory.} (April 15, 2010, at 8:28 PM)

Are you awake?
I'd be glad to tell you how my day went,
I know you would have loved to hear
All my frivolous rants about the people I didn't like.
You would have simply listened and given me
Such simple advice.

I can't believe it!
You were hardly ever around,
Never knew what was going on with you--
Now you're not here anymore, and I feel that loss could surround me
But I won't let death kill my hope!
For I know you've transcended it, and now you enjoy
Eternal happiness.

Am I awake?
I don't know if this is really my last day,
If it is, then I can only pray I've lived a good enough life
To make it past the grand question,
From where you stand, you've got every hope I'll join you soon
Please keep on praying for us here on Earth...

I didn't know you well,
And I know that this is a sad occasion, but--
Your soul is truly alive in Heaven,
And now you are truly with God.
Although you died, now you are beyond death
You are now forever alive... and you've really done it, by Christ's saving grace.

You've won.

The title for this had been lying around in my head for years, but only came out about a month ago. It utilizes a technique that I'm only able to use on Word. It was inspired by an unusual song that's actually pretty sad, if you think about the premise – being erased from existence, trying to plead for your life as your memories are scrapped... and the effects used in that song inspired the effects I used in writing this piece. You'll also notice there's an extra number at the end of the notation here. I won't tell you what it means, but think about how many times you see the words below.

11. Forever Never (3:14:94:4) {18: awesome!} (April 22, 2010, at 10:57 PM)

Not again.

I believed this was all there was,
I remember I had so many friends by my side
All gone and turned to dust as this world's coming down.

Believe in life?
No longer is it necessary
No longer do I need to survive
For this game's in its final stage,
I'm the losing player against an undefeatable boss
It's no fair
'cause this life just glitched all over
The pieces of the world are falling into nothing before my eyes,

So now I know forever is here and
Never can I return!

Not again.

I believed this was all there was,
I remember I had friends by my side
All turned to dust as this world's coming down

Believe in life?
No longer is it
No longer-- I need to survive
For this game's in final stage
I'm the player against-- undefeatable boss
...no fair
'cause this life glitched all over
The pieces-- the world are falling nothing before my eyes,

So now forever is here
Never can I return!

Not again.

I believed all there was?
I remember... friends at my side?
world's coming down...

Turned to what--

Believe in life?

No longer necessary

No longer--

survive!

For--

game's stage final,

Player against--

Boss can't defeat,

glitched over

Life glitched

The pieces--

falling nothing

before,
before,
before,

Now forever is,

Now forever is,

Never return,

return!

Not again!

was this it?

Believe

at my side?

Remember...

world finally--

Turned--

Believe?

No, necessary,

No, survi--

Stage final

imminent defeat

Player--

boss--

Glitch

glitch

over

Pieces

over

No longer

out

before...

Now forever,

forever never lasts

Never forever, forever never return

Last--

time--

time--

gone

Time

never

I-I-I-a-a-a-ss-t-s

We're almost at the end. Wow, have you really read all of this? You must have, if you're reading this now. That's impressive. Did you know that you've read over 80,000 words by the time you reach this point in the collection? Yeah.

In recent weeks, I've been keeping up a regular conversation with a friend that I met on Audition. She goes by Mika on the game, and ever since I met her, I noticed there was something different about her almost from the first moment. We have certain things in common that give us some pretty good topics for conversation. We're not exactly royalty of the social world. In fact... we're not really popular at all. So when I asked her to help me write this, she took a more proactive role than I ever expected, actually putting more words in this than I did. It's about half and half between us. I really like how this turned out, and I'm sure you will too, Selena.

12. A Romantic Tirade (collaboration with Selena G.) (24:153:1214) {19: powerful!} (April 26-27, 2010, at 11:27 PM)

["So, what are you wondering?"]

"I don't get it. They don't see the side of me
That I really wanted them to see!
I think they'd be so much closer
If only they could know entirely who I am..."

["And don't I know you to be someone like that,
That's your problem. You're not exactly the easiest
To approach with any sort of petty problem,
At least,
That's what you think it all is! Don't you?"]

So I caught my breath for a minute
As I remembered what you told me,
Guess what, now you've got me thinking
Up in my hidden chamber where I've been singing for years,
Maybe she and I share this sort of problem,
But really, why are we like this?
What's gonna alleviate, what's gonna mitigate
This malady?

*(It's not my fault I wasn't blessed with social skills.
People see me as cold,
Judging me based on the surface.
Why can't you be different from everyone else,
And not judge me like the others?
People like you won't understand my story.
You all never saw it -- the side I wanted to present you with.
I truly wanted to befriend all of you, yet
You all shunned me as if I was insignificant!
Then you cared for your own needs, forgot about me...)*

See, we're not as simple as you think
We were raised differently than others,
We had a lot of problems -- all of 'em in reverse
From what you're used to knowing,

It's not easy for us to be as amiable as society demands--
Especially when we were cast out, away from the world
You've got to learn that well...

*[I never did shun you!
You have to be crazy to believe that.
I wanted to know you more,
I wanted to see where you're coming from.
Why are you pushing everyone away?
Why are you pushing me away?]*

*(You don't know the things I've gone through,
You can't see what I've seen with my own eyes
How can I get over it, when they force a reminder on me
Recalling that incident every single day
How can they,
When the person who's caused the incident lives with me still?)*

I don't think anyone's ever asked me
Much about what's inside of me,
Mostly I've just had to tell it all through stories in the night
No one really asked, and I'm not really sure that
No one ever really cared.
At any rate, I wasn't ready to have my heart broken again
So that's why you don't get the good side of me, ah?

*{Please, I want you to move on.
I want you to feel pure joy in your life,
I don't want you to worry anymore.
You can start a new chapter and enjoy living again,
You won't have to cling onto the past
You won't be held back}*

(Ha. You make it sound so simple,)
It's not that easy to let go of the past
Even if we wanted to
*(If you're complaining about it, then aren't you supposed to help me?
It's only logical, right?
Hypocrisy is the reason why I never approach anyone,)*
We're not that stupid, to let ourselves be broken again,
(These are our reasons why we refuse,
To open up to everyone, including you.)

*{No, I want to help you...
I will promise you this -- I won't let you down.
If you let me in, then we can work this--}*

*(No, I don't need it! I don't want your help!
Stop trying to get through me!)*
Do you really want to? Maybe I should have asked first.

*(I don't know why you should care about me so much!
Who put you up to this? Who's the mastermind behind this?
Who forced you to pull this prank on me?!)*

She's got a point.

After all, we don't trust that easily, at least not like this,
I'm not so openly against you, girl, but I know you know
You don't want to get close to me...

*(And you too! Why don't you go and run off,
Go back to your group of friends and laugh at me,
Just like every other guy has!
I was fine before you came along- -
I was fine being alone!)*

Then I looked at the girl beside him,
She was silent for half a minute, then she came up to me
And put her hand on my shoulder.
Then she said...

*{I think I know where you're coming from,
Guess what? I think you're pretty sweet,
I know you deserve an awesome girl!
But you can't hope to be hers if you never show her
Your true self,
You're never going to be romantic
Acting like you could care less, never saying a word!
Am I right or am I wrong? Tell me!}*

She was totally right, but I didn't say anything just yet
Because the guy next to her started giving his testimony,

*[Everything that's coming out of my mouth? I mean it.
I had this intuition, and it told me that
You're a very beautiful girl.
Everyone just never seemed to give you a chance.
Not even your friends seem to appreciate you.*

*I still looked at you from afar, watching as you were hurting,
Suffering from the inside.
I've heard your opinions about certain things.
You don't want to blend in with the crowd.
It is because of your independence that attracted me to you.
I know you have so much potential- -]*

*(Why don't you stop?!
Every word that's coming out of your mouth is a lie!
You don't even mean any of that!
Why would you...?
What's the use of even bothering to talk to me,
If you're just like everyone else?!)*

Why--)

*[Stop it. Now.
Why can't you accept these compliments,
These facts that I'm telling you?
Why do you have to be so harsh on yourself?
Whether you like it or not, everyone is jealous
Because you can stand up for your beliefs.*

*They hate that you're the one person who has a voice
A voice that will not be silenced,
The one person who's able to accomplish whatever (yes, whatever)
They set their mind to...!
Please, don't cry anymore.
It pains me so much,
That you're accusing me of being like the others.]*

Honestly, I had to sympathize with that guy
Just there and then,
His words sounded somewhat like mine
In a different time,
And then something clicked!
Now it occurred to me...

*(His disconsolate expression was enough to tell me this:
Maybe in this life, someone does truly care,)*

Yeah, do you think that if someone cared about us like this,
We wouldn't be so distant from society?
Is that all we really needed, do you think?
Maybe not, maybe someone who made us significant
Wouldn't heal all the wounds we've suffered but,

Maybe someday, the future will surprise us
Maybe we'll discover true love, or maybe we won't,
I'm telling you, we will rise above these problems,
If love is going to take us, then let it take us in its own time,
Whatever will give us life!
So that these times of suffering will fade into memories
We'll tell to the children of tomorrow
If tomorrow should ever come...

Oh, man. I congratulate you for having come this far. And now... there's only one more! This is the last poem in this collection! And I could say so much, but I wouldn't know what to say, and I doubt I'd have the time to say it all. There will be one more piece by me after this, to complete the First Eon. However, it can only be written on my graduation day, which is 12 days from now. Which means, sadly, that it cannot be here. If you ask me on the 30th, I'll gladly send you a copy to complete the collection...

About this piece. It's the second-to-last entry in a sort of allegorical story with kids who can fly who, after training their flying skills for years and years, growing closer together in the process, finally reach the summit of the mountain where they are

to take a mile-high flight into the Sky World, where they will officially become adults. And this is my recounting of the flight right before I reach the summit. It doesn't have the big fanfare you might expect from an ending, but that's because it's not an ending. It's very close, but no! It's not. And so I ask you, one more time, to join me on my journey... (look below)

13. Upon the Summit (6:38:317) {16: rush!} (May 17, 2010, at 1:08 PM)

Are you ready for this?
Are you, are you ready for this?
Ready or not, here it comes,
The end's here, the journey's complete,
Say your goodbyes and shed all your tears
Soon enough, we'll be flying away
All into the skies, into the new day.

I've lived so much, and I've loved so much,
Enough for half a lifetime, maybe, it might be,
Ever since I dove in and took that voyage
On that night in November, 2004,
So much change has making, been making me
More myself than I ever expected.

This is not the avenue of perfection.
When I fly, don't expect for me to be all I want to be!
It's a great honor, and I'm living for loving it,
But it takes work, diligence, and a taste for tedium
To overcome all the bad habits that bring me down.

I mean, I almost missed the deadline,
Would have shot me dead with the line of time
If I hadn't pushed myself so hard in these last few days.
And now as the sun is coming up
On the last, last hours in the lands of the vista
It's time to settle down, silence before the fall
Free fall, free fall, before I spread my wings...

This is not my swan song,
Not the last you'll hear.
But it's the last you'll know of me
Before I shed my tears.
So remember me well, remember all I was,
This line doesn't follow rhyme, and neither will I sometimes.

Just in case, if this is really it...
Should this be the last thing you ever hear out of me,
I want you to know that I could never fly far
Without your presence.
You can't fly without wings. And I can't fly without wind.
So thank you, one and all, for being the movement
Air rushing through all of me, lifting me to heights.

Epilogue

So, you've done it. You've read each and every one of the 123 pieces that make up this collection of mine. I know there are those of you out there who will be reading this even though they haven't finished all 123 of the poems, and to you people I say: get reading! You have to finish them all! Lol.

Nah, it doesn't really matter that much if you've read every single one. I think I'd have a hard time reading them *all* in a short period of time, and it's 99% my own stuff! At any rate, thanks again for choosing to read this. If you like some of the pieces in here, feel free to share them with others – because this entire work is copyrighted under a Creative Commons license, which allows you to distribute it as much as you want so long as you give me credit as either Michael Castillo or Flaresi, for noncommercial purposes only, which means you can't sell this or provide it to a business, and as long as you make sure everyone else adheres to the same policy.

So, you might be asking... aside from that one poem you mentioned, are there going to be any more? Why, of course there will be! As long as I have time, something to write with, and a decent inspiration, I'll always be writing stuff. But writing is just where it starts. I plan to start up a video series on YouTube when I get to college. It'll be a vlog, or video blog, if you don't know what vlog means. Not only will you get to see my opinion in writing, you'll also get to hear it out loud, too! Complete with funny facial expressions and a touch of my social awkwardness, it'll be something that will at the very least, provide an entertaining diversion for you and your friends!

So drop me a line when September rolls around. Call me up, send me an e-mail, or shoot me a text or IM. I'll be more than happy to provide you with the link. Here's my contact info, so that you *know* how to reach me.

Mobile phone: (361) 876-9744

E-mail: avatarhurricane@hotmail.com or flaresi@gmail.com

Username on most sites: Flaresi

My life will never be the same once I hit college. I may never have the time to organize something like this again. I may not have the opportunities I once had to talk to the people I never really got to know in high school. By reading this, and contacting me, you can help ensure that I don't lose sight of where I came from. You can help me stay true to my roots. Because believe me, I'm going to need some powerful roots to stay afloat in the hurricane of turmoil that is college life.

It's not going to be as easy as it once was for me, and I'm going to need *friends* to keep me moral and sane. If you cannot contact me, that's alright. I understand. At the very least, pray for me, or if you don't believe in God, wish me luck. We all need a little bit of help from afar, even if we don't know that it's there. Once again, thank you very much for accepting my work, and thank you

very much for reading it and enjoying it. Your presence will always be appreciated.

Many blessings,
~ *Michael Castillo*
May 17, 2010

P.S. Booyah, Black Winds! I smoked your word count record. 82,772, baby!